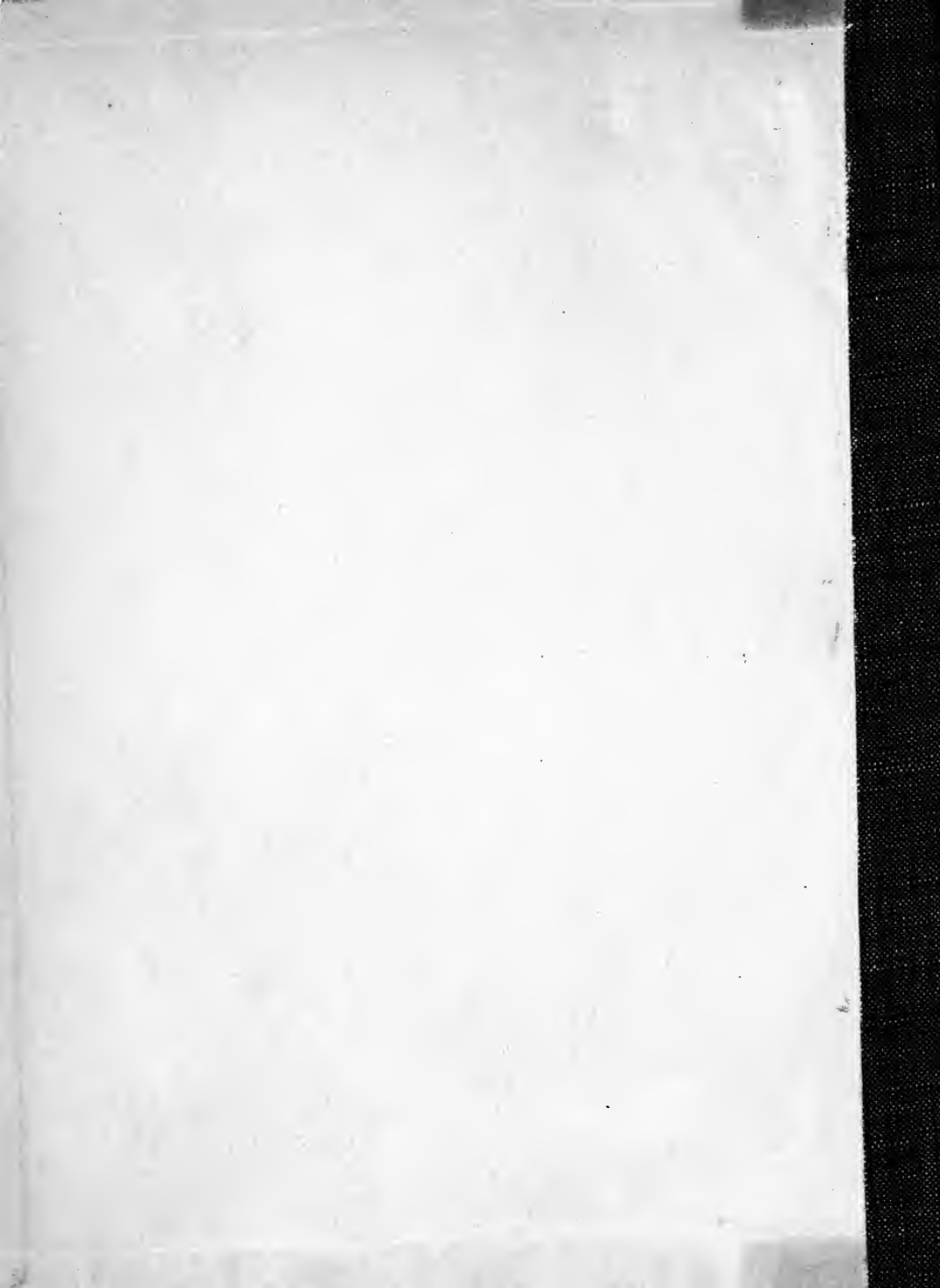




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English Reprints,

GEORGE VILLIERS.

Second Duke of Buckingham.

THE REHEARSAL.

First acted 7 Dec. 1671. Published [?] July 1672.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PREVIOUS PLAYS, ETC.

Vol. 4

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

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LARGE PAPER EDITION.

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The LIFE and TIMES

of

GEORGE VILLIERS,

Second Duke of Buckingham.

INSTEAD of the usual brief Chronicle, we shall on this occasion adduce a series of testimonies that have come down to us from contemporaries, all intimately acquainted with Villiers.

1. In the year 1758, was published in London, a 4to *Catalogue of the Curious Collection of Pictures of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*. The Catalogue is prefaced by the following

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE proceed to gratify the curiosity of the public with some other lists of valuable collections; the principal one belonged to that magnificent favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and was only such part of his Museum as was preserved by an old servant of the family, Mr. Traylman, and by him sent to Antwerp to the young duke, to be sold for his subsistence; great part having been embezzled, when the estate was sequestered by the parliament. Some of the pictures, on the assassination of the first duke, had been purchased by the king, the earl of Northumberland, and Abbot Montagu. The collection was kept at York-house in the Strand, and had been bought by the duke at great prices. He gave £10,000 for what had been collected by Sir Peter Paul Rubens; and Sir Henry Wootton, when ambassador at Venice, purchased many other capital ones for his grace. One may judge a little how valuable the entire collection must have been, by this list of what remained, where we find no fewer than nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Bassan, two by Julio Romano, two by Giorgione, thirteen by Paul Veronese, eight by Palma, three by Guido, thirteen by Rubens, three by Leonardo da Vinci, two by Corregio, and three by Raphael; besides other esteemed and scarce masters.

Mr. Duart of Antwerp bought some of them, but the greater part were purchased by the archduke Leopold, and added to his noble collection in the castle of Prague. He bought the chief picture, the *Ecce Homo* by Titian, in which were introduced the portraits of the pope, the emperor Charles the Fifth, and Solymán the magnificent. It appears by a note of Mr. Vertue, in the original manuscript, that Thomas earl of Arundel offered the first duke the value of £7,000 in money or land for that single piece. There is a copy of it at Northumberland house.

It may not be improper to mention in this place, that Villiers, when sent with the earl of Holland to the States, to negotiate the restoration of the Palatinate, purchased a curious collection of Arabic manuscripts, collected by Erpinus, a famous linguist; which, according to the duke's designation of them, were after his death, bestowed on the university of Cambridge, of which his grace had been chancellor.

Embedded in this Catalogue, at pp. 24—39, is the following *Life of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, the celebrated Poet*. Written by Brian Fairfax Esq. and never before published. This *Life* is both able and graphic; and apparently authentic. As it will be new to most readers, we give it entire.

BRIAN FAIRFAX, Esq. was the second son of Rev. Henry Fairfax, rector of Bolton Percy, and cousin to Thomas, 4th Lord Fairfax (the Parliamentary general), brother to Henry, 5th Lord, and uncle of Thomas 6th Lord Fairfax. [See *The Fairfax Correspondence*. Ed. by G. W. Johnson, i. cxx—cxxv. 1848.] In 1599, he edited *Short Memorials of Thomas [4th] Lord Fairfax*. Written by himself. The following gives the most favourable account of Villiers; and would seem to show that up to the Restoration, he was apparently no worse than his neighbours.

The original papers from whence this manuscript is faithfully taken, were written by Mr.

BRIAN FAIRFAX, and in the possession of the late bishop Atterbury.

Memoirs of the Life of GEORGE VILLIERS,
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE Villiers, duke of Buckingham, was the son of that noble favourite

to two kings ; who, in the height of his fortune and flower of his age, engaged his estate and exposed his life, in the service of his king and country.

The name of Villiers is ancient and honourable in France and England. Philip de Villiers L'isle Adam, was the last great master of Rhodes, and defended it six months against the Turkish emperor, Solyman.

The duke's mother was the Lady Katherine Manners, sole daughter and heir of Francis earl of Rutland.

He was born at Wallingford house in Westminster, Jan. 30, 1627.

His elder brother, Charles, died an infant. His sister Mary was dutchess of Richmond and Lennox. His brother Francis was born at Chelsea, after his father's death.

The duke inherited from his father the greatest title, and from his mother the greatest estate of any subject in England ; and from them both so graceful a body, as gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind, and made him the glory of the English court at home and abroad.

The first visit the king made to the dutchess after her husband's death, he was pleased to say, He would be a husband to her, a father to her children ; and he performed his promise.

The dutchess was then great with child, and the king said, He would be godfather : Francis earl of Rutland, the child's grandfather, was the other. They complimented who should give the name. The king named him Francis, and the grandfather gave him his benediction, seven thousand pounds a year.

The duke and his brother, Francis, were bred up by king Charles, * *So in the orig.*

They were sent to Trinity College in Cambridge, their names entered in the college-book the same year with prince Charles.

Here the duke became acquainted with two excellent men, Mr. Ab. Cowley, and Mr. Martin Clifford, whom he loved ever after, and they as faithfully and affectionately served him. [To these two a third was added afterwards, who had an equal share with them in his affection, his domestic chaplain ; and it was a good argument of his own wit and judgment, and good *†In the orig. nature, that he knew how to value a man who had all these this sentence is interlined.*]

From hence they went to the king at Oxford, laying their lives and fortunes at his feet, as a testimony of their loyalty and gratitude, worthy to be imprinted in the memory of the royal family. This they did, not in words and compliments ; for they lost their estates, and one of them, soon after, his life.

At Oxford they chose two good tutors to enter them in the war, prince Rupert and my lord Gerard ; and went with them into very sharp service : the storming of the close at Litchfield.

At their return to Oxford, the dutchess, their mother, was very angry with my lord Gerard, for tempting her sons into such danger ; but he told her, it was their own inclination, and the more danger the more honour.

For this the parliament seized on their estates, but by a rare example of their compassion, restored it again in consideration of their nonage : but the young men kept it no longer than till they came to be at age to forfeit it again.

About this time their mother married the marquis of Antrim, and thereby offended the king, and ruined herself.

They were now committed to the care of the earl of Northumberland, and were sent to travel in France and Italy, where they lived in as great state as some of those sovereign princes. Florence and Rome were the places of their residence, and they brought their religion home again, wherein they had been educated under the eye of the most devout and best of kings. The duke did not, as his predecessor, in the title of Lord Ross, had done before him, who changed his religion at Rome, and left his tutor, Mr. Mole, in the inquisition, for having translated king James's book, his admonition to princes, into latin ; and Du Pleffis Morney's book of the mass into english.

Their return into England was in so critical a time, as if they had now chosen the last opportunity, as they had done the first, of venturing all in the king's service.

In the year 1648 the king was a prisoner in the isle of Wight, and his friends in several parts of England designing to renew the war ; duke Hamilton in

Scotland, the earl of Holland and others in Surry, Goring in Kent, many in London and Essex, and these were the last efforts of the dying cause.

The duke and brother, my lord Francis, in the heat of their courage, engaged with the earl of Holland; and were the first that took the field about Rygate in Surry.

The parliament, with their old army, knew all these designs, and despised them; till they grew so numerous in Kent, that the general himself was sent to suppress them, who found sharp service in storming of Maidstone, and taking of Colchester.

Some troops of horse were sent, under the command of colonel Gibbons, to suppress them in Surry; and they drove my lord of Holland before them to Kingston, but engaged his party before they got thither, near Nonsuch, and defeated them.

My lord Francis, at the head of his troop having his horse slain under him, got to an oak tree in the high way about two miles from Kingston, where he stood with his back against it, defending himself, scorning to ask quarter, and they barbarously refusing to give it; till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain. The oak tree is his monument, and has the two first letters of his name F. V. cut in it to this day.

Thus died this noble, valiant, and beautiful youth, in the twentieth year of his age. A few days before his death, when he left London, he ordered his steward, Mr. John May, to bring him in a list of his debts, and he so charged his estate with them, that the parliament, who seized on the estate, payed his debts.

His body was brought from Kingston by water to York house in the Strand, and was there embalmed and deposited in his father's vault in Henry VIIth's chapel, at the abbey of Westminster; with this inscription, which it is a pity should be buried with him:

Depositum
Illustrissimi domini
Francisci Villiers
Ingentis specie juvenis
Filii posthumi Georgii
Ducis Buckinghamii

Qui vicesimo ætatis anno
Pro rege Carolo
Et patria
Fortier pugnando
Novem honestis vulneribus acceptis
Obiit vii^o die Julii
Anno Domini 1648.

The body of the illustrious lord Francis Villiers, a most beautiful youth, the posthumous son of George duke of Buckingham, who, in the 20th year of his age, fighting valiantly for king Charles and his country, having nine honourable wounds, died the 7th of July, 1648.

The duke, after the loss of his brother, hardly escaped with his life to St. Neods, whither also came the earl of Holland, who was there taken, and soon after beheaded.

The duke, the next morning finding the house where he lay surrounded, and a troop of horse drawn up before the gate, had time with his servants to get to horse, and then causing the gate to be opened, he charged the enemy, and killed the officer at the head of them, and made his escape to the sea-side, and to prince Charles who was in the Downs with those ships that had deserted the earl of Warwick.

And now again the parliament gave him forty days time to return to England, but he refused, and chose rather to stay with the prince, who was soon after king Charles the Second, and to follow him in his exile.

The parliament seized on his estate, the greatest of any subject in England, having now his brother's estate fallen to him; the yearly value was above £25,000.

It happened that the manor of Helmesly, which was his brother's, was given to my lord Fairfax, with York-house in the Strand, for part of his arrears, and this fortunately came to him by his marrying my lord Fairfax's daughter.

All that he had to live on beyond sea was the money he got at Antwerp for his pictures, which were part of that costly and curious collection his father got together from Italy, by the help of Sir Henry Wotton and others, which adorned York-house, to the admiration of all men of judgment in pictures: A note of their names and dimensions is all that is now left of them. The *Ecce Homo* of Titian was valued at £5000 being the figure of all the

great persons in his time. The arch-duke bought it, and it is now in the castle of Prague. These pictures were secured and sent to him by his old trusty servant, Mr. John Trayleman, who lived in York-house.

The king resolving to go into Scotland, the duke attended him, and now again the parliament offered him to compound for his estate for £20,000, which was less than a year's value; but he chose to run the king's fortune in Scotland, worse than exile, came with him out of Scotland into England; and at Worcester his escape was almost as miraculous as the king's in the royal oak. He escaped again into France, and went a volunteer into the French army, and was much regarded by all the great officers, signaling his courage at the siege of Arras and Valenciennes.

When he came to the English court, which was but seldom, the king was always glad to see him. He loved his person and his company; but the great men about him desired rather his room than his company.

There now happened a great turn in the course of his life. My lord Fairfax had part of his estate, about £5000 per ann. allotted him by the parliament towards the payment of his arrears due to him as general, and he remitted more than would have purchased a greater estate. They gave him the manor of Helmesly, the seat of the noble family of Rutland in Yorkshire, as a salve for the wound he received there, being shot through the body. They gave him also York-house in London, which was also the duke's.

The duke heard how kind and generous my lord Fairfax was to the countess of Derby, in paying all the rents of the Isle of Man, which the parliament had also assigned to him for his arrears, into her own hands, and she confessed it was more than all her servants before had done.

The duke had reason to hope my lord had the same inclinations as to his estate of his, which he never accounted his own, and the duke wanted it as much as the countess.

He was not deceived in his hopes, for my lord Fairfax wished only for an opportunity of doing it. He lived in York-house, where every chamber was adorned with the arms of Villiers and Manners, lions and peacocks. He was descended from the same ancestors, earls of Rutland. Sir Guy Fairfax his two sons having married two of the daughters of the earl of Rutland; which my lord took frequent occasion to remember.

The duke resolved to try his fortune, which had hitherto been adverse enough, and he had some revenge on her, by his translation of the ode in Horace—*Fortuna sævis læta negotiis*. Over he came into England, to make love to his only daughter, a most virtuous and amiable lady. He found a friend to propose it, and I think it was Mr. Robert Harlow.

The parents consented, and the young lady could not resist his charms, being the most graceful and beautiful person that any court in Europe ever saw, &c. All his trouble in wooing was, He came, saw, and conquered.

When he came into England he was not sure either of life or liberty. He was an outlaw, and had not made his peace with Cromwell, who would have forbid the banns if he had known of his coming over. He had a greater share of his estate, had daughters to marry, and would not have liked such a conjunction of Mars and Mercury, as was in this alliance; knowing my lord's affections to the royal family, which did afterwards produce good effects towards its restoration.

They were married at Nun-Appleton, six miles from York, Sept. 7, 1657, a new and noble house built by my lord Fairfax, and where he kept as noble hospitality. His friend, Ab. Cowley, wrote an epithalamium, now printed.

When Cromwell heard of it, he rested not till he had him in the tower, and would have brought him to Tower-hill had he lived a fortnight longer.

He had liberty given him to be at York-house with his lady; but going to Cobham to see his sister, he was taken, and sent to the tower.

This so angered my lord Fairfax that he went to Whitehall to the protector, and expostulated the case so as it put him into great passion, turning abruptly from him in the gallery at Whitehall, cocking his hat, and *|| So in the orig.* throwing his cloak under his arm. *||* as he used to do when he was angry. Thus I saw him take his last leave of his old acquaintance, Cromwell, whose servants expected he would be sent to bear the duke company at the tower the next morning, but the protector was wiser in his passion.

I carried the duke the news of the protector's death, and he had then leave to be a prisoner at Windsor castle, where his friend Ab. Cowley was his constant companion. Richard Cromwell soon after abdicated, and then his liberty came of course.

This was the happiest time of all the duke's life, when he went to his father-in-law's house at Appleton, and there lived orderly and decently with his own wife, where he neither wanted, nor so abounded as to be tempted to any sort of extravagance, as he was after when he came to possess his whole estate. He now understood the meaning of that paradox, *Dimidium plus toto*, with which he used to pose young scholars; and found by experience, that the half or third part of his own estate which he now enjoyed, was more than the whole which he had at the king and his restauration.

Now he lived a most regular life, no courtships but to his own wife, not so much as to his after-beloved and costly mistress, the philosopher's stone.

My lord Fairfax was much pleased with his company, and to see him so conformable to the orders and good government of the family. If they had any plots together, they were to the best purposes, the restoration of the royal family.

My lord Fairfax's maxims in politicks was, that the old veteran army which he had commanded, was not to be beaten by any new rais'd force in England; and that the king's friends shewed more affection than discretion in their plots, to restore them while they were united: and that this old army would never be beaten but by itself; as the event shewed, when Lambert and Monk divided them. But the most fatal influence of this opinion in my lord Fairfax was the night before the thirtieth of January, when some of his friends propos'd to him to attempt the next day to rescue the king, telling him that twenty thousand men were ready to join with him; he said, he was ready to venture his own life, but not the lives of others against the army now united against them.

The same appeared in the insurrection of sir George Booth, which Lambert, with a brigade of this old army, did so easily suppress; the success whereof inspired him with the ambition of imitating Cromwell, in dissolving the parliament, and making himself protector.

The duke had given sufficient testimony of his loyalty, and my lord Fairfax of his affection and desire to see the royal family restored; and now was the time of doing it.

General Monk in Scotland declared against Lambert, who march'd against him with a strong body of horse.

My lord Fairfax, and the duke with him, declar'd for Monk in Yorkshire; but the duke was oblig'd to withdraw, because his presence gave a jealousy, that the design was to bring in the king, which was too soon to be own'd.

What the event was is well known. I shall only repeat the duke's words in an expostulatory letter to king Charles some years after.

"As to your majesty's return into England, I may justly pretend to some share; since without my lord Fairfax his engaging in Yorkshire, Lambert's army had never quitted him, nor the duke of Albemarle march'd out of Scotland."

The king's restoration, *volvenda dies en attulit ultro*, restored the duke to his estate, but such a train of expence with it, as brought him acquainted with bankers and scriveners, that infested it with the gangreen of usury, which it never recovered.

At the king's coronation no subject appear'd in greater splendor. None kept greater hospitality than he did at Wallingford-house, especially for the French nobility that came over. This engag'd him in play, which had he continued, his estate had not lasted so long; but he resolv'd to give it over, and kept his resolution ever after. He was moderate in all his expences, his table, stable, laboratory. All the king's favours to him were occasions of great expence. His lord lieutenancy in Yorkshire cost him more than it did all that succeed'd him. The master of the horses cost him twenty thousand pounds to the duke of Albemarle.

His embassies into France and Holland cost him more than a diamond ring could recompense: that into Holland (setting aside the politick part of it, being a consequence of that into France.

We took barge at Whitehall, June 1673, and lay that night on board the English admiral at the buoy in the Nore, the king and duke being there. The next night we came to anchor in our yacht in the Dutch fleet on the coast of Holland. The next night we were entertained by the states in the Hague. The next night we supped with the prince of Orange at his camp at Bodegrave. Next night with the king of France at Utrecht, where we staid two or three days, and then march'd back with him at the head of his army to Arnheim, where we visited the prince de Conde, who lay ill there of a wound in his arm, which he got passing the Rhine at Tolhua, and Marshal Turin. Thence we went with the king to Nimeguen, Grave, Bostell, and there we parted. The king went to Paris, and we into the Spanish dominions, to Antwerp, Brussels, Bruges, Ghent, Dunkirk, and Calais; where our yachts stayed for us, and we came to Dover, Canterbury, London; where we arrived the day month that we left it.

He was sent ambassador into France, where he was highly carressed by the king, and many of the nobility his old acquaintance. This was before the other into Holland. At his return he was chosen chancellor of the university of Cambridge, and entertained them nobly at York-house, where his father had done it on the same occasion forty years before.

He now seemed to be setting up for a favourite, but he wanted his father's diligence, which fitted him to stand before princes.

He fell into a new way of expence in building, in that sort of architecture which Cicero calls, *Insane substructiones*; and himself, when his friends dissuaded him from it, called it his folly.

The world has been severe in censuring his foibles, but not so just in noting his good qualities.

For his person, he was the glory of the age and any court wherever he came. Of a most graceful and charming mien and behaviour; a strong, tall and active body, all which gave a lustre to the ornaments of his mind; of an admirable wit and excellent judgment; and had all other qualities of a gentleman. He was courteous and affable to all; of a compassionate nature; ready to forgive and forget injuries. What was said of a great man in the court of queen Elizabeth, that he used to vent his discontents at court by writing from company, and writing sonnets, may be said of him; but when he was provoked by the malice of some and ingratitude of others, he might shew that a good natured man might have an ill natured muse.

He gave a good instance of his readiness to forgive injuries. When a considerable man at court did him an injury, which he was fearful he would resent, he desired a friend to mediate for him, and endeavour a reconciliation, which he undertook. The duke told him that he did not remember he had ever injured him, if he had he freely forgave him.

His charitable disposition he seemed to inherit from his grandfather, Francis earl of Rutland, who used every quarter day at London to send his steward with bags of money to several prisons to relieve prisoners and pay their debts, bidding them thank God, and pray for their benefactor, but not telling them who it was.

He was a man of great courage and presence of mind in danger. One instance of it was when a melancholy-mad servant assaulted him with a drawn sword in his hand when he was at supper, and he with a knife disarmed him. The man was afterwards hanged for saying he would do it to the king.

The character which Sir Henry Wotton gives of his father might be said of him, viz.

"Among all the favourites which mine eyes have beheld in divers courts and times, I never saw before a strong heart and eminent condition so clearly void of all pride and shocking arrogance either in his face or in his fashion."

It is to be wished the rest of his father's character had been as true of him; his diligence and application to business, and that he had left his few honest servants in as good fortune as reputation, who never wronged him in his estate, nor flattered him in his faults, and thought they escaped well in not being oppressed under the ruins of his fortune.

[When he first began to settle his family he desired his old friends, A[braham] Cowley and M[artin] C[lifford] to recom- *In the origin- al this para-*

mend to him a domestick chaplain. They knew how hard it was to please him; he must be a man of learning, wit, good nature, good manners, a graceful person and decent behaviour. They found one [T. Sprat, afterwards Bp. of Rochester. See *W. Oldys MS. note to G. Langbaine*] to their own mind, and to his; whom he valued as a friend, and loved as a companion; who lived to be an ornament to the church among those of the highest order. He brought the duke acquainted with another excellent person, whose friendship and conversation he much coveted, and wished he could have more of it, who attained afterwards to the highest dignity in the church, and with a lawyer as eminent in his profession: so that his father was not more happy in the choice of a few friends and servants than he was, if he had followed their advice. He saw and approved the best, but did too often *deteriora sequi*.)

graph is written on a side of paper, tacked to the other by a wafer, and is referred to by a mark. 'Tis written in the same hand.

His father had two crimes objected against him which he was not guilty of: plurality of offices, and preferring his relations. The faults objected against him were, that he loved women, and spent his estate.

His estate was his own. He had often lost it for the king, and might now be allowed to enjoy it himself. If he was *sui profusus*, he never was *alieni appetens*. If he was extravagant in spending, he was just in paying his debts, and at his death charged his debts on his estate, leaving much more than enough to pay them. "If he was a grievance, as he told the house of commons, he was the cheapest to the public that ever was complained of."

He had no children by his dutchess, nor heirs capable of inheriting his estate or title.

His amours were too notorious to be concealed, and too scandalous to be justified, by saying he was bred in the latitude of foreign climates, and now lived in a vicious age and court; where his accusers of this crime were as guilty as himself. He lay under so ill a name for this, that whenever he was shut up in his chamber, as he loved to be, *nescio quid*, or in his laboratory, *meditans purgarum*, over the fumes of charcoal, it was said to be with women. When a dirty chymist, a foxhunter, a pretender to poetry or politicks, a rehearsal should entertain him, when a messenger to summon him to council could not be admitted.

This is true of him, that of all the noise made of his loving women, he never had so much as a bastard laid to his charge, that he or any body else believed to be his own. Some pretended to love his person, but it was his estate, which smarted for it. It is hard to tell by his expence which was his favourite pleasure, I think, his chymistry at home, and fox-hunting abroad.

I will conclude his character with saying, that if human frailty will not excuse these faults, let christian charity oblige us to hope, that as God gave him time, he gave him also the grace of true repentance.

We are now come to the last scene of the tragi-comedy of his life. At the death of king Charles he went into the country to his own manor of Helmesly, the seat of the earls of Rutland in Yorkshire. King Charles was his best friend, he loved him and excused his faults. He was not so well assured of his successor. In the country he passed his time in hunting, and entertaining his friends; which he did a fortnight before his death as pleasantly and hospitably as ever he did in his life. He took cold one day after fox-hunting, by sitting on the cold ground, which cast him into an ague and fever, of which he died, after three days sickness, at a tenant's house, Kirby more side, a lordship of his own, near Helmesly, Ap. 16, 1688; aetat. 60.

The day before his death he sent to his old servant Mr. Brian Fairfax, to desire him to provide him a bed at his house at Bishop-hill at York, but the next morning the same man returned with the news that his life was despaired of. Mr. Fairfax went post, but before he got to him he was speechless. The earl of Arran, son to duke Hamilton, was with him; who, hearing he was sick, visited him in his way to Scotland.

When Mr. Fairfax came, the duke knew him, look'd earnestly at him, and held him by the hand, but could not speak. Mr. Fairfax ask'd a gentleman there present, a justice of peace, and a worthy discreet man in the neighbourhood, what he had said or done before he became speechless. He told

me some questions had been asked him about his estate, to which he gave no answer. Then he was admonished of the danger he was in, which he seemed not to apprehend; he was ask'd, if he would have the minister of the parish sent for to pray with him, to which he gave no answer; which made another question be asked, If he would have a popish priest; to which he answered with great vehemence, no, no! repeating the words, He would have nothing to do with them. Then the aforesaid gentleman, Mr. Gibson, ask'd him again if he would have the minister sent for, and he calmly answered, Yes, pray send for him. This was the morning and he died that night. The minister came, and did the office required by the church; the duke devoutly attending it, and received the sacrament, and an hour after became speechless; but appearing sensible, we had the prayers of the church repeated by his bed-side, recommending him to the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ.

Thus he died quietly in his bed, the fate of few of his predecessors in the title of Buckingham. His body was embalmed and brought to Westminster-abbey, and there laid in the vault with his father and brothers, in Hen. the VIIth's chapel.

Mary dutchess of Buckingham was the only daughter of Thomas lord Fairfax, and Ann, the daughter of Horace Lord Vere. A most virtuous and pious lady, in a vitious age and court. If she had any of the vanities, she had certainly none of the vices of it. The duke and she lived lovingly and decently together; she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy. She survived him many years, and died near St. James at Westminster, and was buried in the vault of the family of Villiers, in Hen. VIIth's chapel, anno 1705. ætat. 66.

2. The following, in grisly contrast to Fairfax's account, comes from Lord PETERBOROUGH.

The witty Duke of Buckingham was an extreme bad man. His duel with Lord Shrewsbury was concerted between him and Lady Shrewsbury. All that morning she was trembling for her gallant, and wishing the death of her husband; and, after his fall, 'tis said the duke slept with her in his bloody shirt.—*Spence's Anecdotes, Malone's Edition, 1820, p. 164.*

3. Bp. G. BURNET, in his *History of my own Times*, gives this character:—He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule with bold figures and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature: Only he was drawn into chymistry: And for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone; which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship. Pleasure, frolick, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing, for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct. He could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, tho' then the greatest in *England*. He was bred about the King: And for many years he had a great ascendent over him: But he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects, so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted. He found the King, when he came from his travels in the year 45, newly come to *Paris*, sent over by his father when his affairs declined: And finding the King enough inclined to receive ill impressions, he, who was then got into all the impieties and vices of the age, set himself to corrupt the King, in which he was too successful, being seconded in that wicked design by the Lord *Percy*. And to compleat the matter, *Hobbs* was brought to him, under the pretence of instructing him in mathematicks: And he laid before him his schemes, both with relation to religion and politicks, which made deep and lasting impressions on the King's mind. So that the main blame of the King's ill principles, and bad morals, was owing to the Duke of *Buckingham*. i. 100. *Ed. 1724.*

4. Count GRAMMONT, in his *Memoirs*, thus sketches him about the year 1663.

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart [afterwards privately married to the Duke of Richmond, which marriage was publicly declared in Apr. 1667] was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the king; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart; she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment; yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery. pp. 141-2. Ed. 1846.

5. SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of *Hudibras*, in a collection of *Characters* chiefly written between 1667 and 1669, in Wales; but first printed by R. Thyer, in *Genuine Remains*, in 1759, has the following one, entitled *A Duke of Bucks*.

Is one that has studied the whole Body of Vice. His Parts are disproportionate to the whole, and like a Monster he has more of some, and less of others than he should have. He has pulled down all that Fabric that Nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a Model of his own. He has dam'd up all those Lights, that Nature made into the noblest Prospects of the World, and opened other little blind Loopholes backward, by turning Day into Night, and Night into Day. His Appetite to his Pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the Pica in a Woman, that longs to eat that, which was never made for Food, or a Girl in the Green-sickness, that eats Chalk and Mortar. Perpetual Surfeits of Pleasure have filled his Mind with bad and vicious Humours (as well as his Body with a Nursery of Diseases) which makes him affect new and extravagant Ways, as being sick and tired with the Old. Continual Wine, Women, and Music put false Values upon Things, which by Custom become habitual, and debauch his Understanding so, that he retains no right Notion nor Sense of Things. And as the same Dose of the same Physic has no Operation on those, that are much used to it; so his Pleasures require a larger Proportion of Excess and Variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to Bed by the *Julian* Account, long after all others that go by the *new Stile*; and keeps the same Hours with Owls and the *Antipodes*. He is a great Observer of the *Tartars* Customs, and never eats, till the great *Cham* having dined makes Proclamation, that all the World may go to Dinner. He does not dwell in his House, but haunt[s] it, like an evil Spirit, that walks all Night to disturb the Family, and never appears by Day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his Life, and loses his Time, as Men do their Ways in the Dark; and as blind Men are led by their Dogs, so is he governed by some mean Servant or other, that relates to his Pleasures. He is as inconstant as the Moon, which he lives under; and altho' he does nothing but advise with his Pillow

12 Other Characters of G. VILLIERS, Duke of Buckingham.

all Day, he is as great a Stranger to himself, as he is to the rest of the World. His Mind entertains all Things very freely, that come and go; but, like Guests and Strangers they are not welcome, if they stay long—This lays him open to all Cheats, Quacks, and Impostors, who apply to every particular Humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus with *St. Paul*, tho' in a different sense, he *dies daily*, and only lives in the Night. He deforms Nature, while he intends to adorn her, like *Indians*, that hang Jewels in their Lips and Noses. His Ears are perpetually drilled with a Fiddlestick. He endures Pleasures with less Patience, than other Men do their Pains. *ii. 72—5.*

6. DRYDEN published anonymously, on 17th November, 1681, the first part of *Absalom and Achitophel* (which went through five editions in two years) in which he gives the following character of Buckingham:—

Such were the tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of sprouting heads too long, to score.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the first Rank of these did *Zimri* stand:
A man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long:
But, in the course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Blest Madman, who could every hour employ!
With something New to wish, or to enjoy!
Rayling and praising were his usual Theams;
And both (to shew his Judgment) in Extreams:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every man, with him, was God or Devil.
In squandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Desert.
Begger'd by Fools, whom still he found too late:
He had his Jest, and they had his Estate.
He laught himself from Court, then sought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne're be Chief:
For, spite of him, the weight of Business fell
On *Absalom* and his wise *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Dryden, writing—after Buckingham was dead and buried—his *Dedication* [the subject of which is the Origin and Progress of Satire] to the *Satires of Juvenal*, London, fol. 1693, gives his own opinion of this sketch:—

How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily? But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious terms? To spare the grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely. . . . This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickl'd while he is hurt in this manner; and a Fool feels it not. The occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. . . . I wish I cou'd apply it to my self, if the Reader wou'd be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Absalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough. And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to resent it as an injury. If I had rail'd, I might have suffer'd for it justly: But I manag'd my own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrously. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my self to the representing of Blind-sides, and little Extravagancies. To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It succeeded as I wish'd; the Jest went round, and he was laught at in his turn who began the Frolick *p. xlii.*

THE REHEARSAL.

INTRODUCTION.



IN the year 1708, was published in London, *Roscius Anglicanus, or an Historical Review of the Stage*, by JOHN DOWNES. In a prefatory Address 'To the Reader,' he gives the following account of himself:—

The Editor of the ensuing Relation, being long Converst with the Plays and Actors of the Original Company, under the Patent of Sir *William Davenant*, at his Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, Open'd there 1662. And as Book keeper and Prompter, continu'd so, till *October 1706*. He Writing out all the Parts in each Play; and Attending every Morning the Actors Rehearsals, and their Performances in Afternoons; Emboldens him to affirm, he is not very Erronious in his Relation. But as to the Actors of *Drury-Lane* Company, under Mr. *Thomas Killigrew*, he having the Account from Mr. *Charles Booth* sometimes Book-keeper there; If he a little Deviates, as to the Successive Order, and exact time of their Plays Performances, He begs Pardon of the Reader, and Subscribes himself, His very Humble Servant. *John Downes*.

He then proceeds to give an account of the two companies, their members, plays, &c., of which the following are some of the more essential portions:—

In the Reign of King *Charles* the First, there were Six Play Houses allow'd in Town: The *Black-Fryars* Company, His Majesty's Servants; The Bull in *St. John's-street*; another in *Salisbury Court*; another call'd the *Fortune*; another at the *Globe*; and the Sixth at the Cock-Pit in *Drury-Lane*; all which continu'd Acting till the beginning of the said Civil Wars. The scattered Remnant of several of these Houses, upon King *Charles's* Restoration, Fram'd a Company who Acted again at the Bull, and Built them a new House in *Gibbon's Tennis Court* in *Clare-Market*; in which Two Places they continu'd Acting all 1660, 1661, 1662 and part of 1663. In this time they Built them a New Theatre in *Drury Lane*: Mr. *Thomas Killigrew* gaining a Patent from the King in order to Create them the King's Servants; and from that time, they call'd themselves his Majesty's Company of Comedians in *Drury Lane*. . . . The Company being thus Compleat, they open'd the New Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, on *Thursday* in *Easter Week*, being the 8th, Day of *April* 1663. With *The Humorous Lieutenant*.*

* pp 1-3.

Many others [*i.e.* Plays] were Acted by the Old Company at the Theatre Royal, from the time they begun, till the Patent descended to Mr. *Charles Killigrew*, which in 1682, he join'd it to Dr. *Davenant's* Patent, whose Company Acted then in *Dorset Garden*, which upon the Union, were Created the King's Company: After which, Mr. *Hart* Acted no more, having a Pension to the Day of his Death, from the United Company.*

Next follows an Account of the Rise and Progression, of the Dukes Servants; under the Patent of Sir *William Davenant* who upon the said Junction in 1682, remov'd to the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*, and Created the King's Company.

In the Year 1659, General *Monk*, Marching then his Army out of *Scotland* to *London*. Mr. *Rhodes* a Bookfeller being Wardrobe-Keeper formerly (as I am inform'd) to King *Charles* the First's, Company of Comedians in *Black-Friars*; getting a License from the then Governing State, fitted up a House then for Acting call'd the *Cock Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, and in a short time Completed his Company.†

In this Interim, Sir *William Davenant* gain'd a Patent from the King, and Created Mr. *Betterton* and all the rest of *Rhodes's* Company, the King's Servants; who were Sworn by my Lord *Manchester* then Lord Chamberlain, to Serve his Royal Highness the Duke of *York*, at the Theatre in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*.‡ . . .

His Company being now Compleat, Sir *William* in order to prepare Plays to Open his Theatre, it being then a Building in *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, His Company Rehears'd the First and Second Part of 'The Siege of *Rhodes*'; and 'The Wits' at *Pothecaries-Hall*: And in Spring 1662, Open'd his House with the said Plays, having new Scenes and Decorations, being the first that e're were Introduc'd in *England*.§

These being all the Principal, which we call'd Stock-Plays; that were Acted from the Time they Open'd the Theatre in 1662, to the beginning of May 1665, at which time the *Plague* began to Rage: The Company ceas'd Acting; till the *Christ-mas*s after the Fire in 1666.||

The new Theatre in *Dorset-Garden* being Finish'd, and our Company after Sir *William's* [Davenant] Death, being under the Rule and Dominion of his Widow the Lady *Davenant*, Mr *Betterton*, and Mr *Harris*, (Mr *Charles Davenant* her Son Acting for her) they remov'd from *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields* thither. And on the Ninth Day of *November* 1671, they open'd their new Theatre with Sir *Martin Marral*.¶

All the preceding Plays, being the cheife that were Acted in *Dorset-Garden*, from *November* 1671, to the Year 1682; at which time the Patentees of each Company United Patents, and by so Incorporating the Duke's Company were made the King's Company, and immediately remov'd to the Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane* **

* p. 16. † p. 17. ‡ p. 19. § p. 20. || p. 26. ¶ p. 31. ** p. 39.

Such is the history, by an eye-witness, of the London stage soon after the Restoration.

The then general state of society and town life is described in the third chapter of Lord Macaulay's *History of England*. At present we have only to deal with one particular fashion of dramatic composition.—the new, grandiloquent, bombastic, pseudo-heroic plays, introduced by D'Avenant, and having for their master-writer Dryden. It is impossible here to measure the extravagance of these plays: somewhat, however, may be gathered from the Illustrations to the present work.

Associated with this was the inordinate use of rhyming verse. Dryden in early life fought the battle of rhyme against Sir Robert Howard; only afterwards publicly to abandon it, in his *Lines to the Earl of Roscommon*, in 1680.

To ridicule these rhyming mouthing plays and with not a little personality—after the common custom of that time—to attack their authors, were the chief objects of Villiers and his coadjutors in writing *The Rehearsal*. Its merit however is as much in its conception as in its execution: in seeing that the popular rant was rant, and in determining to expose it: as in writing the studied nonsense of which this play is so largely composed. Hence, the importance of *The Rehearsal* in our national literature, is not so much from its intrinsic merits, most laughable as are some of the parodies; but from its marking—despite a partial failure to influence at the time—a bend in the stream of dramatic composition.

Two scholars, who have well studied this portion of our literary history, give the following accounts of this play.

EDMOND MALONE, in his *Life of Dryden*, thus writes:

The great success which had attended Dryden's heroic plays, doubtless excited the jealousy of the rival candidates for fame. In this class, however, we cannot place Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who was so far from exercising his pen in any performance of that kind, that he thought the loud applause which had been bestowed for some years on the rhyming tragedies produced

by D'Avenant, Dryden, Stapylton, Howard, Killigrew, and others, much misplaced, and resolved to correct the publick taste by holding them up to ridicule. With this view, in conjunction, it is said, with Martin Clifford, Master of the Charter-House, Butler, Sprat, and others, he wrote the celebrated farce entitled *THE REHEARSAL*. Some of the contemporary writers have stated, that it took up as much time as the Siege of Troy; and with justice express their surprize, that such a combination of wits, and a period of ten years, should have been requisite for a work, which apparently a less numerous band could have produced without such mighty throws. In the Key to this piece, published by a bookseller in 1704, we are told, that it was written, and ready for representation, before the middle of the year 1665, and that Sir Robert Howard, under the name of *Bilboa*, was then intended to have been the hero of the farce. That some interlude of this kind might have been thus early intended, is not improbable, but assuredly the original hero was not Howard, but D'Avenant; not only on account of the name of *Bilboa*, which alludes to his military character, (for he was Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance under the Duke of Newcastle, in the Civil Wars,) but from the circumstance of the patch that in the course of the drama he is obliged to wear on his nose; which can relate to none but D'Avenant. Besides, he was a much more distinguished character, not only as Poet Laureate, but as superintendant of the Duke of York's Company of Comedians, and the introducer of heroic plays on the English stage. The allusions to Sir Robert Howard's tragedies are so few and inconsiderable, that he never could have been the author's principal object.—As soon as it was resolved that Dryden should be the hero, an abundant use was made of his *INDIAN EMPEROR* and *CONQUEST OF GRANADA*; yet the author was unwilling to lose any of the strokes which were peculiarly levelled at D'Avenant, and thus the piece became a kind of patchwork.

This lively farce was first performed on the 7th of December, 1671, and was published in the following year. . . . Much of the success, doubtless, was owing to the mimicry employed, Dryden's dress, and manner, and usual expressions, were all minutely copied, and the Duke of Buckingham took incredible pains in teaching Lacy, the original performer of Bayes, to speak some passages of that part, in these he probably imitated Dryden's mode of recitation, which was by no means excellent.*

A more recent editor, Mr. ROBERT BELL in his *Life of Dryden* prefixed to his *Poetical Works*, gives this account of the present play.

Davenant enjoys the credit of having introduced what were called heroic plays. Dryden established them. They were

* *Critical and Mis. Prose Works of J. Dryden*, i. 94—100. Ed. 1800.

called heroic because they were written in a language elevated above nature, and exhibit passion in a state of maniacal ecstasy. These pieces had now held possession of the stage some nine or ten years, when the Duke of Buckingham undertook to expose their absurdities in *The Rehearsal*, produced in the winter of 1671. It is said that he was assisted in the design by Butler, Sprat, Clifford, and others. This is probable enough, from the structure of the ridicule, which resembles a piece of mosaic work. Davenant was originally meant for the hero, but his recent death seems to have led to the substitution of Dryden, who was on other accounts a more conspicuous mark for this sort of satire. Not satisfied with parodying some of the most familiar passages in Dryden's plays, the Duke of Buckingham took considerable pains in teaching Lacy, who performed *Bayes*, to mimic his author in his manner of reciting them. Dryden was notoriously a bad reader, and had a hesitating and tedious delivery, which, skilfully imitated in lines of surpassing fury and extravagance, must have produced an irresistible effect upon the audience. The humour was enhanced by the dress, gesticulations, and by-play of the actor, which presented a close imitation of his original. Dryden bore this unwarrantable attack in silence; being fully conscious, no doubt, that so far as it reflected upon his plays it was unanswerable. But he afterwards showed that he had a keen sense of the obligations the duke had laid him under on this occasion, and he discharged them in full, with compound interest, in his *Abfalom and Achitophel*.

The town was highly amused, although its taste was not in the least degree corrected, by *The Rehearsal*. Heroic plays continued to flourish as long as Dryden continued to write them; a drudgery which his necessities imposed upon him for several years afterwards.

Milton died on the 8th of November, 1674. . . . †

Five editions of *The Rehearsal* appeared in the Author's life time. Of the second and third I cannot learn even the dates. There is a copy of the fourth, 1683, in the Bodleian. An examination of the fifth, 1687, would seem to show a general permanence of the text, but that, probably in each edition, there were here and there additions and alterations *en bloc*, infligated by the appearance of fresh heroic plays: some of these additions increase, with the multiplying corruption of the times, in personality and moral offensiveness. For our literary history, the first edition is sufficient. That, the reader now has.

Annot. Ed. of Eng. Poets. J. Dryden, i. 40—42. Ed. 1854.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—'THE REHEARSAL.'

* Editions not seen. † Editions having the 'Key' either before or after the text. § having the 'Key' in footnotes.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1672. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Editio princeps*: see title at p. 25.
2. ?
3. ?
4. *1683. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Fourth edition*. There is a copy in Bodleian Library.
5. 1687. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. 'The Fifth Edition with Amendments and large Additions by the Author.'

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. As a separate publication.

6. 1692. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. *The Sixth Edition*.
7. 1701. London. 1 vol. 4to. Title as No. 1. *The Seventh Edition*.
13. 1710. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal'; a Comedy Written by his Grace, GEORGE late Duke of BUCKINGHAM to expose some Plays then in vogue, and their Authors. With a Key and Remarks, necessary to Illustrate the most material passages of this piece, and to point out the authors and Writings here exposed. Never Printed with it before. London Printed in the year 1710.
13. †1735. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Thirteenth Edition*.
15. †1755. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Fifteenth Edition*.
16. 1768. London. 1 vol. 8vo. 'The Rehearsal' &c. *The Seventeenth Edition*. With the new occasional Prologue, written by PAUL WHITEHEAD Esq. on opening Covent Garden Theatre, Sept the 14th 1767.
21. 2 Nov. 1868. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*. See title at page 1.

II. With other Works.

8. *1704. London. ? vols. 8vo. Works. *First edition*.
11. §1711-12. London. 10 vols. 8vo. *A Collection of the best English Plays. Chosen out of all the best Authors*. Printed for the Company of Booksellers. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 11.
12. †1715 (1714). London. 2 vols. 8vo. The Dramatick works of his Grace George Villiers, Late Duke of Buckingham. With his Miscellaneous Poems, Essays and Letters. *Adorn'd with cuts*. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 11.
14. §1754. Edinburgh. 1 vol. 12mo. The genuine Works of his Grace George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. Compleat. pp. 159-247.
17. 1787. London. ? 1 vol. 8vo. *Theatrical Magazine*. 'The Rehearsal.' A Comedy as it is acted at the Theatres Royal in Drury Lane and Convent Garden.
18. 1797. London. 34 vols. 8vo. *Bell's British Theatre*. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 29.
19. †1761-1808. 2 vols. 8vo. An edition of Villiers' Works: prepared by Bishop Percy, but never published. It was nearly all destroyed by fire in 1808. See pp. . 'The Rehearsal,' and its 'Key,' are in Vol. 1.
20. †1811. London. 5 vols. 8vo. *The Modern British Drama*. 'The Rehearsal' is in Vol. 4.

∴ This list is imperfect.

THERE is no authoritative explanation of the allusions and parodies in the present play. All that can be done is to summarize the successive attempts at its exposition.

1. Twenty years after its appearance, but in Dryden's life-time; GERARD LANGBAIN gives this account of it, in his *Eng. Dram. Poets*. Oxford. p. 546. Ed. 1691.

Rehearsal, a Comedy acted at the Theatre-Royal; printed [4th Edit.] quarto Lond. 1683. This Play is ascribed to the Late Duke of Buckingham, and will ever be valued by Ingenious Men. There are some who pretend to furnish a *Clavis* to it; my Talent not lying to Politicks, I know no more of it, than that the Author lashes several Plays of Mr. Dryden; As *Conquest of Granada*, *Tyrannick Love*, *Love in a Nunnery*, and some passages of other Plays; as *The Siege of Rhodes*, *Virgin Widow*, *Slighted Maid*, *Villain*, *English Monsieur*, &c.

2. Dean LOCKIER in Spence's ANECDOTES, p. 63. Ed. 1820, remarks,

The *Rehearsal* (one of the best pieces of criticism that ever was) and Butler's inimitable poem of *Hudibras*, must be quite lost to the readers in a century more, if not soon well commended. Tonson has a good Key to the former, but refuses to print it, because he had been so much obliged to Dryden.

3. Only two Keys have ever been printed: it may be well to consider their respective histories, before we take them in connection with the text.

(a) In 1704, in the first edition of Villiers' works in 8vo, of which I cannot learn of any copy anywhere, appeared—S. BRISCOE'S Key, which has been very often reprinted; at first separate from the text in 1710, next with it as footnotes: see opposite page.

(b) June 12, 1761. Bp. T. PERCY entered into an agreement with Mess. Tonson, to publish an edition of the Works of George Villiers, the 2d Duke of Buckingham, for which he received 52 guineas. J. Nichols *Lit. Anec.* 18th Cent. iii. 758. Ed. 1812.

On 15 Jan. 1764, Bp. Percy thus writes to Dr. Birch.

I ought to blush for having detained your books so long; but one work has been delayed through the expectation of enlarging the stock of materials. The 'Key to the *Rehearsal*' has long been printed off, all but the last sheet, which we still keep open to receive some additions that we take for granted will be picked up from a play of Edward Howard's, entitled 'Six Days Adventure, or the New Utopia, 4to 1671,' if we can once be so lucky as to light upon it. This is the only play of that age which I have not seen. Mr. Garrick unluckily has not got it in his collection, and Mr. Tonson has advertised a small premium for it, hitherto without success. It is only scarce because it is worthless; and therefore, if chance should throw it in your way, may I intreat the favour of you to procure me a sight of it?—J. B. Nichols. *Ill. of Lit. Hist.* vii. 572. Ed. 1848.

Twenty-eight years later; Bp. Percy, thus writes to Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, under date 11 Aug. 1792.

I have at length been able to collect for your Lordship the sheets of Lord Surrey and the Duke of Buckingham. They have been printed off about 25 years. Since the death of Jacob Tonson, at whose instance they were undertaken, and who ought to have assigned them to other persons, they have been wholly discontinued. My fondness for these pursuits declining, I laid both those works aside, till I could offer them to some younger editor than myself, who could with more propriety resume them. I have now an ingenious nephew, of both my names, who is a fellow of St. John's College, in Oxford, and both able and desirous to complete them. To him I have given all the sheets so long since printed off, and whatever papers I had upon the subject.

Of the 'Duke of Buckingham' Tonson wished to have every thing collected which had ever been ascribed to him; but I believe I shall only recommend to my nephew to publish what is numbered vol. 1. in the sheets now offered to your Lordship. Between the 'Rehearsal' and the 'Key' were once printed the 'Chances' and the 'Restoration'; but the intermediate sheets have been cancelled and consigned to the trunk-makers. And the same fate

awaits the smaller pieces, collected into what is herewith numbered vol. II. They are only submitted to your Lordship in confidence, and I believe you will think them scarcely deserving republication.—J. B. Nichols, *Idem*, viii. p. 289.

Mr. Nichols thus narrates the fate of this edition.

Dr. Percy had, soon after the year 1760, proceeded very far at the press with an admirable edition of 'Surrey's Poems,' and also with a good edition of the Works of Villiers Duke of Buckingham; both which, from a variety of causes, remained many years unfinished in the warehouse of Mr. Tonson in the Savoy, but were resumed in 1795, and nearly brought to a conclusion; when the whole impression of both works was unfortunately consumed by the fire in Red Lion Passage in 1808. *Lit. Anec. 18th Cent. iii. 161. Ed. 1812.*

Of this edition there is a copy in 2 Vols, complete so far as prepared but without a printed title page, in the British Museum. [Press Mark, C. 39. g.] The MS. title-page thus runs, 'An edition prepared by Bp. Percy. But never published. Nearly unique.' There is however under Press Mark, 643. c. 10. a fragment of the first Volume containing the Rehearsal and its Key.

4. Prefaced to both these 'Keys' is an introduction. I give first Bp. PERCY's, because though a century later in date, it describes that of 1704.

b. *ADVERTISEMENT.*

THE former KEY hath long been complained of as inaccurate and defective; and yet has commonly past for the work of the Duke of Buckingham. That it is the former, and cannot be the latter, a slight perusal must convince every Reader. The Duke could not be ignorant of his own meaning, nor doubtful about the aim of his own satire; yet many passages in that work display both ignorance and doubt. That the Preface prefixed to it was written long after the death of our noble author, evidently appears from several passages: Thus the author quotes Collier's view of the stage, which was first published in 1698, whereas the Duke died in 1687. He also speaks of the Rehearsal as having flourished in print two and thirty years, which brings it down to the year 1704, when the first edition of the KEY was printed.

We are not to wonder that an explanation of so popular a satire should be wanted at that time by the public, or that the booksellers should be desirous of profiting by its impatience. Accordingly in the 7th Edition of the Rehearsal printed in 1701 4to, the title-page promises "Some explanatory notes;" but these upon examination appear to be only four slight marginal references, two of which are false, and a third superfluous. At length in the second volume of the Duke's works 8vo, the larger attempt appeared under the following title

A KEY TO THE REHEARSAL OR A CRITICAL VIEW OF THE AUTHORS AND Their Writings, that are exposed in that celebrated Play:

Written by his Grace GEORGE late Duke of Buckingham

LONDON: Printed for S. Briscoe, 1704.

Here by a little bookseller's craft in making a break after the word PLAY, the KEY is represented as written by the Duke; when probably at first no more was meant than that the play was written by him. After all 'tis possible, that the key may have been supplied in part from some of the Duke's papers, and then the errors and defects are to be charged on those who put them together and made additions to them.

Erroneous and defective, as that attempt was, the public had little room to expect a better. It is near a century since the Rehearsal was first printed; and who at this distance of time could hope to recover any considerable matters of explanation, that had escaped former inquirers? No such sanguine expectations had the present compiler. The deficiencies of the former key led him sometimes to look into the plays referred to, but without any intention of attempting a new one. He soon found however that some obvious improvements might still be made; and the success of his researches encouraged him to extend them; 'till at length he resolved by a professed pursuit, to compleat what he had begun by accidental snatches. To this he was encouraged by the free access, which Mr. Garrick in the politest manner gave him to his large collection of old plays; by far the completest ever made in these kingdoms. Here the editor found almost every dramatic piece in our

Continued at pages 26, 32, 36, 46, 43.

THE
REHEARSAL,

As it was Acted at the

Theatre-Royal.



LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *White-Lyon*,
next *Chancery-lane* end in *Fleet-*
street. 1672.

¹ Dryden, in his pre'atory Effay *Of Heroique Plays* to *The Conquest of Granada*, Ed. 1672, thus gives the origin of the new way of writing plays.

"For Heroick Plays, (in which onely I have us'd it [*i. e.*, Rhyme] without the mixture of Prose) the first light we had of them on the *English Theatre* was from the late Sir *William D'Avenant*: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some matter of Scandal to those good people, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign then endure a wanton jeast; he was forc'd to turn his thoughts another way; and to introduce the examples of moral vertue, writ in verse, and perform'd in *Recitative Musique*. The Original of this musick and of the Scenes which adorn'd his work, he had from the *Italian Operas*: but he heightn'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the example of *Corneille* and some *French Poets*. In this Condition did this part of Poetry remain at his Majesties return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a publick Authority, he review'd his *Siege of Rhodes*, and caus'd it to be acted as a just *Drama*; but as few men have the happinefs to begin and finish any new project, so neither did he live to make his design perfect."

² (a) GERARD LANGBAINE gives this account of Lacy:—

A Comedian whose Abilities in Action were sufficiently known to all that frequented the King's Theatre, where he was for many years an Actor, and perform'd all Parts that he undertook to a miracle; infomuch that I am apt to believe, that as *this Age* never had, so the *next* never will have his *Equal*, at least not his *Superiour*. He was so well approv'd of by King *Charles the Second*, an undeniable Judge in Dramatick Arts, that he caus'd his Picture to be drawn, in three several Figures in the same Table, *viz.* That of *Teague* in the *Committee*, Mr. *Scruple* in *The Cheats*, and *M. Galliard*, in *The Variety*: which piece is still in being in *Windsor Castle*. Nor did his Talent wholly lye in Acting, he knew both how to judge and write Plays: and if his Comedies are somewhat allied to French Farce, 'tis out of choice, rather than want of Ability to write true Comedy.

Account of Eng. Dram. Poets, p. 317. Oxenford, 1691.

Lacy wrote four Comedies, printed in the following years:—

Dumb Lady, or *The Farriar made Physitian*, 1672, 4to.

Old Troop, or *Monjsieur Ragou*, 1672, 4to.

Sawny the Scot, or *The Taming of a Shrew*, 1677, 4to.

Sir Hercules Buffoon, or *The Poetical Squire*, 1684, 4to.

(b) Dean LOCKIER, in Spence's ANECDOTES, p. 63, Ed. 1820, says:—

It is incredible what pains Buckingham took with one of the actors, to teach him to speak some passages in Bayes' part, in *The Rehearsal* right.

This actor was Lacy, see p. 16.

23
1PROLOGUE.

WE might well call this short Mock-play of
ours
A Posie made of Weeds instead of Flowers ;
Yet such have been presented to your noses,
And there are such, I fear, who thought 'em Roses.
Would some of 'em were here, to see, this night,
What stuff it is in which they took delight.
Here, brisk, insipid Blades, for wit, let fall
Sometimes dull fence ; but oft'ner, none at all :
There, strutting Heroes, with a grim-fac'd train,
Shall brave the Gods, in King *Cambyfes* vain.
For (changing Rules, of late, as if men writ
In spite of Reason, Nature, Art, and Wit)
Our Poets make us laugh at Tragoedy,
And with their Comedies they make us cry.
Now, Critiques, do your worst, that here are met ;
For, like a Rook, I have hedg'd in my Bet.
If you approve ; I shall assume the state
Of those high-flyers whom I imitate :
And justly too ; for I will shew you more
Than ever they vouchsaf'd to shew before :
I will both represent the feats they do,
And give you all their reasons for 'em too.
Some honour to me will from this arise.
But if, by my endeavours, you grow wise,
And what was once so prais'd you now despise ;
Then I'll cry out, swell'd with Poetique rage,
'Tis I, *John Lacy*,² have reform'd your Stage.

The Actors Names.

BAYES.

JOHNSON.

SMITH.

Two Kings of Brentford.

Prince Pretty-man.

Prince Volscius.

Gentleman Usher.

Physician.

Drawcanfir.

General

Lieutenant General.

Cordelio.

Tom Thimble.

Fisherman.

Sun.

Thunäer.

Players.

Souldiers.

Two Heralds.

Four Cardinals.

Mayor.

Judges.

Serjeants at Arms.

Women.

Amaryllis.

Cloris.

Parthenope.

Pallas.

Lightning.

Moon.

Earth.

Attendants of Men and Women.

SCENE. BRENTFORD.



THE
REHEARSAL.

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

JOHNS.



Oneft *Frank!* I'm glad to fee thee
with all my heart: how long
haft thou been in Town?

SMI. Faith, not above an
hour: and, if I had not met you
here, I had gone to look you out; for I long to talk
with you freely, of all the ſtrange new things we have
heard in the Country.

JOHNS. And, by my troth, I have long'd as much
to laugh with you, at all the impertinent, dull, fantaſtical
things, we are tir'd out with here.

SMI. Dull and fantaſtical! that's an excellent com-
poſition. Pray, what are our men of buſineſs doing?

JOHNS. I ne'er enquire after 'em. Thou know'ſt
my humour lyes another way. I love to pleaſe my
ſelf as much, and to trouble others as little as I can:
and therefore do naturally avoid the company of thoſe
ſolemn Fops; who, being incapable of Reaſon, and
inſenſible of Wit and Pleaſure, are always looking
grave, and troubling one another, in hopes to be
thought men of Buſineſs.

language, and had thereby an advantage, which perhaps no former compiler ever had, in having all his materials ready collected to his hands. He had nothing to do, but sit down and examine: he accordingly read over every play, which the Duke could be supposed to have in his eye; chiefly all such as were either published or revived from the time of the Restoration till the publication of the Rehearsal: for tho' the Duke's view was chiefly to satirize what was then called "the new way of writing," yet he often exposes absurdities of longer standing, chiefly when the plays, which contained them, had been revived afresh, or still continued to captivate the publick.

How far the research upon the whole has been successful the Reader will judge from the following pages. He will find many obscurities removed; and numerous references recovered: far more of both than could reasonably be expected, considering that no assistance could be had but what is fetched from books, and that all personal information has been long since swallowed up in the gulph of time. It must however be acknowledged that our inquiries have not always been successful: Some passages still remain, that evidently allude to absurdities then current upon the stage, yet of which we could find no traces in any play then published. But this is no more than might be expected: We have that one play,* which the Duke has professedly ridiculed, was damned in the representation and therefore never printed; and the same might also be the case with others. Again the authors might remove the offensive passages from such plays as they published, so that no appearance of them is now remaining. After all, we are not to suppose that so masterly a pencil, as the Duke's, when finishing such a character as that of Bayes, would be confined to a mere dead likeness: he would not fail to heighten the caricature with a thousand touches supplied from his own fancy, and bring in whatever served to render the piece compleat, whether it resembled the original or not.

Altho' the former key was faulty, it contained some particulars too valuable to be suppressed; we have therefore inserted the several articles everywhere in our own, taking care to correct the mistakes, and distinguishing every such article by an asterisk (*). We have also retained the former preface; as it preserved the memory of certain facts necessary to the illustration of the Rehearsal, and not found anywhere else.

We next give BRISCOE'S address.

a. *The Publisher to the Reader.*

THOU canst not be ignorant, that the town has had an eager expectation of a KEY to the REHEARSAL ever since it first appeared in print; and none has more earnestly desired it than myself, tho' in vain: 'Till lately a gent'eman of my acquaintance recommended me to a person, who he believed could give me a further light into this matter, than I had hitherto met with from any hand.

In a short time I traced him out; and when I had found him, he appeared such a positive dogmatical spark, that I began to repent of my trouble in searching after him.

It was my misfortune over a pot of beer to begin a short discourse of the modern poets and actors: and immediately he fell into a great passion, and swore, that there were very few persons now living, who deserved the name of a good dramatick poet, or a natural actor; and declaimed against the present practice of the English stage with much violence; saying, he believed the two companies were joined in a confederacy against Smithfield, and resolved to ruin their fair, by out-doing them in their bombastick bills, and ridiculous representing their plays; adding, that he hoped ere long M. COLLIER and others would write them down to the devil. At the same time, he could not forbear to extol the excellent decorum and action of former years: and magnified the poets of the last age, especially Johnson, Shakespear, and Beaumont.

I bore all this with tolerable patience, knowing it to be too common with old men to commend the past age, and rail at the present; and so took my

* *The United Kingdoms, by Col. Henry Howard.* See pp. 46 and 90.]

SMI. Indeed, I have ever observed, that your grave lookers are the dullest of men.

JOHNS. I, and of Birds, and Beasts too : your gravest Bird is an Owl, and your gravest Beast is an Afs.

SMI. Well ; but how dost thou pass thy time ?

JOHNS. Why, as I use to do ; eat and drink as well as I can, have a She-friend to be private with in the afternoon, and sometimes see a Play : where there are such things (*Frank*) such hideous, monstrous things, that it has almost made me forswear the Stage, and resolve to apply my self to the solid nonsense of your pretenders to Business, as the more ingenious pastime.

SMI. I have heard, indeed, you have had lately many new Plays, and our Country-wits commend 'em.

JOHNS. I, so do some of our City-wits too ; but they are of the new kind of Wits.

SMI. New kind ? what kind is that ?

JOHNS. Why, your Blade, your frank Persons, your Drolls : fellows that scorn to imitate Nature ; but are given altogether to elevate and surprize.

SMI. Elevate, and surprize ? pr'ythee make me understand the meaning of that.

JOHNS. Nay, by my troth, that's a hard matter : I don't understand that my self. 'Tis a phrase they have got among them, to express their no-meaning by. I'll tell you, as well as I can, what it is. Let me see ; 'tis Fighting, Loving, Sleeping, Rhyming, Dying, Dancing, Singing, Crying ; and every thing, but Thinking and Sense.

Mr. BAYES passes o'er the Stage.

BAYES. Your most obsequious, and most observant, very fervant, Sir.

JOHNS. Godso, this is an Author : I'll fetch him to you.

SMI. Nay, pr'ythee let him alone.

JOHNS. Nay, by the Lord, I'll have him. [*Goes after him.*] Here he is. I have caught him. Pray, Sir, for my sake, will you do a favour to this friend of mine ?

'In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot,
and shew, ay, and pit, box, and gallery, I gad, with any
Play in *Europe*.

The usual language of the Honourable *Edward Howard*, Esq.;
at the Rehearsal of his Plays. • • • *Key*, 1704.

BAYES. Sir, it is not within my small capacity to do favours, but receive 'em ; especially from a person that does wear the honourable Title you are pleas'd to impose, Sir, upon this.—Sweet Sir, your servant.

SMI. Your humble servant, Sir.

JOHNS. But wilt thou do me a favour, now ?

BAYES. I, Sir : What is't ?

JOHNS. Why, to tell him the meaning of thy last Play.

BAYES. How, Sir, the meaning ? do you mean the Plot.

JOHNS. I, I ; any thing.

BAYES. Faith, Sir, the Intrigo's now quite out of my head ; but I have a new one, in my pocket, that I may say is a Virgin ; 't has never yet been blown upon. I must tell you one thing, 'Tis all new Wit ; and, though I say it, a better than my last : and you know well enough how that took. ' In fine, it shall read, and write, and act, and plot, and shew, ay, and pit, box and gallery, I gad, with any Play in *Europe*. This morning is its last Rehearsal, in their habits, and all that, as it is to be acted ; and if you, and your friend will do it but the honour to see it in its Virgin attire ; though, perhaps, it may blush, I shall not be ashamed to discover its nakedness unto you.—I think it is o' this side. [*Puts his hand in his pocket.*]

JOHNS. Sir, I confess I am not able to answer you in this new way ; but if you please to lead, I shall be glad to follow you ; and I hope my friend will do so too.

SMI. I, Sir, I have no business so considerable, as should keep me from your company.

BAYES. Yes, here it is. No, cry you mercy : this is my book of *Drama Common places* ; the Mother of many other Plays.

JOHNS. *Drama Common places!* pray what's that ?

BAYES. Why, Sir, some certain helps, that we men of Art have found it convenient to make use of.

SMI. How, Sir, help for Wit ?

BAYES. I, Sir, that's my position. And I do here

I.

'He who writ this, not without pains and thought
From *French* and *English* Theaters has brought
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time ;
The Scenes unbroken ; and a mingled chime
Of *Johnsons* humour, with *Corneilles* rhyme.

J. DRYDEN, *Prologue to Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen*. Ed. 1668.

²In Dryden's lifetime, GERARD LANGBAIN, in his *Account of Eng. Dram. Poets*, Ed. 1691, p. 169, noticing Dryden's *Secret Love* or *The Maiden Queen*, says:—I cannot pass by his making use of *Bayes's* Art of Transferring, as any One may observe by comparing the Fourth Stanza of his First Prologue, with the last Paragraph of the Preface of *Ibrahim*.

The title of this work, is as follows: "*Ibrahim. Or the Illustrious Bassa*. An excellent new Romance. The whole Work, in four Parts. Written in French by *Monsieur de Scudery*. And now Englished by HENRY COGAN, gent. London 1652." The paragraph referred to, runs thus:—

Behold, Reader, that which I had to say to you,
but what defence soever I have employed, I know that
it is of works of this nature, as of a place of war,
where notwithstanding all the care the Engineer hath
brought to fortifie it, there is alwayes some weak
part found, which he hath not dream'd of, and whereby
it is assaulted ; but this shall not surprize me ; for as

I have not forgot that I am a man, no more
have I forgot that I am subject to erre

This is thus verified in the fourth stanza of the same *Prologue*.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which how e're fortify'd
By Engineers, have still some weaker side
By the o're-seen Defendant unesp'y'd.

averr, That no man yet the Sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a Stage, except it be with the help of these my Rules.¹

JOHNS. What are those Rules, I pray?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my first Rule is the Rule of Transversion,² or *Regula Duplex*: changing Verse into Prose, or Prose into verse, *alternative* as you please.

SMI. How's that, Sir, by a Rule, I pray?

BAYES. Why, thus, Sir; nothing more easie when understood: I take a Book in my hand, either at home, or elsewhere, for that's all one, if there be any Wit in't, as there is no Book but has some, I Transverse it; that is, if it be Prose, put it into Verse, (but that takes up some time) if it be Verse, put it into Prose.

JOHNS. Methinks, Mr. *Bayes*, that putting Verse into Prose should be call'd Transposing.

BAYES. By my troth, a very good Notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

SMI. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

BAYES. Make it my own. 'Tis so alter'd that no man can know it. My next Rule is the Rule of Record, and by way of Table-Book. Pray observe.

JOHNS. Well, we hear you: go on.

BAYES. As thus. I come into a Coffee-house, or some other place where wittie men resort, I make as if I minded nothing; (do you mark?) but as soon as any one speaks, pop I flap it down, and make that, too, my own.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, are not you sometimes in danger of their making you restore, by force, what you have gotten thus by Art?

BAYES. No, Sir; the world's unmindful: they never take notice of these things.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, among all your other Rules, have you no one Rule for Invention?

BAYES. Yes, Sir; that's my third Rule that I have here in my pocket.

SMI. What Rule can that be?

Continued from page 26.

leave of him for that time, with an intent never to trouble him more, and without acquainting him with my business.

When next I saw the gentleman my friend, who recommended him to me, I told him how I was entertained by his cynical acquaintance. He laughed, but bid me not be discouraged; saying, that fit of railing would soon have been over, and when his just indignation had spent itself, you might have imparted your business to him, and received a more satisfactory account. However, said he, go to him again from me, take him to the Tavern, and mollify his asperity with a bottle; thwart not his discourse, but give him his own way; and I'll warrant you, he'll open his budget, and satisfy your expectation.

I followed my friend's directions, and found the event answerable to his prediction.

Not long after, I met him in Fleet Street, and carried him to the Old Devil; and ere we had emptied one bottle, I found him of a quite different humour from what I left him in the time before: he appeared in his discourse to be a very honest true Englishman, a hearty lover of his country, and the government thereof, both in church and state, a loyal subject to his sovereign, an enemy to popery and tyranny, idolatry and superstition, antimonarchical government and confusion, irreligion and enthusiasm. In short, I found him a person of a competent knowledge in the affair I went to him about, and one who understood the English Stage very well; and tho' somewhat positive, as I said before, yet I observed he always took care to have truth on his side, before he affirmed or denied anything with more than ordinary heat; and when he was so guarded, he was immovable.

When I had discover'd thus much, and called for the second bottle, I told him from whom I came, and the cause of my addressing to him. He desired my patience till he stopt to his lodgings, which were near the tavern; and after a short space he returned, and brought with him the papers, which contain the following notes.

When he had read them to me, I liked them so well, that I desired the printing of them, provided they were genuine. He assured me they were, and told me farther:

That while this farce was composing and altering, he had frequent occasions of being with the author, of perusing his papers, and hearing him discourse of the several plays he exposed, and their authors; insomuch that few persons had the like opportunities of knowing his true meaning, as he himself had.

If any other persons had known the author's mind so exactly, in all the several particulars, 'tis more than probable they would have been made publick before now: but nothing of this nature having appeared these two AND THIRTY YEARS; (for so long has this farce flourished in print) we may reasonably and safely conclude, that there is no other such like copy in being; and that these remarks are genuine, and taken from the great Person's own mouth and papers.

I was very well satisfied with this account, and more desirous to print it than ever; only I told him, I thought it would be very advantageous to the sale of these Annotations, to have a Preface to them, under the Name of him, who was so well acquainted with the Author: but could not, by all the arguments I was master of, obtain his Consent, tho' we debated the point a pretty while.

He alledg'd for his excuse, that such an undertaking would be very improper for him, because he should be forced to name several persons, and some of great families, to whom he had been obliged; and he was very unwilling to offend any person of quality, or run the hazard of making such who are, or may be his friends, become his enemies; tho' he should only act the part of an historian, barely reciting the words he heard from our Author.

However, said he, if you think a preface of such absolute necessity, you may easily recollect matter enough from the discourse which hath passed between us, on this subject, to enable yourself, or any other for you, to write one; especially if you consider there are but two topicks to be insisted on.

Continued at page 36.

BAYES. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do; but presently turn o'er this Book, and there I have, at one view, all that *Perseus, Montaigne, Seneca's Tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's lives*, and the rest, have ever thought, upon this subject: and so, in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own, the business is done.

JOHNS. Indeed, Mr. *Bayes*, this is as sure, and compendious a way of Wit as ever I heard of.

BAYES. I, Sirs, when you come to write your selves, o' my word you'll find it so. But, Gentlemen, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my Rules, do but come to the Play-house, and you shall judge of 'em by the effects.

SMI. We'll follow you, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter three Players upon the Stage.

1 *Play.* Have you your part perfect?

2 *Play.* Yes, I have it without book; but I do not understand how it is to be spoken.

3 *Play.* And mine is such a one, as I can't guess for my life what humour I'm to be in: whether angry, melancholy, merry, or in love. I don't know what to make on't.

1 [*Play.*] Phoo! the Author will be here presently, and he'll tell us all. You must know, this is the new way of writing; and these hard things please forty times better than the old plain way. For, look you, Sir, the grand design upon the Stage is to keep the Auditors in suspense; for to guess presently at the plot, and the fence, tires 'em before the end of the first Act: now, here, every line surprises you, and brings in new matter. And, then, for Scenes, Cloaths and Dancing, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us: and these are the things, you know, that are essential to a Play.

2 *Play.* Well, I am not of thy mind; but, so it gets us money, 'tis no great matter.

¹ The Part of *Amaryllis* was acted by Mrs. *Ann Reeves*, who, at that Time, was kept by Mr. *Bayes*. . . . *Key* 1704.

The licentiousness of Dryden's plays admits of no palliation or defence. He wrote for a licentious stage in a profligate age, and supplied, much to his own disgrace, the kind of material the vicious taste of his audiences demanded. Nor will it serve his reputation to contrast his productions in this way with those of others. Shadwell alone transcended him in depravity. But there is some compensation for all his grossness in turning from his plays to his life, and marking the contrast. The morality of his life—the practical test of his heart and his understanding—was unimpeachable. The ingenuity of slander was exhausted in assailing his principles, and exposing his person to obloquy—but the morality of his life comes pure out of the furnace. The only hint of personal indiscretion ascribed to him is that of having eaten tarts with Mrs. Reeve the actress, in the Mulberry garden, which, if true, amounts to nothing, but which, trivial as it is, must be regarded as apocryphal. To eat tarts with an actress did not necessarily involve any grave delinquency in a poet who was writing for the theatre; yet upon this slight foundation, for I have not been able to discover that it rests upon any other, a suspicion has been raised, that Mrs. Reeve was his mistress. By way, however, of mitigating the odium of this unwarrantable imputation, it is added, that after his marriage Dryden renounced all such associations. But his relations with Mrs. Reeve, if he ever had any, must have been formed after his marriage, as a reference to dates will show, so that the supposititious scandal, as it has been transmitted to us, conveys its own refutation.

R. BELL. *Life of Dryden*, i. 91. Ed. 1854.

² Two Kings of *Brentford*, supposed to be the two Brothers, the King and the Duke. [See note at p. 90.] . . . *Key* 1704.

Enter BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES. Come, come in, Gentlemen. Y'are very welcome Mr.—a——Ha' you your Part ready?

1 *Play*. Yes, Sir.

BAYES. But do you understand the true humour of it?

1 *Play*. I, Sir, pretty well.

BAYES. And *Amarillis*, how does she do? Does not her Armor become her?

3 *Play*. O, admirably!

BAYES. I'll tell you, now, a pretty conceipt. What do you think I'll make 'em call her anon, in this Play?

SMI. What, I pray?

BAYES. Why I'll make 'em call her *Armarillis*, because of her Armor: ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. That will be very well, indeed.

BAYES, I, it's a pretty little rogue; she is my Mistress.¹ I knew her face would fet off Armor extreamly: and, to tell you true, I writ that Part only for her. Well, Gentlemen, I dare be bold to say, without vanity, I'll shew you something, here, that's very ridiculous, I gad.

[Exeunt Players.]

JOHNS. Sir, that we do not doubt of.

BAYES. Pray, Sir, let's sit down. Look you, Sir, the chief hinde of this Play, upon which the whole Plot moves and turns, and that causes the variety of all the feveral accidents, which, you know, are the thing in Nature that make up the grand refinement of a Play, is, that I suppose two Kings² to be of the same place: as, for example, at *Brentford*; for I love to write familiarly. Now the people having the same relations to 'em both, the same affections, the same duty, the same obedience, and all that; are divided among themselves in point of devoir and interest, how to behave themselves equally between 'em: these Kings differing sometimes in particular; though, in the main, they agree. (I know not whether I make my self well understood.)

Continued from page 32.

1. To give the reader an account of the writer of this farce.

2. The motives which induced him to compose it.

I can stay no longer now, said he; but if you desire any further direction in this matter, meet me here to-morrow night, and I will discourse more particularly on those two heads, and then take my leave of you: wishing you good success with your preface, and that your KEY may prove a GOLDEN ONE.

Now, kind reader, having received all the instructions I could gain from my resolute spark at our several meetings, I must stand on my own legs, and turn *Prefacer*, tho' against my will. And thus I set out,

1. To tell thee what all persons, who are anything acquainted with the stage, know already; *viz.* That this farce was wrote by the most noble GEORGE VILLIERS, late Duke of BUCKINGHAM, &c. a person of a great deal of natural wit and ingenuity, and of excellent judgement, particularly in matters of this nature; his forward genius was improved by a liberal education, and the conversation of the greatest persons in his time; and all these cultivated and improved by study and travel.

By the former, he became well acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated Poets of the late age; *viz.* Shakespear, Beaumont, and Johnson, (the last of whom he knew personally, being thirteen years old when he died)* as also with the famous company of actors at Black-Fryars, whom he always admired.

He was likewise very intimate with the poets of his time; as Sir John Denham, Sir John Suckling, the Lord Falkland, Mr. Sidney Godolphin, (a near relation to the Lord High Treasurer of England that now is, the glory of that ancient family) Mr. Waller, and Mr. Cowley; on the last of whom he bestowed a genteel Annuity during his life, and a noble monument in Westminster-Abbey after his decease.

By travel he had the opportunity of observing the decorum of foreign theatres; especially the French, under the regulation of Monsieur Corneille, before it was so far Italianated, and over-run with opera and farce, as now it is; and before the venom thereof had crossed the narrow seas, and poisoned the English stage; We being naturally prone to imitate the French in their fashions, manners, and customs, let them be never so vicious, fantastick, or ridiculous.

By what has been said on this head, I hope thou art fully satisfied who was the author of this piece, which the learned and judicious Dr. Burnet (Now Bishop of Sarum) calls 'a correction,' and 'an unmerciful exposing;' and I believe thou hast as little cause to doubt of his being able to perform it.

Had this great person been endued with constancy and steadiness of mind, equal to his other abilities both natural and acquired, he had been the most complete gentleman in his time.

I shall proceed to shew,

2. The motives which induced him to undertake it.

The civil war silenced the stage for almost twenty years, tho' not near so lewd then, as it is since grown; and it had been happy for England, if this had been the worst effect of that war. The many changes of government, that succeeded the dissolution of the ancient constitution, made the people very uneasy, and unanimously desirous of its restitution; which was effected by a free Parliament, in the year 1660.

This sudden revolution, which is best known by the name of THE RESTORATION, brought with it many ill customs, from the several countries, to which the King and the cavaliers were retired, during their exile, which proved very pernicious to our English constitution, by corrupting our morals; and to which the reviving the stage, and bringing women on't, and encouraging and applauding the many lewd, senseless, and unnatural plays, that ensued upon this great change, did very much contribute.

* This is a mistake. The Duke of Buckingham was born Jan. 30, 1627. Ben Johnson died Aug. 6, 1637. Bp. Percy.

Continued at page 46.

JOHNS. I did not observe you, Sir : pray say that again.

BAYES. Why, look you, Sir, (nay, I beseech you, be a little curious in taking notice of this, or else you'll never understand my notion of the thing) the people being embarrass'd by their equal ties to both, and the Sovereigns concern'd in a reciprocal regard, as well to their own interest, as the good of the people ; may make a certain kind of a——you understand me——upon which, there does arise several disputes, turmoils, heart-burnings, and all that——In fine, you'll apprehend it better when you see it.

[*Exit, to call the Players.*]

SMI. I find the Author will be very much oblig'd to the Players, if they can make any sense of this.

Enter BAYES.

BAYES. Now, Gentlemen, I would fain ask your opinion of one thing. I have made a Prologue and an Epilogue, which may both serve for either : (do you mark ?) nay, they may both serve too, I gad, for any other Play as well as this.

SMI. Very well. That's, indeed, Artificial.

BAYES. And I would fain ask your judgements, now, which of them would do best for the Prologue ? For, you must know, there is, in nature, but two ways of making very good Prologues. The one is by civility, by insinuation, good language, and all that, to——a——in a manner, steal your plaudit from the courtesie of the Auditors : the other, by making use of some certain personal things, which may keep a hank upon such censuring persons, as cannot otherways, A gad, in nature, be hindred from being too free with their tongues. To which end, my first Prologue is, that I come out in a long black Veil, and a great huge Hang-man behind me, with a Furr'd-cap, and his Sword drawn ; and there tell 'em plainly, That if, out of good nature, they will not like my Play, why I gad,

¹ There were printed Papers given the Audience before the Acting of the *Indian Emperor*, telling them, that it was the sequel of the *Indian Queen*, Part of which Play was written by Mr. *Bayes*, &c. Key 1704.

The text of these papers is prefixed to the Play It runs thus.

Connexion of the *Indian Emperour*, to the *Indian Queen*.

THE Conclusion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was writ by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the considerable Characters alive, (*viz.*) *Montezuma* and *Orazia*; thereupon the Author of this, thought it necessary to produce new persons from the old ones; and considering the late *Indian Queen*, before she lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in clandestine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; from those two, he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, suppos'd to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other side, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter; all now suppos'd to be grown up to Mens and Womens Estate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further use in the story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years elapsed since the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the Truth of the History, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whose time happened the Discovery and Invasion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*; under the conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who, joyning with the *Taxallan-Indians*, the invetrate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly Subverted that flourishing Empire; the Conquest of which, is the Subject of this *Dramatique Poem*.

I have neither wholly followed the story nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native simplicity and ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Customes: The Shipping, Armour, Horses, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them as their Habits, and their Language.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it self; and that which you find of it in the first and fifth Acts, touching the sufferings and constancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illustrated, not alter'd from those who have written of it.

² "Persons, egad, I vow to gad, and all that"

is the constant style of *Failer*, in the *Wild Gallant*; for which take this short speech, instead of many. Key 1704.

Failer. Really Madam, I look upon you as a person of such worth and all that, that I Vow to gad I honour you of all persons in the World; and though I am a person that am inconsiderable in the World, and all that Madam, yet for a person of your worth and excellency, I would——

J. DRYDEN. *Wild Gallant*. Act ii, Scene ii. p. 23. Ed. 1669.

I'l e'en kneel down, and he shall cut my head off. Whereupon they all clapping——a——

SMI. But, suppose they do not.

BAYES. Suppose! Sir, you may suppose what you please, I have nothing to do with your suppose, Sir, nor am not at all mortifi'd at it; not at all, Sir; I gad, not one jot. Suppose quoth a!—— [*Walks away.*]

JOHNS. Phoo! pr'ythee, *Bayes*, don't mind what he says: he's a fellow newly come out of the Country, he knows nothing of what's the relish, here, of the Town.

BAYES. If I writ, Sir, to please the Country, I should have follow'd the old plain way; but I write for some persons of Quality, and peculiar friends of mine, that understand what Flame and Power in writing is: and they do me the right, Sir, to approve of what I do.

JOHNS. I, I, they will clap, I warrant you; never fear it.

BAYES. I'm sure the design's good: that cannot be deny'd. And then, for language, I gad, I despise 'em all, in nature, to mend it. Besides, Sir, I have printed above a hundred sheets of papyr, to insinuate the Plot into the Boxes:¹ and withal, have appointed two or three dozen of my friends, to be readie in the Pit, who, I'm sure, will clap, and so the rest, you know, must follow; and then pray, Sir, what becomes of your suppose? ha, ha, ha.

JOHNS. Nay, if the business be so well laid, it cannot mis.

BAYES. I think so, Sir: and therefore would chuse this for the Prologue. For if I could engage 'em to clap, before they see the Play, you know 'twould be so much the better; because then they were engag'd: for, let a man write never so well, there are, now-a-days, a sort of persons,² they call Critiques, that, I gad, have no more wit in 'em than so many Hobby-horses; but they'l laugh you, Sir, and find fault, and censure things that, A gad, I'm sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of persons of parts, and think to build their

¹ (a) He contracted with the King's Company of Actors, in the Year 1668, for a whole Share, to write them four Plays a Year. Key 1704.

(b) E. Malone, *Life of Dryden*, p. 72-74, Ed. 1800, adduces evidence to show that the number of plays was three a year, for which Dryden received $1\frac{1}{4}$ share in the King's Company, equal to about £300 or £400 a year.

fame, by calumniating of persons that, I gad, to my knowledge, of all persons in the world are, in nature, the persons that do as much despise all that, as—— a—— In fine, I'll say no more of 'em.

JOHNS. I, I, you have said enough of 'em in conscience: I'm sure more than they'll ever be able to answer.

BAYES. Why, I'll tell you, Sir, sincerely, and *bona fide*; were it not for the sake of some ingenious persons, and choice female spirits, that have a value for me, I would see 'em all hang'd before I would e'er more set pen to papyr; but let 'em live in ignorance like ingrates.

JOHNS. I marry! that were a way to be reveng'd of 'em indeed: and, if I were in your place, now, I would do it.

BAYES. No, Sir; there are certain ties upon me,¹ that I cannot be disingag'd from; otherwise, I would. But pray, Sir, how do you like my hang-man?

SMI. By my troth, Sir, I should like him very well.

BAYES. I, but how do you like it? (for I see you can judge) Would you have it for the Prologue, or the Epilogue?

JOHNS. Faith, Sir, it's so good, let it e'en serve for both.

BAYES. No, no; that won't do. Besides, I have made another.

JOHNS. What other, Sir?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my other is *Thunder and Lightning*.

JOHNS. That's greater: I'd rather stick to that.

BAYES. Do you think so? I'll tell you then; though there have been many wittie Prologues written of late, yet I think you'll say this is a *non pareillo*: I'm sure no body has hit upon it yet. For here, Sir, I make my Prologue to be Dialogue: and as, in my first, you see I strive to oblige the Auditors by civility, by good nature, and all that; so, in this, by the other way, *in*

'*Almah*. So, two kind Turtles, when a storm is nigh
 Look up, and see it gath'ring in the Skie.
 Each calls his Mate to shelter in the Groves,
 Leaving, in murmures, their unfinish'd Loves.
 Perch'd on some dropping Branch they sit alone,
 And Cooe, and hearken to each others moan.

J. DRYDEN. *The Conquest of Granada*. Part II., Act i. Sc.
 ii., p. 82. Ed. 1672.

²Song in Dialogue.

Evening. *I am an Evening dark as Night,
 Jack-with-the-Lantern bring a Light.*

Jack. *Whither, whither, whither?* [Within.

Evening. *Hither, hither, hither.*

Jack. *Thou art some prattling Eccho, of my making.*

Evening. *Thou art a Foolish Fire, by thy mistaking.
 I am the Evening that creates thee.*

Enter *Jack* in a black Suit border'd with *Glow-worms*, a
 Coronet of Shaded Beams on his head, over it a
 Paper Lantern with a Candle in't.

Terrorem, I chuse for the persons *Thunder* and *Lightning*. Do you apprehend the concept?

JOHNS. Phoo, pox! then you have it cock-sure. They'l be hang'd, before they'l dare affront an Author, that has 'em at that lock.

BAYES. I have made, too, one of the most delicate, daintie *Simile's* in the whole world, I gad, if I knew but how to applie it.

SMI. Let's hear it, I pray you.

BAYES. 'Tis an allusion to love.

¹ So Boar and Sow, when any storm is nigh,
Snuff up, and smell it gath'ring in the Skie :
Boar beckons Sow to trot in Chesnut Groves,
And there consummate their unfinish'd Loves.
Pensive in mud they wallow all alone,
And snort, and gruntle to each others moan.

How do you like it now, ha?

JOHNS. Faith, 'tis extraordinary fine : and very applicable to *Thunder* and *Lightning*, methinks, because it speaks of a Storm.

BAYES. I gad, and so it does, now I think on't. Mr. *Johnson*, I thank you : and I'l put it in *perfecto*. Come out, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

² *Enter Thunder and Lightning.*

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

BAYES. Mr. *Cartwright*, - pr'ythee speak a little louder, and with a hoarser voice. I am the bold *Thunder*? Pshaw! speak it me in a voice that thunders it out indeed : I am the bold *Thunder*.

Thun. I am the bold *Thunder*.

Light. The brisk *Lightning*, I.

BAYES. Nay you must be quick and nimble. The brisk *Lightning*, I. That's my meaning.

Thun. I am the bravest *Hector* of the Skie.

Light. And I, fair *Helen*, that made *Hector* die.

Jack. *My Lantern and my Candle waits thee.*
 Evening. *Those Flajolets that we heard play,
 Are Reapers who have lost their way;
 They Play, they Sing, they Dance a-Round,
 Lead them up, here's Faery-ground.*

Chorus.

*Let the Men ware the Ditches;
 Maids, look to your Breeches,
 we'l scratch them with Briars and Thistles:
 when the Flajolets cry,
 we are a-dry;
 Pond-water shall wet their whistles.*

[*Exeunt* Evening, Winds, & Jack.]

SIR R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid.* Act iii., pp. 48, 49.
 Ed. 1663.

¹ *Abraham Ivory* had formerly been a considerable Actor of Womens Parts; but afterwards stupify'd himself so far, with drinking strong Waters, that, before the first Acting of this *Farce*, he was fit for nothing, but to go of Errands; for which, and meer Charity, the Company allow'd him a Weekly Sallery. *Key* 1704.

Thun. I strike men down.

Light. I fire the Town.

Thun. Let the Critiques take heed how they grumble,
For then begin I for to rumble.

Light. Let the Ladies allow us their graces,
Or I'll blast all the paint on their faces,
And dry up their Peter to foot.

Thun. Let the Critiques look to't.

Light. Let the Ladies look to't.

Thun. For *Thunder* will do't.

Light. For *Lightning* will shoot.

Thun. I'll give you dash for dash.

Light. I'll give you flash for flash.

Gallants, I'll finge your Feather.

Thun. I'll *Thunder* you together.

Both. Look to't, look to't; we'll do't, we'll do't: look
to't, we'll do't. [*Twice or thrice repeated.*

[*Exeunt ambo.*

BAYES. That's all. 'Tis but a flash of a Prologue:
a Droll.

SMI. 'Tis short, indeed; but very terrible.

BAYES. Ay, when the *simile* is in, it will do to a
Miracle, I gad. Come, come; begin the Play.

Enter first Player.

1 *Play.* Sir, Mr. *Ivory* is not come yet; but he'll be
here presently, he's but two doors off.

BAYES. Come then, Gentlemen, let's go out and
take a pipe of Tobacco. [*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus primi.

' (a) *Drake Sen.* Draw up our Men; and in low Whispers give our Orders out.

[SIR W. D'AVENANT.] *Play-House to be Lett*, p. 100.

(b) See the *Amorous Prince*, pag. 20, 22, 39, 60, where you will find all the chief Commands, and Directions, are given in Whispers. *Key* 1704.

As I have been unable to see a Copy of the first of these Plays, I insert GERARD LANGBAINÉ's description of it.

Play-House to be Lett. I know not under what Species to place this Play, it consisting of several Pieces of different Kinds handsomely tacked together, several of which the Author writ in the times of *Oliver*, and were acted separately by stealth; as the History of Sr Francis Drake express'd by Instrumental, and Vocal Musick, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, &c. The Cruelty of the Spaniards in *Peru*. These two Pieces were first printed in quarto. They make the third and fourth Acts of this Play. The second Act consists of a French Farce, translated from *Molier's Sganarelle, on Le Cocu Imaginaire*, and purposely by our Author put into a sort of *Jargon* common to French-men newly come over. The fifth Act consists of *Tragedie travestie*, or the Actions of *Cæsar Antony* and *Cleopatra* in Verse Burlesque. This Farce I have seen acted at the Theatre in *Dorset-garden* some Years ago, at the end of that excellent Tragedy of *Pompey*, translated by the incomparable Pen of the much admired *Orinda*. pp. 109—110. Éd. 1691.

BIBLIOGRAPHY. KEYS TO 'THE REHEARSAL'

Continued from page 36.

Then appear'd such plays as these; THE SIEGE OF RHODES, Part I. acted at the *Cock-pit*, before the Restoration; THE PLAY-HOUSE TO BE LETT; THE SLIGHTED MAID; THE UNITED KINGDOMS; THE WILD GALLANT; THE ENGLISH MONSIEUR; THE VILLAIN; and the like.

You will meet with several passages out of all these, except the UNITED KINGDOMS, (which was never printed) in the following notes; as you will out of several other plays, which are here omitted.

Our most noble author, to manifest his just indignation and hatred of this fulsome new way of writing, used his utmost interest and endeavours to stifle it at its first appearing on the stage, by engaging all his friends to explode, and run down these plays, especially the *United Kingdoms*; which had like to have brought his life into danger.

The author of it being nobly born, of an ancient and numerous family, had many of his relations and friends in the *Cock-pit*, during the acting it; some of them perceiving his Grace to head a party, who were very active in damning the play, by hissing and laughing immoderately at the strange conduct thereof, there were persons laid in wait for him as he came out; but there being a great tumult and uproar in the house and the passages near it, he escaped; But he was threaten'd hard; however the business was compos'd in a short time, tho' by what means I have not been informed.

Concluded at page 48.

ACTUS II. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, JOHNSON *and* SMITH.

BAYES.



Ow, Sir, because I'l do nothing here that ever was done before—

[Spits.

SMI. A very notable design, for a Play, indeed.

BAYES. Instead of beginning with a Scene that discovers something of the Plot, I begin this with a whisper.¹

SMI. That's very new.

BAYES. Come, take your feats. Begin Sirs.

Enter Gentlemen-Usher and Physician.

Phys. Sir, by your habit, I should ghes you to be the Gentleman-Usher of this sumptuous place.

Ush. And, by your gait and fashion, I should almost suspect you rule the healths of both our noble Kings, under the notion of Physician.

Phys. You hit my Function right.

Ush. And you, mine.

Phys. Then let's imbrace.

Ush. Come then.

Phys. Come.

JOHNS. Pray, Sir, who are those two so very civil persons?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Gentleman-Usher, and Physicians of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

JOHNS. But how comes it to pass, then, that they know one another no better?

BAYES. Phoo! that's for the better carrying on of the Intrigue.

JOHNS. Very well.

Concluded from page 46.

After this, our author endeavoured by writing to expose the follies of these new-fashioned plays in their proper colours, and to set them in so clear a light, that the people might be able to discover what trash it was, of which they were so fond, as he plainly hints in the prologue : and so set himself to the composing of this farce.

When his Grace began it, I could never learn, nor is it very material.

Thus much we may certainly gather from the editions of the plays reflected on in it, that it was before the end of 1663, and finished before the end of 1664 ; because it had been several times rehears'd, the players were perfect in their parts, and all things in readiness for its acting, before the great plague 1665 ; and that then prevented it.

But what was so ready for the stage, and so near being acted at the breaking out of that terrible sickness, was very different from what you have since seen in print. In that he called his poet BILBOA ; by which name, the town generally understood SIR ROBERT HOWARD to be the Person pointed at.* Besides, there were very few of this new sort of plays then extant, except these before mentioned, at that time ; and more, than were in being, could not be ridiculed.

The acting of this farce being thus hindered, it was laid by for several years, and came not on the public theatre, till the year 1671.

During this interval, many great Plays came forth, writ in heroick rhyme ; and, on the death of Sir WILLIAM D'AVENANT, 1669, MR. DRYDEN, a new laureat appeared on the stage†, much admired, and highly applauded : which moved the Duke to change the name of his poet from BILBOA to BAYES, whose works you will find often mentioned in the following KEY.

Thus far, kind reader, I have followed the direction of my new acquaintance, to the utmost extent of my memory, without transgressing the bounds he assigned me, and I am free from any fear of having displeas'd him : I wish I could justly say as much, with relation to the offences I have committed against yourself, and all judicious persons who shall peruse this poor address.

I have nothing to say in my own defence : I plead guilty, and throw myself at your feet, and beg for mercy ; and not without hope, since what I have here writ did not proceed from the least malice in me, to any person or family in the world ; but from an honest design to enable the meanest readers to understand all the passages of this farce, that it may sell the better. I am, with all submission, Your most obliged, humble Servant.

5. A real Key should confine itself to the identical plays and dramatists satirized, nothing more nor less. Bp. Percy searching through all the antecedent dramatic literature, may find, did find many parallel passages, but he could adduce nothing to prove these were in the minds of the authors in writing *The Rehearsal*. Indeed it is improbable that they had in view the 40 or 50 plays to which he refers. His references but illustrate the extent of the mock heroic drama.

In the Illustrations of the present work Langbaine and the first Key have been principally followed ; it being noted that the Text is, as first acted on 7 Dec. 1671. Subsequent additions and their illustrations therefore, (such as ridicule Dryden's *The Assignment*, or *Love in a Nunnery*, produced in 1672) are, with two exceptions, not found in it. At the same time, the vacant spaces on the alternate pages will enable enquirers to note the results of further researches.

* *Very small signs appear of this at present : But when the Duke altered the name, he might also suppress the more offensive passages. Before the Rehearsal was acted Sir Robert Howard was upon such good terms with our noble author, that he dedicated to him his *Duel of the Stags*, Lond. 1688, 8vo. Bp. Percy.*

† *Mr. Dryden became Poet-laureat upon the Death of Sir William Davenant ; but he had appeared as a Dramatic Writer before. Bp. Percy.*

Phys. Sir, to conclude,

SMI. What, before he begins?

BAYES. No, Sir; you must know they had been talking of this a pretty while without.

SMI. Where? In the Tying-room?

BAYES. Why ay, Sir. He's so dull! Come, speak again.

Phys. Sir, to conclude, the place you fill, has more than amply exacted the Talents of a wary Pilot, and all these threatening storms which, like impregnant Clouds, do hover o'er our heads, (when they once are grasp'd but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people.

BAYES. Pray mark that Allegory. Is not that good?

JOHNS. Yes; that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Phys. But yet some rumours great are stirring; and if *Lorenzo* should prove false, (as none but the great Gods can tell) you then perhaps would find, that——

[*Whispers.*]

BAYES. Now they whisper.

Ush. Alone, do you say?

Phys. No; attended with the noble——

[*Whispers.*]

Ush. Who, he in gray?

Phys. Yes; and at the head of——

[*Whispers.*]

BAYES. Pray mark.

Ush. Then, Sir, most certain, 'twill in time appear These are the reasons that induc'd 'em to't:

First, he——

[*Whispers.*]

BAYES. Now t'other whispers.

Ush. Secondly, they——

[*Whispers.*]

BAYES. He's at it still.

Ush. Thirdly, and lastly, both he, and they——

[*Whispers.*]

¹ Mr. *William Wintershull* was a most Excellent, Judicious Actor; and the best Instructor of others: He dy'd in *July*, 1679. *Key* 1704.

BAYES. There they both whisper.

[*Exeunt Whispering.*]

Now, Gentlemen, pray tell me true, and without flattery, is not this a very odd beginning of a Play?

JOHNS. In troth, I think it is, Sir. But why two Kings of the same place?

BAYES. Why? because it's new; and that's it I aim at. I despise your *Johnson*, and *Beaumont*, that borrow'd all they writ from Nature: I am for fetching it purely out of my own fancie, I.

SMI. But what think you of Sir *John Suckling*, Sir?

BAYES. By gad, I am a better Poet than he.

SMI. Well, Sir; but pray why all this whispering?

BAYES. Why, Sir, (besides that it is new, as I told you before) because they are suppos'd to be Politicians; and matters of State ought not to be divulg'd.

SMI. But then, Sir, why—

BAYES. Sir, if you'l but respite your curiosity till the end of the fifth Act, you'l find it a piece of patience not ill recompenc'd.

[*Goes to the door.*]

JOHNS. How dost thou like this, *Frank*? Is it not just as I told thee?

SMI. Why, I did never, before this, see any thing in Nature, and all that, (as Mr. *Bayes* says) so foolish, but I could give some ghes at what mov'd the Fop to do it; but this, I confes, does go beyond my reach.

JOHNS. Why, 'tis all alike: Mr. *Winter-shull*¹ has inform'd me of this Play before. And I'l tell thee, *Frank*, thou shalt not see one Scene here, that either properly ought to come in, or is like any thing thou canst imagine has ever been the practice of the World. And then, when he comes to what he calls good language, it is, as I told thee, very fantastical, most abominably dull, and not one word to the purpose.

SMI. It does surprise me, I am sure, very much.

JOHNS. I, but it won't do so long: by that time thou hast seen a Play or two, that I'l shew thee, thou wilt be pretty well acquainted with this new kind of Foppery.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Kings, hand in hand.

BAYES.



Hefe are the two Kings of *Brentford*; take notice of their stile: 'twas never yet upon the Stage; but, if you like it, I could make a shift, perhaps, to shew you a whole Play, written all juft fo.

1 *King*. Did you observe their whisper, brother King?

2 *King*. I did; and heard besides a grave Bird sing That they intend, sweet-heart, to play us pranks.

BAYES. This, now, is familiar, because they are both persons of the same Qualitie.

SMI. 'Sdeath, this would make a man spew.

1 *King*. If that design appears,
I'll lug 'em by the ears
Until I make 'em crack.

2 *King*. And so will I, i'fack.

1 *King*. You must begin, *Mon foy*.

2 *King*. Sweet Sir, *Pardonnez moy*.

BAYES. Mark that: I Makes 'em both speak *French*,
to shew their breeding.

JOHNS. O, 'tis extraordinary fine.

2 *King*. Then, spite of Fate, we'll thus combined
stand;
And, like true brothers, walk still hand in
hand. [*Exeunt Reges.*

JOHNS. This is a very Majestick Scene indeed.

BAYES. Ay, 'tis a crust, a lasting crust for your Rogue Critiques, I gad: I would fain see the proudest of 'em all but dare to nibble at this; I gad, if they do, this shall rub their gums for 'em, I promise you. It was I, you must know, writ the Play I told you of, in this very Stile: and shall I tell you a very good jest? I gad, the Players would not act it: ha, ha, ha.

¹ The *Key* 1704 refers Prince Pretty-man's falling asleep in making love, to the play entitled *The Lost Lady* [by Sir W. BERKELEY] London. fol. 1639. In the fifth edition of *The Rehearsal*, however there is the following addition to the text here.

So ; now Prince *Prettyman* comes in, falls asleep, making Love to his Mistress, which you know, was a grand Intrigue in a late Play, written by a very honest Gentleman : a Knight.

Bp Percy states that this addition alludes to *Querere pro solo querere* (To Love only for Love Sake) : a Dramatick romance, written in Spanish by DON ANTONIO HURTADO DE MENDOZA in 1623, and paraphrased in English, in 1654, by Sir R. FANSHAWE, 'during his Confinement to *Tankersty Park* in *York-shire*, by *Oliver*, after the Battail of *Worcester*, in which he was taken Prisoner, serving His Majesty (whom God preserve) as *Secretary of State*.' Printed London 1671. 4to.

Bp. Percy thinks the passage had in view is this, in Act i. p. 20.

Felisbravo, the young King of Persia, travelling in search of Zelidaura, Queen of Tartaria (whom, it seems, he had never seen) retires into a wood to shun the noon-tide heat, and taking out his mistress's picture, thus rants.

Fel. If *sleep* invade me strongly, That may fever
My *life* some minutes from me, my *love* never.
But 'tis *impossible* to *sleep* (we know)
Extended on the Rack : If that be so,

Takes out the Picture.

Dumb Larum, come thou forth : *Eloquent Mute*,
For whom high Heav'n and Earth commence a Suit :
Of Angel-woman, fair *Hermaphrodite* !
The Moon's *extinguisher* ! the *Moon-days* night !
How could so small a *Spear* hold so much day ?
O *sleep* ! now, now, thou conquer'st me — But stay :
That *part* thou *conquer'st*, I'll not own for *mine*.
Tempest I seek, not calm : If the days thine,
Thou quell'st my body, my Love still is whole :
I give thee all of that which is not Soul.
And, since in *Lodgings* from the Street Love lies,
Do *thou* (and spare not) quarter in my Eyes
A while ; I harb'ring so unwelcome Guest
(As Men obey thy Brother *Death's* arrest)
Not as a *Lover*, but a MORTAL—

He falls asleep with the Picture in his hand.

Rif. He's fallen a sleep ; so soon ? What *frailty* is ?
More like a *Husband*, then a *Lover*, this.
If *Lovers* take such sleeps, what shall I take,
Whom *pangs* of *Love*, nor Honour's *Trumpets*, 'wake ?
Rifaloro falls asleep.

SMI. That's impossible.

BAYES. I gad, they would not, Sir : ha, ha, ha. They refus'd it, I gad, the filly Rogues : ha; ha, ha.

JOHNS. Fie, that was rude.

BAYES. Rude ! I gad, they are the rudest, uncivil-est persons, and all that, in the whole world : I gad, there's no living with 'em. I have written, Mr. *Fohnson*, I do verily believe, a whole cart-load of things, every whit as good as this, and yet, I vow to gad, these insolent Raskals have turn'd 'em all back upon my hands again.

JOHNS. Strange fellows indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, how came these two Kings to know of this whisper ? for, as I remember, they were not present at it.

BAYES. No, but that's the Actors fault, and not mine ; for the Kings should (a pox take 'em) have pop'd both their heads in at the door, just as the other went off.

SMI. That, indeed, would ha' done it.

BAYES. Done it ! Ay, I gad, these fellows are able to spoil the best things in Christendom. I'll tell you, Mr. *Fohnson*, I vow to gad, I have been so highly dis-obligh'd, by the peremptoriness of these fellows, that I am resolv'd, hereafter, to bend all my thoughts for the service of the *Nursery*, and mump your proud Players, I gad. :

SCÆNA III.

Enter Prince Pretty-man.

Pret.



How strange a captive am I grown
of late !

Shall I accuse my Love, or blame
my Fate ?

My Love, I cannot ; that is too
Divine :

And against Fate what mortal dares repine ?

Enter Cloris.

But here she comes.

Sure 'tis some blazing Comet, is it not ? [*Lyes down.*]

¹ See note on p. 54.

² This rule is most exactly observed in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*, Act iv. Scene iv. Upon a sudden and unexpected misfortune, Almeria thus expresses her surprize and concern.

Alm. All hopes of safety and of love are gone:
As when some dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire shoots swiftly through the Skie,
Strikes and Consumes e're scarce it does appear,
And by the sudden ill, prevents the fear:
Such is my state in this amazing wo;
It leaves no pow'r to think, much less to do:

J. DRYDEN. *The Indian Emperour*, p. 50. Ed. 1667.
Bp. Percy.

³ *Boabdel to Almahide.*

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress'd,
Shrinks up, and folds its filken arms to rest;
And, bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the wind sing round its head:
So, shrowded up your beauty disappears;
Unvail my Love; and lay aside your fears.

JOHN DRYDEN. *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I. Act v. p. 61.
Ed. 1672.

BAYES. Blazing Comet ! mark that. I gad, very fine.

Pret. But I am so surpris'd with sleep, I cannot speak the rest.¹ [*sleeps.*]

BAYES. Does not that, now, surprife you, to fall asleep juft in the nick ? His fpirits exhale with the heat of his paffion, and all that, and fwop falls afleep, as you fee. Now, here, ſhe muft make a *ſimile*.

SMI. Where's the neceffity of that, Mr. *Bayes* ?

BAYES. Because ſhe's surpris'd.² That's a general Rule : you muft ever make a *ſimile* when you are surpris'd ; 'tis the new way of writing.

³*Cloris.* As ſome tall Pine, which we, on *Ætna*, find
T'have ſtood the rage of many a boyſt'rous wind,
Feeling without, that flames within do play,
Which would confume his Root and Sap away ;
He ſpreads his worſted Arms unto the Skies,
Silently grieves, all pale, repines and dies :
So, ſhrowded up, your bright eye diſappears.
Break forth, bright ſcorching Sun, and dry my tears.

[*Exit.*]

BAYES. I am afraid, Gentlemen, this Scene has made you ſad ; for I muſt confeſs, when I writ it, I wept my ſelf.

SMI. No, truly, Sir, my ſpirits are almoſt exhal'd too, and I am likelier to fall afleep.

Prince Pretty-man ſtarts up, and ſays—

Pret. It is reſolv'd.

[*Exit.*]

SMI. Mr. *Bayes*, may one be ſo bold as to ask you a queſtion, now, and you not be angry ?

BAYES. O Lord, Sir, you may ask me what you pleaſe. I vow to gad, you do me a great deal of honour : you do not know me, if you ſay that, Sir.

SMI. Then, pray, Sir, what is it that this Prince here has reſolv'd in his ſleep ?

BAYES. Why, I muſt confeſs, that queſtion is well enough ask'd, for one that is not acquainted with this

new way of writing. But you must know, Sir, that, to out-do all my fellow-Writers, whereas they keep their *Intrigo* secret till the very last Scene before the Dance; I now, Sir, do you mark me——a——

SMI. Begin the Play, and end it, without ever opening the Plot at all?

BAYES. I do so, that's the very plain troth on't: ha, ha, ha; I do, I gad. If they cannot find it out themselves, e'en let 'em alone for *Bayes*, I warrant you. But here, now, is a Scene of busines: pray observe it; for I dare say you'll think it no unwise discourse this, nor ill argu'd. To tell you true, 'tis a Debate I over-heard once betwixt two grand, sober, governing persons.

SCÆNA IV.

Enter Gentleman-Usher and Physician.

Ush.



ome, Sir; let's state the matter of fact, and lay our heads together.

Phys. Right: lay our heads together. I love to be merry sometimes; but when a knotty point comes, I lay my head close to it, with a pipe of Tobacco in my mouth, and then I whew it away, i' faith.

BAYES. I do just so, I gad, always.

Ush. The grand question is, whether they heard us whisper? which I divide thus: into when they heard, what they heard, and whether they heard or no.

JOHNS. Most admirably divided, I swear.

Ush. As to the when; you say just now: so that is answer'd. Then, for what; why, what answers it self: for what could they hear, but what we talk'd of? So that, naturally, and of necessity, we come to the last question, *Videlicet*, whether they heard or no?

SMI. This is a very wise Scene, Mr. *Bayes*.

¹ Such easy Turns of State are frequent in our Modern Plays ; where we see Princes Dethron'd and Governments Chang'd, by very feeble Means, and on slight Occasions : Particularly, in *Marriage-a-la-Mode* ; a Play, writ since the first Publication of this Farce. Where (to pass by the Dulness of the State-part, the Obscurity of the Comic, the near Resemblance *Leonidas* bears to our Prince *Pretty-Man*, being sometimes a King's Son, sometimes a Shepherd's ; and not to question how *Amalthea* comes to be a Princess, her Brother, the King's great Favourite, being but a Lord) 'tis worth our While to observe, how easily the Fierce and Jealous Ufurper is Depos'd, and the Right Heir plac'd on the Throne ; as it is thus related by the said Imaginary Princesses.

Enter Amalthea, running.

Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, shew it now : *Leonidas*
Broke on the sudden from his Guards, and snatching
A Sword from one, his back against the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himself ; and owns aloud
He is our long lost King, found for this moment
But, if your Valours help not, lost for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the sense of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they stand at Bay
Against a Host of Foes——

[J. DRYDEN.] *Marriage-a-la-Mode*. Act v. Sc. i. p 61. Ed. 1691.
This shows Mr. *Bayes* to be a Man of Constancy, and firm to his Resolution, and not to be laugh'd out of his own Method : Agreeable to what he says in the next Act.* 'As long as I know my Things are Good, what care I what they say?' . . . *Key* 1704.

* p. 71.

² (a) *Ormasdes*. I know not what to say, nor what to think !

I know not when I sleep, or when I wake.

Sir W. KILLIGREW. *Ormasdes*, or *Love and Friendship*. Act v. p. 77. [Licens'd 22 Aug. 1664]. Ed. 1665.

(b) *Pandora*. My doubts and fears, my reason does dismay,

I know not what to do nor what to say ;

Sir W. KILLIGREW. *Pandora*, or *The Converts*. Act v. p. 92. Ed. 1665.

BAYES. Yes; you have it right: they are both Politicians. I writ this Scene for a pattern, to shew the world how men should talk of business.

JOHNS. You have done it exceedingly well, indeed.

BAYES. Yes, I think this will do.

Phys. Well, if they heard us whisper, they'll turn us out, and no bodie else will take us.

Ush. No bodie else will take us.

SMI. Not for Politicians, I dare answer for it.

Phys. Let's then no more our selves in vain bemoan:
We are not safe until we them unthroned.

Ush. 'Tis right:

And, since occasion now seems debonaire,
I'll seize on this, and you shall take that chair.

| *They draw their Swords, and sit down in
the two great chairs upon the Stage.*

BAYES. There's now an odd surprize; the whole State's turn'd quite topsy-turvy,¹ without any puther or stir in the whole world, I gad.

JOHNS. A very silent change of Government, truly, as ever I heard of.

BAYES. It is so. And yet you shall see me bring 'em in again, by and by, in as odd a way every jot.

[*The Usurpers march out flourishing their swords.*

Enter Shirley.

Shir. Hey ho, hey ho: what a change is here! Hey day, hey day! I know not what to do, nor what to say.² [Exit.

SMI. But pray, Sir, how came they to depose the Kings so easily?

BAYES. Why, Sir, you must know, they long had a design to do it before; but never could put it in practice till now: and, to tell you true, that's one reason why I made 'em whisper so at first.

SMI. O, very well: now I'm fully satisfi'd.

BAYES. And then, to shew you, Sir, it was not done

fo very easly neither ; in this next Scene you shall see some fighting.

SMI. O, ho: fo then you make the struggle to be after the bufiness is done?

BAYES. Aye.

SMI. O, I conceive you : that is very natural.

SCÆNA V.

Enter four men at one door, and four at another, with their swords drawn.

1 Soldier.



Tand. Who goes there?

2 Sol. A friend.

1 Sol. What friend?

2 Sol. A friend to the House.

1 Sol. Fall on.

[They all kill one another.

Musick strikes.

BAYES. Hold, hold.

[To the Musick. It ceaseth.

Now here's an odd surprize : all these dead men you shall see rise up presently, at a certain Note that I have made, in *Effaut flat*, and fall a Dancing. Do you hear, dead men? remember your Note in *Effaut flat*. Play on.

[To the Musick.

Now, now, now. | *The Musick play his Note, and the dead O Lord, O Lord! men rise; but cannot get in order.*

Out, out, out! Did ever men spoil a good thing so? no figure, no ear, no time, no thing? you dance worse than the Angels in *Harry the Eight*, or the fat Spirits in *The Tempest*, I gad.

1 Sol. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to do any thing in time, to this Tune.

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! impossible? why, Gentlemen, if there be any faith in a person that's a Christian, I fate up two whole nights in composing this Air, and apting it for the bufiness: for, if you observe,

there are two several Designs in this Tune ; it begins swift, and ends slow. You talk of time, and time ; you shall see me do't. Look you now. Here I am dead.

[*Lyes down flat on his face.*

Now mark my Note in *Effaut flat*. Strike up Mufick.

Now.

| *As he rises up hastily, he tumbles
and falls down again.*

Ah, gadfookers, I have broke my Nose.

JOHNS. By my troth, Mr. *Bayes*, this is a very unfortunate Note of yours, in *Effaut flat*.

BAYES. A plague of this damn'd Stage, with your nails, and your tenter-hooks, that a man cannot come to teach you to Act, but he must break his nose, and his face, and the divel and all. Pray, Sir, can you help me to a wet piece of brown papyr?

SMI. No indeed, Sir ; I don't usually carry any about me.

2 *Sol.* Sir, I'll go get you some within presently.

BAYES. Go, go then ; I'll follow you. Pray dance out the Dance, and I'll be with you in a moment. Remember you four that you dance like Horsemen.

[*Exit BAYES.*

They dance the Dance, but can make nothing of it.

1 *Sol.* A Devil ! let's try this no more : play my Dance that Mr. *Bayes* found fault with.

[*Dance, and Exeunt.*

SMI. What can this fool be doing all this while about his nose?

JOHNS. Pr'ythee let's go see.


[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus secundi.

¹ *Failer* and *Bibber* his Taylor in *The Wild Gallant. Key,*
1704.

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

BAYES *with a papyr on his Nose, and the two Gentlemen.*

BAYES.  Now, Sir, this I do, because my fancie in this Play is to end every Act with a Dance.

SMI. Faith, that fancie is very good, but I should hardly have broke my nose for it, though.

JOHNS. That fancie, I suppose, is new too.

BAYES. Sir, all my fancies are so. I tread upon no mans heels; but make my flight upon my own wings, I assure you. As, now, this next Scene some perhaps will say, It is not very necessary to the Plot: I grant it; what then? I meant it so. But then it's as full of Drollery as ever it can hold: 'tis like an Orange stuck with Cloves, as for conceipt. Come, where are you? This Scene will make you die with laughing, if it be well acted: it is a Scene of sheer Wit, without any mixture in the world, I gad. [*Reads—*

Enter ' Prince Pretty-man, and Tom Thimble his Taylor.

This, Sirs, might properly enough be call'd a prize of Wit; for you shall see 'em come in upon one another snip snap, hit for hit, as fast as can be. First one speaks, then presently t'other's upon him flap, with a Repartee; then he at him again, dash with a new conceipt: and so eternally, eternally, I gad, till they go quite off the Stage. [*Goes to call the Players.*

SMI. What a plague, does this Fop mean by his snip snap, hit for hit, and dash?

JOHNS. Mean? why, he never meant any thing in's life: what dost talk of meaning for?

¹ Nay, if that be all, there's no such haft : the Courtiers are not so forward to pay their Debts.

J. DRYDEN. *The Wild Gallant*, Act i. p. 11. Ed. 1669.

² *Failer*. Then say I :
Take a little *Bibber*,
And throw him in the River,
And if he will trust never,
Then there let him lie ever.

Bibber. Then say I :
Take a little *Failer*,
And throw him to the Jaylour ;
And there let him lie
Till he has paid his Taylor.

Idem, Act ii. Sc. ii. p. 15.

Enter BAYES.

BAYES. Why don't you come in?

Enter Prince Pretty-man and Tom Thimble.

Pret. But pr'ythee, *Tom Thimble*, why wilt thou needs marry? If nine Taylors make but one man; and one woman cannot be fatisf'd with nine men: what work art thou cutting out here for thy self, trow we?

BAYES. Good.

Thim. Why, an't please your Highness, if I can't make up all the work I cut out, I shan't want Journey-men to help me, I warrant you.

BAYES. Good again.

Pret. I am afraid thy Journey-men, though, *Tom*, won't work by the day, but by the night.

BAYES. Good still.

Thim. However, if my wife fits but cros-leg'd, as I do, there will be no great danger: not half so much as when I trusted you for your Coronation-suit.

BAYES. Very good, i'faith.

Pret. Why, the times then liv'd upon trust; it was the fashion. You would not be out of time, at such a time as that, sure: A Taylor, you know, must never be out of fashion.

BAYES. Right.

Thim. I'm sure, Sir, I made your cloath in the Court-fashion, for you never paid me yet.¹

BAYES. There's a bob for the Court.

Pret. Why, *Tom*, thou art a sharp rogue when thou art angry, I see: thou pay'st me now, methinks.

Thim. I, Sir, in your own coyn: you give me nothing but words.²

BAYES. Admirable, before gad.

Pret. Well, *Tom*, I hope shortly I shall have another coyn for thee; for now the Wars come on, I shall grow to be a man of mettal.

¹ Ay, 'tis pretty well ; but he does not Top his Part.
A great Word with Mr. *Edward Howard*. . . . *Key 1704*

² *See p. 60.*

³ *M. Edward Howard's Words*. . . . *Key 1704. See p. 28.*

BAYES. O, you did not do that half enough.

JOHNS. Methinks he does it admirably.

BAYES. I, pretty well; but he does not hit me in't: he does not top his part.¹

Thim. That's the way to be stamp'd yourself, Sir. I shall see you come home, like an Angel for the Kings-evil, with a hole bor'd through you. [*Exeunt.*]

BAYES. That's very good, i'faith: ha, ha, ha. Ha, there he has hit it up to the hilts, I gad. How do you like it now, Gentlemen? is not this pure Wit?

SMI. 'Tis snip snap, Sir, as you say; but, methinks, not pleafant, nor to the purpose, for the Play does not go on.

BAYES. Play does not go on? I don't know what you mean: why, is not this part of the Play?

SMI. Yes, but the Plot stands still.

BAYES. Plot stand still! why, what a Devil is the Plot good for, but to bring in fine things?

SMI. O, I did not know that before.

BAYES. No, I think you did not: nor many things more, that I am Master of. Now, Sir, I gad, this is the bane of all us Writers: let us soar never so little above the common pitch, I gad, all's spoil'd; for the vulgar never understand us, they can never conceive you, Sir, the excellencie of these things.

JOHNS. 'Tis a sad fate, I must confes: but you write on still?

BAYES. Write on? I gad, I warrant you. 'Tis not their talk shall stop me: if they catch me at that lock, I'll give 'em leave to hang me. As long as I know my things to be good, what care I what they say?² What, they are gone, and forgot the Song!

SMI. They have done very well, methinks, here's no need of one.

BAYES. Alack, Sir, you know nothing: you must ever interlard your Plays with Songs, Ghosts and Idols, if you mean to—a—

JOHNS. Pit, Box and Gallery,³ Mr. Bayes.

BAYES. I gad, Sir, and you have nick'd it. Hark you,

¹ *Alberto.* *Curtius*, I've something to deliver to your Ear.

Curtius. Any thing from *Alberto* is welcom.

Mrs. A. BEHN. *The Amorous Prince.* Act iii. Sc.ii. p. 39
Ed. 1671.

Mr. *Johnson*, you know I don't flatter, a gad, you have a great deal of Wit.

JOHNS. O Lord, Sir, you do me too much honour.

BAYES. Nay, nay, come, come, Mr. *Johnson*, Ifacks this must not be said, amongst us that have it. I know you have wit by the judgement you make of this Play; for that's the measure I go by: my Play is my Touch-stone. When a man tells me such a one is a person of parts; is he so, say I? what do I do, but bring him presently to see this Play: If he likes it, I know what to think of him; if not, your most humble Servant, Sir, I'll no more of him upon my word, I thank you. I am *Clara voyant*, a gad. Now here we go on to our business.

SCÆNA II.

Enter the two Ufurpers, hand in hand.

Ush. **B**Ut what's become of *Volscius* the great?



His presence has not grac'd our Court of late.

Phys. I fear some ill, from emulation sprung,

Has from us that Illustrious *Hero* wrung.

BAYES. Is not that Majestical?

SMI. Yes, but who a Devil is that *Volscius*?

BAYES. Why, that's a Prince I make in love with *Parthenope*.

SMI. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Cordelio.

¹ *Cor.* My Leiges, news from *Volscius* the Prince.

Ush. His news is welcome, whatsoever it be.

SMI. How, Sir, do you mean that? whether it be good or bad?

BAYES. Nay, pray, Sir, have a little patience : God-fookers, you'l spoil all my Play. Why, Sir, 'tis impossible to answer every impertinent question you ask.

SMI. Cry you mercie, Sir.

Cor. His Highness Sirs, commanded me to tell you, That the fair person whom you both do know, Despairing of forgiveness for her fault, In a deep sorrow, twice she did attempt Upon her precious life ; but, by the care Of standers-by, prevented was.

SMI. 'Sheart, what stuff's here !

Cor. At last,

Volscius the great this dire resolve embrac'd : His servants he into the Country sent, And he himself to *Piccadillé* went.

Where he's inform'd, by Letters, that she's dead !

Uss. Dead ! is that possible ? Dead !

Phys. O ye Gods !

[*Exeunt.*

BAYES. There's a smart expression of a passion ; O ye Gods ! That's one of my bold strokes, a gad.

SMI. Yes ; but who is the fair person that's dead ?

BAYES. That you shall know anon.

SMI. Nay, if we know it at all, 'tis well enough.

BAYES. Perhaps you may find too, by and by, for all this, that she's not dead neither.

SMI. Marry, that's good news : I am glad of that with all my heart.

BAYES. Now, here's the man brought in that is suppos'd to have kill'd her. [*A great shout within.*

Enter Amarillis with a Book in her hand and Attendants.

Ama. What shout Triumphant's that ?

Enter a Souldier.

Sol. Shie maid, upon the River brink, near *Twick'nam* Town, the assassinate is tane.

Ama. Thanks to the Powers above, for this deliverance.

Decio. Now you shall tell me, who play'd at Cards
with you ?

Pyramena. None but my Lord *Iberio* and I plai'd.

Dec. Who waited ?

Py. No body.

Dec. No Page ?

Py. No Page.

Dec. No Groom ?

Py. No Groom ; I tell you no body.

Dec. What, not your Woman ?

Py. Not my Woman, lack

How your tongue runs !

Sir R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid.* Act iii. pp. 46—7.
Ed. 1663.

I hope its flow beginning will portend
A forward *Exit* to all future end.

BAYES. Pish, there you are out; to all future end?
No, no; to all future end; you must lay the accent
upon end, or else you lose the concept.

JOHNS. Indeed the alteration of that accent does a
great deal, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. O, all in all, Sir: they are these little
things that mar, or set you off a Play.

SMI. I see you are perfect in these matters.

BAYES. I, Sir; I have been long enough at it to
know something.

Enter Souldiers dragging in an old Fisherman.

Ama. Villain, what Monster did corrupt thy mind
T'attaque the noblest soul of humane kind?
Tell me who set thee on.

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. What, did Prince *Pretty-man* hire you to kill
Prince *Pretty-man*?

Fish. No; Prince *Volscius*.

Ama. To kill whom?

Fish. Prince *Volscius*.

Ama. What, did Prince *Volscius* hire you to kill
Prince *Volscius*?

Fish. No; Prince *Pretty-man*.

Ama. So, drag him hence.

Till torture of the Rack produce his fence.¹

[*Exeunt.*

BAYES. Mark how I make the horror of his guilt
confound his intellects; for that's the design of this
Scene.

SMI. I see, Sir, you have a several design for every
Scene.

BAYES. I; that's my way of writing: and so I can
dispatch you, Sir, a whole Play, before another man,
I gad, can make an end of his Plot. So, now enter

Prince *Pretty-man* in a rage. Where the Devil is he? Why *Pretty-man*? why when, I say? O fie, fie, fie, fie; all's marr'd, I vow to gad, quite marr'd.

Enter Pretty-man.

Phoo, pox! you are come too late, Sir: now you may go out again, if you please. I vow to gad Mr.—a—I would not give a button for my Play, now you have done this.

Pret. What, Sir?

BAYES. What, Sir? 'Slife, Sir, you should have come out in choler, rous upon the Stage, just as the other went off. Must a man be eternally telling you of these things?

JOHNS. Sure this must be some very notable matter that he's so angry at.

SMI. I am not of your opinion.

BAYES. Fish! come, let's hear your Part, Sir.

Pret. Bring in my Father, why d'ye keep him from me?

Although a Fisherman, he is my Father,

Was ever Son, yet, brought to this distress,

To be, for being a Son, made fatherless?

Oh, you just Gods, rob me not of a Father.

The being of a Son take from me rather. *[Exit.*

SMI. Well, *Ned*, what think you now?

JOHNS. A Devil, this is worst of all. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, what's the meaning of this Scene?

BAYES. O, cry you mercie, Sir: I purtest I had forgot to tell you. Why, Sir, you must know, that, long before the beginning of this Play, this Prince was taken by a Fisherman.

SMI. How, Sir, taken Prisoner?

BAYES. Taken Prisoner! O Lord, what a question's there! did ever any man ask such a question? Taken Prisoner! Godfookers, he has put the Plot quite out of my head, with this damn'd question. What was I going to say?

JOHNS. Nay, the Lord knows: I cannot imagine.

BAYES. Stay, let me see; taken: O 'tis true. Why, Sir, as I was going to say, his Highness here, the

Prince, was taken in a Cradle by a Fisherman, and brought up as his Child.

SMI. Indeed?

BAYES. Nay, pr'ythee hold thy peace. And so, Sir, this murder being committed by the River-side, the Fisherman, upon suspicion, was seiz'd; and thereupon the Prince grew angry.

SMI. So, so; now 'tis very plain.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is not that some disparagement to a Prince, to pass for a Fishermans Son? Have a care of that, I pray.

BAYES. No, no, no; not at all; for 'tis but for a while: I shall fetch him off again, presently, you shall see

Enter Pretty-man and Thimble.

Pret. By all the Gods, I'll set the world on fire
Rather than let 'em ravish hence my Sire.

Thim. Brave *Pretty-man*, it is at length reveal'd,
That he is not thy Sire who thee conceal'd.

BAYES. Lo' you now, there he's off again.

JOHNS. Admirably done i'faith.

BAYES. Ay, now the Plot thickens very much upon us.

Pret. What Oracle this darkness can evince?
Sometimes a Fishers Son, sometimes a Prince.
It is a secret, great as is the world;
In which, I, like the fowl, am tofs'd and hurl'd.
The blackest Ink of Fate, sure, was my Lot.
And, when she writ my name, she made a blot.

[*Exit.*]

BAYES. There's a bluff'ring verse for you now.

SMI. Yes, Sir; but pray, why is he so mightily troubled to find he is not a Fishermans Son?

BAYES. Phoo! that is not because he has a mind to be his Son, but for fear he should be thought to be nobodies Son at all.

SMI. I, that would trouble a man, indeed.

BAYES. So, let me see. *Enter Prince Volscius, going out of Town.*

SMI. I thought he had been gone to *Piccadillé*.

In ridicule of Act iv. Sc. i. of *Engliſh Monſieur*, by the Hon. J. HOWARD, of which this is a portion.

Enter Comely in a Riding Garb, with his ſervant.

Comely. Let my Horſes be brought ready to the door, for i'le go out of Town this Evening. [*Exit ſervant.*]

Enter Welbred.

Well. Why, how now Comely, booted and ſpur'd ?

Comely. Marry am I.

Wel. For how long ?

Comely. Why, for this ſeven years for ought I know, I am weary of this Town, and all that's in it, as for women I am in love with none, nor never ſhal, I find I have a pretty ſtrong defence about my heart againſt that folly. O here comes the Ladies very opportunely for me.

Enter Lady VVealthy and two other Ladies.

To take my leave of e'm.

L. Weal. Mr. *Comely* your Servant—what in a Riding Garb.

Comely. A drefs fitting for a Country Journey Madam.

L. Weal. Why, can you ever leave this Town ?

Comely. That I can truly madam, within this hour.

L. Weal. I can't believe it.

Comely. So that for my future health i'le retire into the Countrey for Air, and there Hunt and Hawk, Eat and ſleep ſo found, that I will never dream of a woman, or any part about her — This reſolution of mine has made me turn Poet, and therefore before I go, you ſhall hear a Song called my farewell to *London* and women, boy ſing the Song.

Of which ſong the third and laſt ſtanza runs thus :—

Therefore this danger to prevent

And ſtill to keep my hearts content :

³Into the country I'le with ſpeed,

With Hounds and Hawks my fancy feed !

Both fafer pleaſures to purſue,

Than ſtaying to converſe with you.

BAYES. Yes, he gave out so ; but that was onely to cover his design.

JOHNS. What design ?

BAYES. Why, to head the Army, that lies conceal'd for him in *Knights-bridge*.

JOHNS. I see here is a great deal of Plot, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. Yes, now it begins to break ; but we shall have a world of more bufness anon.

¹ *Enter Prince Volscius, Cloris, Amarillis, and Harry with a Riding-Cloak and Boots.*

² *Ama.* Sir, you are cruel, thus to leave the Town, And to retire to Country solitude.

Clo. We hop'd this Summer that we should at least Have held the honour of your company.

BAYES. Held the honour of your Company ! prettily exprest ! Held the honour of your company ! God-fookers, these fellows will never take notice of any thing.

JOHNS. I assure you, Sir, I admire it extreamly ; I don't know what he does.

BAYES. I, I, he's a little envious ; but 'tis no great matter. Come.

Ama. Pray let us two this single boon obtain,
That you will here with poor us still remain.
Before your Horses come pronounce our fate,
For then, alas, I fear 'twill be too late.

BAYES. Sad !

Vols. Harry, my Boots ; for I'l go rage among My Blades encamp'd, and quit this *Urban* throng.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, is not this a little difficult, that you were saying e'en now, to keep an Army thus conceal'd in *Knights-bridge*.

BAYES. In *Knights-bridge* ? stay.

JOHNS. No, not if the Inn-keepers be his friends.

BAYES. His friends ! Ay, Sir, his intimate acquaintance ; or else, indeed, I grant it could not be.

SMI. Yes, faith, so it might be very easily.

Comely fees *Elsba*, a Country lafs, and falls suddenly in love with her.

¹ *Comely*. . . . fet up my Horfes. What sudden fate hath chang'd my mind ! I feel my heart fo rest-
less now as if it n'ere knew rest, sure I'me in love ;
The Hon. J. HOWARD. *English Monsieur*, Act iv. Sc. i. p. 42.
Ed. 1674.

² And what's this maid's name ?
Idem, Act iv. Sc. i. p. 40. Ed. 1674.

³ *Mustapha*. I bring the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud.
Sir W. D'AVENANT, *Siege of Rhodes*. P. I. 'The Second Entry.'
p. 10. Ed. 1656.

⁴ Mr. *Comely* in love !
English Monsieur, Act iv. Sc. ii. p. 45. Ed. 1674.

⁵ "Love and Honour, Written by W. DAVENANT Knight.
Presented by His Majesties Servants at the *Black Fryers*."
London, 1649, 4to.

BAYES. Nay, if I do not make all things easie, I gad, I'll give you leave to hang me. Now you would think that he is going out of Town; but you shall see how prettily I have contriv'd to stop him presently.

SMI. By my troth, Sir, you have so amaz'd me, I know not what to think.

Enter Parthenope.

Vols. Bless me! how frail are all my best resolves!
How, in a moment, is my purpose chang'd!¹
'Too soon I thought my self secure from Love.
Fair Madam, give me leave to ask her name
Who does so gently rob me of my fame?
For I should meet the Army out of Town,
And, if I fail, must hazard my renown.

Par. My Mother, Sir, sells Ale by the Town-walls,
And me her dear *Parthenope* she calls.

Vols. Can vulgar Vestments high-born beauty shrowd?
²Thou bring'st the Morning pictur'd in a Cloud?

BAYES. The Morning pictur'd in a Cloud! A, Gad-fookers, what a conceipt is there!

Par. Give you good Ev'n, Sir. [*Exit.*

Vols. O inauspicious Stars! that I was born
To sudden love, and to more sudden scorn!

Ama. Cloris, How! 'Prince *Volscius* in love? Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt laughing.*

SMI. Sure, Mr. *Bayes*, we have lost some jest here, that they laugh at so.

BAYES. Why did you not observe? He first resolves to go out of Town, and then, as he is pulling on his Boots, falls in love. Ha, ha, ha.

SMI. O, I did not observe: that, indeed, is a very good jest.

BAYES. Here, now, you shall see a combat betwixt Love and Honour. An ancient Author has made a whole Play on't³; but I have dispatch'd it all in this Scene.

¹ May this slip be accepted as evidence that this Act stood second in the original Play?

² (a) *Felisbravo*. LOVE, and HONOUR, pull *two* ways ;
And I stand doubtful *which* to take :

To *Arabia*, Honour says,
Love says no ; thy stay *here* make.

Sir R. FANSHAWE'S translation of *Querer pro solo Querer*.
Act iii. p. 140. Ed. 1671.

(b) *Alphonso*. But Honour says not so.

Siege of Rhodes, Part I. p. 19.

(c) *Ent*. Palladius *softly reading 2. letters*.

Pall. I stand betwixt two minds ! what's best to doe ?
This bids me stay ; This spurs me on to goe.

Once more let our impartiall eyes peruse
Both t'one and t'other : Both may not prevaile.

My Lord,

Rise not your honour so much as to disprize her that honours you, in choosing rather to meet Death in the field, then *Pulchrella* in her desires. Give my affection leave once more to dissuade you from trying Conquest with so unequal a Foe : Or if a Combate must be tryed, make a Bed of Roses the Field, and me your Enemy. The Interest I claim in you is sufficient warrant to my desires, which according to the place they find in your Respects, confirme me either the happiest of all Ladies, or make me the most unfortunate of all women. PULCHRELLA.

A Charme too strong for Honour to repress.

Mus. A heart too poore for Honour to possesse.

Pall. Honour must stoop to Vows. But what saies this ?
[*Reads the other Letter*.

My Lord,

THE hand that guides this Pen, being guided by the ambition of your honour, and my owne affection, presents you with the wishes of a faithfull servant, who desires not to buy you safety with the hazard of your Reputation. Goe on with courage, and know, *Panthea* shall partake with you in either fortune : If conquer'd, my heart shall be your Monument, to preserve and glorifie your honour'd ashes ; If a Conqueror, my tongue shall be your Herault to proclaime you the Champion of our Sex, and the Phoenix of your own, honour'd by all, equall'd by few, beloved by none more dearly then Your owne Panthea.

I sayle betwixt two Rocks ! What shall I doe ?

What Marble melts not if *Pulchrella* wooe ?

² Volscius *sits down.*

Vols. How has my passion made me *Cupid's* scoff!
 This hasty Boot is on, the other off,
 And fullen lyes, with amorous desigu
 To quit loud fame, and make that Beauty mine.
 My Legs, the Emblem of my various thought,
 Shew to what sad distraction I am brought.
 Sometimes, with stubborn Honour, like this Boot.
 My mind is guarded, and resolv'd to do't:
 Sometimes, again, that very mind, by Love
 Difarmed, like this other Leg does prove.

JOHNS. What pains Mr. *Bayes* takes to act this speech himself!

SMI. I, the fool, I see, is mightily transported with it.

Vols. Shall I to Honour or to Love give way?
 Go on, cries Honour; tender Love says, nay:
 Honour, aloud, commands, pluck both boots on;
 But softer Love does whisper, put on none.
 What shall I do? what conduct shall I find
 To lead me through this twy-light of my mind?
 For as bright Day with black approach of Night
 Contending, makes a doubtful puzzling light;
 So does my Honour and my Love together
 Puzzle me so, I can resolve for neither.

[*Exit with one Boot on, and the other off.*

JOHNS. By my troth, Sir, this is as difficult a Combat as ever I saw, and as equal; for 'tis determin'd on neither side.

BAYES. Ay, is't not, I gad, ha? For, to go off hip hop, hip hop, upon this occasion, is a thousand times better than any conclusion in the world, I gad. But, Sirs, you cannot make any judgement of this Play, because we are come but to the end of the second¹ Act. Come, the Dance. [*Dance.*

Well Gentlemen, you'll see this Dance, if I am not mistaken, take very well upon the Stage, when they are perfect in their motions, and all that.

Or what hard-hearted eare can be so dead,
 As to be deafe, if faire *Panthea* plead?
 Whom shall I please? Or which shall I refuse?
Pulchrella fues, and fair *Panthea* fues:
Pulchrella melts me with her love-sick teares,
 But brave *Panthea* batters downe my eares
 With Love's Pettarre: *Pulchrellas* breast encloues
 A soft Affection wrapt in Beds of Roses.
 But in the rare *Pantheas* noble lines,
 True Worth and Honour, with Affection joynes.
 I stand even-balanc'd, doubtfully opprest,
 Beneathe the burthen of a bivious breast.
 When I peruse my sweet *Pulchrellas* teares,
 My blood growes wanton, and I plunge in feares:
 But when I read divine *Panthea's* charmes,
 I turne all fierie, and I graspe for armes.
 Who ever saw, when a rude blast out-braves,
 And thwarts the swelling Tide, how the proud waves
 Rock the drencht Pinace on the Sea-greene breast
 Of frowning *Amphitrite*, who opprest
 Betwixt two Lords, (not knowing which t' obey)
 Remaines a Neuter in a doubtfull way.
 So tost am I, bound to such strait confines,
 Betwixt *Pulchrella's* and *Panthea's* lines.
 Both cannot speed: But one that must prevaile.
 I stand even poys'd: an Atome turnes the scale.

F. QUARLES. *The Virgin Widow*. Act iii. Sc. i. pp. 41-43. Ed. 1649.

SMI. I don't know 'twill take, Sir ; but I am fure you sweat hard for't.

BAYES. Ay, Sir, it costs me more pains, and trouble, to do these things, than almost the things are worth.

SMI. By my troth, I think so, Sir.

BAYES. Not for the things themselves, for I could write you, Sir, forty of 'em in a day ; but, I gad, these Players are such dull persons, that, if a man be not by upon every point, and at every turn, I gad, they'l mis take you, Sir, and spoil all.

Enter a Player.

What, is the Funeral ready ?

Play. Yes, Sir.

BAYES. And is the Lance fill'd with Wine ?

Play. Sir, 'tis just now a doing.

BAYES. Stay then ; I'l do it my self.

SMI. Come, let's go with him.

BAYES. A match. But, Mr. *Johnson*, I gad, I am not like other persons ; they care not what becomes of their things, so they can but get money for 'em : now, I gad, when I write, if it be not just as it should be, in every circumstance, to every particular, I gad, I am not able to endure it, I am not my self, I'm out of my wits, and all that, I'm the strangest person in the whole world. For what care I for my money ? I gad, I write for Fame and Reputation. [*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus Tertii.

¹ Colonel *Henry Howard*, Son of *Thomas Earl of Berkshire*, made a Play, call'd the *United Kingdoms*, which began with a Funeral; and had also two Kings in it. This gave the Duke a just occasion to set up two Kings in *Brentford*, as 'tis generally believed; tho' others are of Opinion, that his grace had our two Brothers in his thoughts. It was Acted at the *Cock-Pit* in *Drury-Lane*, soon after the *Restoration*; but miscarrying on the stage, the Author had the Modesty not to Print it; and therefore, the Reader cannot reasonably expect any particular Passages of it. Others say, that they are *Boabd lin* and *Abdalla*, the two contending Kings of *Granada*, and Mr. *Dryden* has in most of his serious Plays two contending Kings of the same Place. *Key, 1704.*

ACTUS IV. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, and the two Gentlemen.

BAYES.



Entlemen, because I would not have any two things alike in this Play, the last Act beginning with a witty Scene of mirth, I make this to begin with a Funeral.

SMI. And is that all your reason for it, Mr. *Bayes* ?

BAYES. No, Sir ; I have a precedent for it too. A person of Honour, and a Scholar, brought in his Funeral just so : and he was one (let me tell you) that knew as well what belong'd to a Funeral, as any man in *England*, I gad.¹

JOHNS. Nay, if that be so, you are safe.

BAYES. I gad, but I have another device, a frolick, which I think yet better than all this ; not for the Plot or Characters, (for, in my Heroick Plays, I make no difference, as to those matters) but for another contrivance.

SMI. What is that, I pray ?

BAYES. Why, I have design'd a Conquest, that cannot possibly, I gad, be acted in less than a whole week : and I'll speak a bold word, it shall Drum, Trumpet, Shout and Battel, I gad, with any the most warlike Tragœdy we have, either ancient or modern.

JOHNS. I marry, Sir ; there you say something.

SMI. And pray, Sir, how have you order'd this same frolick of yours ?

BAYES. Faith, Sir, by the Rule of Romance. For example: they divide their things into three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or as many Tomes as they please : now, I would very fain know, what should hinder me, from doing the same with my things, if I please.

JOHNS. Nay, if you should not be Master of your own works, 'tis very hard.

¹ Bp. Percy says :—

This is intended to ridicule the absurd custom of writing plays in several parts, as the *Siege of Rhodes*, Parts I. and II. Killigrew's *Bellamira* I and II. *Thomaso* I. and II. *Cicilia and Clorinda*, I. and II. &c. ; but is principally levelled at the *Conquest of Granada* in 2 Parts : which is properly but one play of ten acts, neither the plot nor characters being compleat or intelligible in either without the other.

² Bp. Percy confiders that this refers to *Conquest of Granada*, Part II. Act iv, . .

BAYES. That is my fence. And therefore, Sir, whereas every one makes five Acts to one Play, what do me I, but make five Plays to one Plot: by which means the Auditors have every day a new thing.

JOHNS. Most admirably good, i' faith! and must certainly take, because it is not tedious.

BAYES. I, Sir, I know that, there's the main point. And then, upon *Saturday*, to make a clofe of all, (for I ever begin upon a *Monday*) I make you, Sir, a sixth Play, that fums up the whole matter to 'em, and all that, for fear they should have forgot it.¹

JOHNS. That confideration, Mr. *Bayes*, indeed, I think, will be very necessary.

SMI. And when comes in your share, pray Sir?

BAYES. The third week.

JOHNS. I vow, you'l get a world of money.

BAYES. Why, faith, a man must live: and if you don't, thus, pitch upon some new device, I gad, you'l never do it, for this Age (take it o' my word) is somewhat hard to please. There is one prettie odd passage, in the last of these Plays, which may be executed to several ways, wherein I'd have your opinion, Gentlemen.

JOHNS. Well, what is't?

BAYES. Why, Sir, I make a Male person to be in Love with a Female.

SMI. Do you mean that, Mr. *Bayes*, for a new thing?

BAYES. Yes, sir, as I have order'd it. You shall hear. He having passionately lov'd her through my five whole Plays, finding at last that she consents to his love, just after that his Mother had appear'd to him like a Ghost, he kills himself. That's one way. The other is, that she coming at last to love him, with as violent a passion as he lov'd her, she kills her self.² Now my question is, which of these two persons should suffer upon this occasion?

JOHNS. By my troth, it is a very hard case to decide.

BAYES. The hardest in the world, I gad; and has

¹ *The Ghost* [of his mother] comes on, softly, after the Conjurat[i]on; and Almanzor retires to the middle of the Stage.

Ghost. I am the Ghost of her who gave thee birth:
The Airy shadow of her mouldring Earth.
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Sea's I bore thee, and on Sea's I dy'd.
I dy'd; and for my Winding-sheet, a Wave
I had; and all the Ocean for my Grave.

J. DRYDEN. *Conquest of Granada*, P. 1. Act iv. p. 130. Ed. 1672.

² Almanzor, in *Conquest of Granada*.

puzzled this pate very much. What fay you, Mr. *Smith* ?

SMI. Why, truly, Mr. *Bayes*, if it might stand with your justice, I should now spare 'em both.

BAYES. I gad, and I think——ha——why then, I'll make him hinder her from killing her self. Ay, it shall be so. Come, come, bring in the Funeral.

[*Enter a Funeral, with the two Ufurpers and Attendants.*

Lay it down there : no, here, Sir. So, now speak.

K. Ush. Set down the Funeral Pile, and let our grief Receive, from its embraces, some relief.

K. Phys. Was't not unjust to ravish hence her breath,
And, in life's stead, to leave us nought but death ?

The world discovers now its emptiness,
And, by her loss, demonstrates we have less.

BAYES. Is not that good language now ? is not that elevate ? It's my *non ultra*, I gad. You must know they were both in love with her.

SMI. With her ? with whom ?

BAYES. Why, this is *Lardella's* Funeral.

SMI. *Lardella* ! I, who is she ?

BAYES. Why, Sir, the Sister of *Drawcanfir*. A Ladie that was drown'd at Sea, and had a wave for her winding-sheet.¹

K. Ush. *Lardella*, O *Lardella*, from above,
Behold the Tragick issue of our Love.
Pitie us, sinking under grief and pain,
For thy being cast away upon the Main.

BAYES. Look you now, you see I told you true.

SMI. I, Sir, and I thank you for it, very kindly.

BAYES. Ay, I gad, but you will not have patience ; honest Mr.——a——you will not have patience.

JOHNS. Pray, Mr. *Bayes*, who is that *Drawcanfir* ?²

BAYES. Why, Sir, a fierce *Hero*, that frights his Mistrifs, snubs up Kings, baffles Armies, and does what he will, without regard to good manners, justice or numbers.

JOHNS. A very prettie Character.

I have form'd a Heroe [*i. e.* Almanzor], I confefs; not abfolutely perfect; but of an exceffive and overboiling courage, both *Homer* and *Taffo* are my precedents. Both the Greek and the Italian Poet had well confider'd that a tame Heroe who never tranfgreffes the bounds of moral vertue, would fhine but dimly in an Epick poem.

J. DRYDEN. Dedication to *Conquest of Granada*.

See alfo on this fubject, the prefatory Effay to the fame play, entitled *Of Heroique Playes*.

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, I thought your *Heroes* had ever been men of great humanity and justice.

BAYES. Yes, they have been so ; but, for my part, I prefer that one quality of singly beating of whole Armies, above all your moral vertues put together, I gad. You shall see him come in presently. Zookers, why don't you read the papyr ? [To the Players.

K. Phys. O, cry you mercie. [Goes to take the papyr.

BAYES. Pish ! nay you are such a fumbler. Come, I'll read it my self. [Takes a papyr from off the coffin. Stay, it's an ill hand, I must use my Spectacles. This, now, is a Copie of Verses, which I make *Lardella* compose, just as she is dying, with design to have it pin'd on her Coffin, and so read by one of the Ufurpers, who is her Cousin.

SMI. A very shrewd design that, upon my word, Mr. *Bayes*.

BAYES. And what do you think I fancie her to make Love like, here, in the papyr ?

SMI. Like a woman : what should she make Love like ?

BAYES. O' my word you are out though, Sir ; I gad you are.

SMI. What then ? like a man ?

BAYES. No, Sir ; like a Humble Bee.

SMI. I confes, that I should not have fancy'd.

BAYES. It may be so, Sir. But it is, though, in order to the opinion of some of your ancient Philosophers, who held the transmigration of the soul.

SMI. Very fine.

BAYES. I'll read the Title. *To my dear Couz, King Phys.*

SMI. That's a little too familiar with a King, though, Sir, by your favour, for a Humble Bee.

BAYES. Mr. *Smith*, for other things, I grant your knowledge may be above me ; but, as for Poetry, give me leave to say, I understand that better : it has been longer my practice ; it has indeed, Sir.

SMI. Your servant, Sir.

BAYES. Pray mark it.

[Reads.

¹ *Berenice*. My earthly part——
Which is my Tyrants right, death will remove,
I'll come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day;
Or else before you, in the Sun-beams, play.
I'll lead you thence to melancholy Groves,
And there repeat the Scenes of our past Loves.

At night, I will within your Curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by;
And sweep along, before your closing eye.

All dangers from your bed I will remove;
But guard it most from any future Love.
And when at last, in pity, you will dye,

I'll watch your Birth of Immortality:
Then, Turtle-like, I'll to my Mate repair;
And teach you your first flight in open Air.

JOHN DRYDEN. *Tyrannick Love*. Act iii. Sc. i. p. 28. Ed. 1670.

Since death my earthly part will thus remove
 I'll come a Humble Bee to your chaste love.
 With silent wings I'll follow you, dear Couz ;
 Or else, before you, in the Sun-beams buz.
 And when to Melancholy Groves you come,
 An Airy Ghost, you'll know me by my Hum ;
 For found, being Air, a Ghost does well become.

SMI. (After a pause). Admirable !

BAYES. At night, into your bosom I will creep,
 And Buz but softly if you chance to sleep :
 Yet, in your Dreams, I will pass sweeping by,
 And then, both Hum and Buz before your eye.

JOHNS. By my troth, that's a very great promise.

SMI. Yes, and a most extraordinary comfort to boot.

BAYES. Your bed of Love, from dangers I will free ;
 But most, from love of any future Bee.
 And when, with pity, your heart-strings shall
 crack,
 With empty arms I'll bear you on my back.

SMI. A pick-a-pack, a pick-a-pack.

BAYES. Ay, I gad, but is not that *tuant* now, ha ? is
 it not *tuant* ? Here's the end.

Then, at your birth of immortality,
 Like any winged Archer, hence I'll fly,
 And teach you your first flutt'ring in the Sky.

JOHNS. O rare ! it is the most natural, refin'd fancy
 this, that ever I heard, I'll swear.

BAYES. Yes, I think, for a dead person, it is a good
 enough way of making love : for being divested of her
 Terrestrial part, and all that, she is only capable of these
 little, pretty, amorous designs that are innocent, and
 yet passionate. Come, draw your swords.

K. *Phys.* Come sword, come sheath thy self within
 this breast,
 That only in *Lardella's* Tomb can rest.

¹ See the Scene in the Villain : where the Host furnishes his guests with a collation out of his Cloaths ; a Capon from his Helmet, a Tansey out of the Lining of his Cap, Cream out of his Scabbard, &c. Key 1704.

The text of this Scene, which must have depended much more upon the acting than the speeches for its success, is as follows :

Host. 'Tis the Sign of the Pig, and I'm the Master of the Cabaret, which shall give you most Excellent content.

Colig. Say't thou so honest fellow ? faith thou art a very merry honest fellow ; Sisters, I'll treat you, and these Gentlemen, at this Cabaret he talks of ; Prethee honest Friend where is this Cabaret ? for I long to be in a Cabaret.

Host. Why here Sir, sit down at this Table, And call for what you will.

Delpe. How's this, how's this ? S'death are you one of *Urganda's* Squiers ? pray friend whence shall the meat, and wine come ?

Lamar. From *Tripoli* on a Broomstick.

Host. Pray Gentlemen, hinder me not the Custom of the young gallant ; Entreat but these Ladies to sit down, and break my head If you be not well treated, I'll desire no favour.

Colig. Nor no money neither, I hope Sir.

Host. Truly I won't ; if you be not pleas'd above expectation, Ne'r Trust one again of my profession.

Delpe. Faith Ladies this may prove worth our Curiosity ; Come we will sit down.

Maria. What you please Sir.

Colig. That's my good Sister ; Come, come, La Couvert, la Couvert.

Lamar. This begins to look like something, he's bravely stuf I'll warrant you, he is so well hung.

Colig. Now Sir, a cold breft of your delicate white Veal.

Host. Here you have it Sir.

Colig. Nay, nay, and a fallet ? good Sir, a fallet ?

Host. Well Sir, I must untruss a poynt.

Colig. How Sir, to give us a fallet ? why have you been at grafs ?

Delpe. Why d'ye'e want a boyl'd fallet Mounseur ?

Lamar. Before St. *Lewis* an Excellent Trimming, I'll ha' my next Suit, that I go into the Campaign with, trimm'd all with Safages.

Maria. 'Twill make many a hungry Souldier aim at you.

Colig. Well thought on ifaith Sir.

Come friend, a Dish of Safages, a dish of Safages.

Host. VVhy look you Sir, this Gentleman only mistook the placing, these do better in a belt.

Continued at pp. 104, 106.

K. Ush. Come, dagger, come, and penetrate this heart,
Which cannot from *Lardella's* Love depart.

Enter Pallas.

Pal. Hold, stop your murd'ring hands
At *Pallas's* commands :
For the supposed dead, O Kings,
Forbear to act such deadly things.
Lardella lives : I did but try
If Princes for their Loves could dye.
Such Cœlestial constancie
Shall, by the Gods, rewarded be :
And from these Funeral obsequies
A Nuptial Banquet shall arise.

[*The Coffin opens, and a Banquet is discover'd.*

BAYES. Now it's out. This is the very Funeral of
the fair person which *Volscius* sent word was dead, and
Pallas, you see, has turn'd it into a Banquet.

JOHNS. By my troth, now, that is new, and more
than I expected.

BAYES. Yes, I knew this would please you : for the
chief Art in Poetry is to elevate your expectation, and
then bring you off some extraordinary way.

K. Ush. Resplendent *Pallas*, we in thee do find
The fiercest Beauty, and a fiercer mind :
And since to thee *Lardella's* life we owe,
We'll supple Statues in thy Temple grow.

K. Phys. Well, since alive *Lardella's* found,
Let, in full Boles, her health go round.

[*The two Ufurpers take each of them a Bole in their hands.*

K. Ush. But where's the Wine?

¹ *Pal.* That shall be mine.

Lo, from this conquering Lance,
Does flow the purest wine of *France* :
And, to appease your hunger, I
Have, in my Helmet, brought a Pye :
Lastly, to bear a part with these,
Behold a Buckler made of Cheefe. [*Vanish Pallas.*

Fills the
Boles out
of her
Lance.

¹ *Enter Almahide with a Taper.*

Almahide. My Light will fure discover those who talk;
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?

Almanzor. He who dares love; and for that love must
dye,

And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.

J. DRYDEN. *Conquest of Granada*, P. II. Act iv. p. 131. Ed. 1672.

² I will not now, if thou wouldst beg me, stay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.

Idem, P. I. Act v. p. 60. Ed. 1672.

³ *Almanzor.* Thou darst not marry her while I'm in
fight;

With a bent brow thy Priest and thee I'll fright,
And in that Scene

Which all thy hopes and wishes should content,
The thought of me shall make thee impotent.

He is led off by Guards.

Idem, P. I. Act v. p. 61. Ed. 1672.

⁴ *Almanzor.* Spight of my self I'll stay, Fight, Love,
Despair,

And I can do all this, because I dare.

Idem, P. II. Act ii. p. 99. Ed. 1672.

Enter Drawcanfir.

¹ *K. Phys.* What man is this that dares disturb our feast?

Draw. He that dares drink, and for that drink dares die,
And, knowing this, dares yet drink on, am I.

JOHNS. That is as much as to say, that though he would rather die than not drink, yet he would fain drink for all that too.

BAYES. Right; that's the concept on't.

JOHNS. 'Tis a marvellous good one; I swear.

K. Ush. Sir, if you please we should be glad to know
How long you here will stay, how soon you'll go.

BAYES. Is not that now like a well-bred person,
I gad? So modest, so gent!

SMI. O, very like.

² *Draw.* You shall not know how long I here will stay;
But you shall know I'll take my Boles away.

| *Snatches the Boles out of the Kings
hands, and drinks 'em off.*

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, is that (too) modest and gent?

BAYES. No, I gad, Sir, but it's great.

K. Ush. Though, Brother, this grum stranger be a
Clown,

He'll leave us, sure, a little to gulp down.

³ *Draw.* Who e'er to gulp one drop of this dares think
I'll stare away his very pow'r to drink.

| *The two Kings sneak off the Stage,
with their Attendants.*

⁴ I drink, I huff, I strut, look big and stare;
And all this I can do, because I dare. [*Exit.*]

SMI. I suppose, Mr. *Bayes*, this is the fierce *Hero*
you spoke of.

BAYES. Yes; but this is nothing: you shall see him, in
the last Act, win above a dozen battels, one after another,
I gad, as fast as they can possibly be represented.

JOHNS. That will be a fight worth seeing, indeed.

SMI. But pray, Mr. *Bayes*, why do you make the
Kings let him use 'em so scurvily?

Continued from p. 100.

Fran. A strange fellow this.

Delpe. I, is it not? come Sir, wine we see you have;
Prethee let's tast the best.

Host. That you shall Sir;
If you'll hear Musick, and a Song with't,
I'm ready: you shall want nothing here.

Sings.

*Yee may Tipple, and Tipple, and Tipple all out,
Till yee baffle the Stars, and the Sun face about.*

Delpe. Away with your Drunken fongs, have you nothing
fitter to please the Ladies?

Host. Yes Sir.

Delpe. Come away with it then.

Host Sings.

Colig. Most Excellent ifaith! Here's to thee honest fellow
with all my heart; nay stay a little, this is very good VVine;
here's to thee again—heark you honest fellow, let me speak
with you aside. D'ye Count here by pieces or d'ye treat by the
head?

Host. I'll treat by the head Sir, if you please; a Crown a
head, and you shall have excellent cheer, VVine as much as you
can drink.

Colig. That's honestly said; you know my father friend, tis
Mounfieur *Cortaux*.

Host. Yes Sir, the famous Scrivener here of *Tours*.

Colig. VVell, treat us very well, I'll see thee pay'd.

Host. Nay Sir, I'll see myself pay'd, I'll warrant you, before you
and I part.

Colig. I do mean it so honest friend, but prethee speak not a
word to the Gentlemen, for then you quite disgrace, Sir, your
most humble Servant.

Host. Mum, a word to the wife is enough.

Colig. Come, come, Friend where's the Capon of *Bruges* you
last spoke of?

Host. Here at hand Sir, Wife undo my Helmet, this, Sir,
Is my Crest.

Delpe. A very improper one for a marri'd man.

Colig. Yes faith and troth, he should have had horns, ha, ha, ha,
Here's to yee noble Captain; a very good jest
As I am a Gentleman:

D'elp. I thank you Sir!

Colig. Methink's you are melancholly, Sir!

La'ma. Not I Sir, I can assure you: Lady's how
Like ye the sport, an odd Collation, but well
Contriv'd.

Fran. The contrivance is all in all.

Concluded at p. 106.

BAYES. Phoo! that is to raise the character of *Drawcanfir*.

JOHNS. O' my word, that was well thought on.

BAYES. Now, Sir, I'll shew you a Scene indeed; or rather, indeed, the Scene of Scenes. 'Tis an Heroick Scene.

SMI. And pray, Sir, what is your design in this Scene?

BAYES. Why, Sir, my design is *Roman* Cloaths, gilded Truncheons, forc'd concept, smooth Verse, and a Rant: In fine, if this Scene does not take, I gad, I'll write no more. Come, come in, Mr.—a—nay, come in as many as you can. Gentlemen, I must desire you to remove a little, for I must fill the Stage.

SMI. Why fill the Stage?

BAYES. O, Sir, because your Heroick Verse never sounds well, but when the Stage is full.

SCÆNA II.

Enter Prince Pretty-man, and Prince Volscius.

NAy, hold, hold; pray by your leave a little. Look you, Sir, the drift of this Scene is somewhat more than ordinary: for I make 'em both fall out because they are not in love with the same woman.

SMI. Not in love? you mean, I suppose, because they are in love, Mr. *Bayes*?

BAYES. No, Sir; I say not in love: there's a new concept for you. Now, speak.

Pret. Since fate, Prince *Volscius*, has found out the way

For our so long'd-for meeting here this day,
Lend thy attention to my grand concern.

Vols. I gladly would that story of thee learn;
But thou to love dost, *Pretty-man*, incline:
Yet love in thy breast is not love in mine.

BAYES. *Antithesis!* thine and mine.

Concluded from p. 104.

Maria. What makes my Brother kneel, look, look Sister.

Colig. Here's a health to our noble Colonel,
Gentlemen, ye see 'tis a good one !

D'elp. Yes, and a large one, but if both drink it
How shall we lead your Sisters home !

Colig. No matter, Hem : here 'tis Gentlemen, *super Naculum.*
Come, come a Tansey Sirrah quickly.

D'elp. Has pos'd ye there mine Host.

Host. That's as time shall try, look ye here Sir.
The lining of my Cap is good for something.

La'mar. Faith this was unlook'd for.

D'elp. S'fith I think all his apparel is made of commendable
Stuff ; has he not Ginger-bread-shoes on.

Host. No truly Sir : 'tis seldom call'd for in a Tavern,

Colig. Nay I've no need on't, faith thou art a brave
Fellow : Here's mine Host's health Gentlemen.

D'elp. Could you procure these Ladies a dish of Cream
Sir, this will shew your Master-piece !

Host. 'Tis the only weapon I fight at ; look ye
Gentlemen the thunder has melted my sword
In the scabbard, But 'tis good, taste it.

D'elp. Th' ast my Verdict to be the wonder of Hosts,
Shalt have a Patent for't if I have any
Power at Court.

T. PORTER. *The Villain.* Act iii. Sc. i. pp. 47—50. Ed. 1663.

Pret. Since love it self's the same, why should it be
Diff'ring in you from what it is in me?

BAYES. Reasoning; I gad, I love reasoning in verse.

Vols. Love takes, *Cameleon-like*, a various dye
From every Plant on which it self does lye.

BAYES. *Simile!*

Pret. Let not thy love the course of Nature fright:
Nature does most in harmony delight.

Vols. How weak a *Deity* would Nature prove
Contending with the pow'ful God of Love?

BAYES. There's a great Verse!

Vols. If Incense thou wilt offer at the Shrine
Of mighty Love, burn it to none but mine.
Her Rosie-lips external sweets exhale;
And her bright flames make all flames else look pale.

BAYES. I gad, that is right.

Pret. Perhaps dull Incense may thy love suffice;
But mine must be ador'd with Sacrifice.

All hearts turn ashes which her eyes controul:
The Body they consume as well as Soul.

Vols. My love has yet a power more Divine;
Victims her Altars burn not, but refine:
Amid'st the flames they ne'er give up the Ghost,
But, with her looks, revive still as they roast.
In spite of pain and death, they're kept alive:
Her fiery eyes makes 'em in fire survive.

BAYES. That is as well as I can do.

Vols. Let my *Parthenope* at length prevail.

BAYES. Civil, I gad.

Pret. I'll sooner have a passion for a Whale:
In whose vast bulk, though store of Oyl doth lye,
We find more shape more beauty in a Fly.

SMI. That's uncivil, I gad.

BAYES. Yes; but as far a fetch'd fancie, though,
I gad, as ever you saw.

¹ *Maximin.* Thou ly'st :—there's not a God inhabits
 there,
 But for this Christian would all Heav'n forswear.
 Ev'n *Jove* would try more shapes her Love to win :
 And in new birds, and unknown beasts would fin ;
 At least, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin.* }

J. DRYDEN, *Tyrannick Love*, Act ii. p. 19. Ed. 1670.

²(a) *Maximin.* Stay ; if thou speak'st that word, thou
 speak'st thy last :
 Some God now, if he dares, relate what's past :
 Say but he's dead, that God shall mortal be.

Idem, Act i. p. 7. Ed. 1670.

(b) *Maximin.* Provoke my rage no farther, lest I be
 Reveng'd at once upon the Gods and thee.

Idem, Act i. p. 9. Ed. 1670.

Vols. Soft, *Pretty-man*, let not thy vain pretence
Of perfect love, defame loves excellence.

Parthenope is sure as far above
All other loves, as above all is Love.

BAYES. Ah! I gad, that strikes me.

Pret. To blame my *Cloris*, Gods would not pretend.

BAYES. Now mark.

¹ *Vols.* Were all Gods joyn'd, they could not hope
to mend.

My better choice : for fair *Parthenope*,
Gods would, themselves, un-god themselves to see.

BAYES. Now the Rant's a coming.

² *Pret.* Durst any of the Gods be so uncivil,
I'd make that God subscribe himself a Devil.

BAYES. Ah, Godfookers, that's well writ!

Vols. Could'st thou that God from Heav'n to Earth
translate,

He could not fear to want a Heav'nly State.

Parthenope, on Earth, can Heav'n create.

Pret. *Cloris* does Heav'n it self so far excel,
She can transcend the joys of Heav'n in Hell.

BAYES. There's a bold flight for you now! 'Sdeath,
I have lost my peruke. Well, Gentlemen, this is that
I never yet saw any one could write, but my self.
Here's true spirit and flame all through, I gad So,
So; pray clear the Stage. [*He puts 'em off the Stage.*]

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, pray why is this Scene all
in Verse?

BAYES. O, Sir, the subject is too great for Prose.

SMI. Well said, i' faith; I'll give thee a pot of Ale
for that answer: 'tis well worth it.

BAYES. Come, with all my heart.

I'll make that God subscribe himself a Devil.
That single line, I gad, is worth all that my brother
Poets ever writ. So, now let down the Curtain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTUS V. SCÆNA I.

BAYES, *and the two Gentlemen.*

BAYES.



Ow, Gentlemen, I will be bold to say, I'll shew you the greatest Scene that ever *England* saw : I mean not for words, for those I do not value ; but for state, shew, and magnificence. In fine, I'll justifie it to be as grand to the eye every whit, I gad, as that great Scene in *Harry* the Eight, and grander too, I gad ; for, instead of two Bishops, I have brought in two other Cardinals.

The Curtain is drawn up, and the two usurping Kings appear in State, with the four Cardinals, Prince Pretty-man, Prince Volscius, Amarillis, Cloris, Parthenope, &c. before them, Heralds and Serjeants at Arms with Maces.

SMI. Mr. *Bayes*, pray what is the reason that two of the Cardinals are in Hats, and the other in Caps ?

BAYES. Why, Sir, because—By gad, I won't tell you.

SMI. I ask your pardon, Sir.

K. Ush. Now, Sir, to the business of the day.

Vols. Dread Sovereign Lords, my zeal to you, must not invade my duty to your Son ; let me intreat that great Prince *Pretty-man* first do speak : whose high preheminance, in all things that do bear the name of good, may justly claim that privilege.

Pret. Royal Father, upon my knees I beg
That the Illustrious *Volscius* first be heard.

BAYES. Here it begins to unfold : you may perceive, now, that he is his Son

¹ In Sept. 1656, Sir W. D'AVENANT published '*The Siege of Rhodes*, made a Representation by the Art of Prospective in Scenes, And the story sung in *Recitative* Music. At the back of *Rutland-House* in the upper end of Alderfgate-Sreet, London.' Instead of Acts, there are five 'Entries.' This constituted Part I. The second part was published in 1663.

In 'The first Entry,' p. 4.

Enter *Alphonso*.

¹ *Alphon.* What various Noises do mine ears invade?
And have a Confort of confusion made?

² *Nakar and Damilcar descend in Clouds, and sing.*

Nakar. Hark, my *Damilcar*, we are call'd below!

Dam. Let us go, let us go!

Go to relieve the care

Of longing Lovers in despair!

Nakar. Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the East

Half tippled at a Rain-bow Feast.

Dam. In the bright Moon-shine while winds whistle

Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly, [loud,

All racking along in a downy white Cloud:

And lest our leap from the Skie should prove too far,

JOHNS. Yes, Sir; and we are very much beholden to you for that discovery.

Vols. That preference is only due to *Amarillis*, Sir.

BAYES. I'll make her speak very well, by and by, you shall see.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns— [Soft Musick.

K. Ush. But stay, what found is this invades our ears?

K. Phys. Sure 'tis the Musick of the moving Spheres.

Pret. Behold, with wonder, yonder comes from far
A God-like-Cloud, and a triumphant Carr:
In which, our two right Kings fit one by one,
With Virgin Vests, and Laurel Garlands on.

K. Ush. Then, Brother *Phys*', 'tis time that we were gone. | *The two Ufurpers steal out of the Throne, and go away.*

BAYES. Look you now, did not I tell you that this would be as easie a turn as the other?

SMI. Yes, faith, you did so; though I confes, I could not believe you; but you have brought it about, I see.

| *The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing in white garments; and three Fiddlers sitting before them, in green.*

BAYES. Now, because the two Right Kings descend from above, I make 'em sing to the Tune and Stile of our modern Spirits.

1 *King.* Haste, brother King, we are sent from above.

2 *King.* Let us move, let us move:
Move to remove the Fate
Of *Brentfords* long united State.

1 *King.* Tara, tara, tara, full East and by South,

2 *King.* We fail with Thunder in our mouth,
In scorching noon-day, whil't the traveller staves,
Bustle, bustle, bustle, bustle, we bustle along.
Mounted upon warm *Phæbus* his Rayes,
Through the Heavenly throng,
Haste to those

We slide on the back of a new-falling Star.

Nakar. And drop from above,
In a Gelly of Love!

Dam. But now the Sun's down, and the Element's
The Spirits of Fire against us make head! [red,

Nakar. They muster, they muster, like Gnats in the
Alas! I must leave thee, my Fair; [Air,
And to my light Horse-men repair.

Dam. O stay, for you need not to fear 'em to night;
The wind is for us, and blows full in their fight:
And o're the wide Ocean we fight!
Like leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;
And hiss in the Water——

Both. And hiss in the Water and drown!

Nakar. But their men lye securely intrench'd in a
Cloud:

And a Trumpeter-Hornet to battel sounds loud.

Dam. Now Mortals that spie
How we tilt in the skie
With wonder will gaze;

And fear such events as will ne're come to pass!

Nakar. Stay you to perform what the man will have
[done.

Dam. Then call me again when the Battel is won.

Both. So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air
To pity the Lover, and succour the fair,
That, silent and swift, the little soft God
Is here with a wish, and is gone with a nod.

[*The Clouds part, Nakar flies up, and Damilcar down.*

J. DRYDEN. *Tyrannick Love.* Act iv. Sc. i. pp 30 - 31 Ed. 1670.

Who will feast us, at night, with a Pigs
Pretty-toes.

1 *King*. And we'll fall with our pate
In an *Ollio* of hate.

2 *King*. But now supper's done, the Servitors try,
Like Souldiers, to storm a whole half-moon-pye.

1 *King*. They gather, they gather hot Custard in
spoons,

Alas, I must leave these half-moons,
And repair to my trusty Dragoons.

2 *King*. O stay, for you need not as yet go astray ;
The Tyde, like a friend, has brought ships in our
way,

And on their high ropes we will play.

Like Maggots in Filberds, we'll snug in our shell,
We'll frisk in our shell,

We'll firk in our shell,
And farewell.

1 *King*. But the Ladies have all inclination to dance,
And the green Frogs croak out a Coranto of *France*.

BAYES. Is not that pretty, now ? The Fidlers are
all in green.

SMI. I, but they play no Coranto.

JOHNS. No, but they play a Tune, that's a great
deal better.

BAYES. No Coranto quoth a ! that's a good one,
with all my heart. Come, sing on.

2 *King*. Now Mortals that hear
How we Tilt and Carrier,
With wonder will fear

The event of such things as shall never appear.

1 *King*. Stay you to fulfil what the Gods have decreed.

2 *King*. Then call me to help you, if there shall be need.

1 *King*. So firmly resolv'd is a true *Brentford* King
To save the distressed, and help to 'em bring,
That ere a Full-pot of good Ale you can swallow,
He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla.

[BAYES *phillips his finger, and sings after 'em.*

BAYES. He's here with a whoop, and gone with a holla. This, Sir, you must know, I thought once to have brought in with a Conjuror.

JOHNS. I, that would have been better.

BAYES. No, faith, not when you consider it : for thus 'tis more compendious, and does the thing every whit as well.

SMI. Thing ! what thing ?

BAYES. Why, bring 'em down again into the Throne, Sir ; what thing would you have ?

SMI. Well ; but, methinks, the Sence of this Song is not very plain.

BAYES. Plain ? why, did you ever hear any people in Clouds speak plain ? They must be all for flight of fancie, at its full range, without the least check, or controul upon it. When once you tye up spirits, and people in Clouds to speak plain, you spoil all.

SMI. Bles me, what a Monster's this !

| *The two Kings light out of the Clouds, and
step into the Throne.*

1 *King.* Come, now to serious counsel we'll advance.

2 *King.* I do agree ; but first, let's have a Dance.

BAYES. Right. You did that very well, Mr. *Cartwright*. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that ; be sure you do it always just so : for it must be done as if it were the effect of thought, and premeditation. But first, let's have a Dance. Pray remember that.

SMI. Well, I can hold no longer, I must gag this rogue ; there's no induring of him.

JOHNS. No, pr'ythee make use of thy patience a little longer : let's see the end of him now.

[*Dance a grand Dance.*]

BAYES. This, now, is an ancient Dance, of right belonging to the Kings of *Brentford* ; and since deriv'd, with a little alteration, to the Inns of Court.

An Alarm. Enter two Heralds.

¹ *Enter Abdelmelech.*

Boabdelen. What new misfortune do these Cries preface?

JOHN DRYDEN.—*Conquest of Granada*, Part II. Act i. p. 78.
Ed. 1672.

² *Enter a Second Messenger.*

Sec. Mess. Hasten all you can their fury to assuage.
You are not safe from their rebellious rage.

Enter a Third Messenger.

Third Mess. This Minute if you grant not their desire
They'll seize your Person and your Palace Fire.

Idem, Part II, Act i. p. 80. Ed. 1672.

1 *King*. What sawcie Groom molests our privacies ?

1 *Her*. The Army's at the door, and in disguise,
Desires a word with both your Majesties :

2 *Her*. Having, from *Knights-bridge*, hither march'd
by stealth.

2 *King*. Bid 'em attend a while, and drink our health.

SMI. How, Mr. *Bayes*, the Army in disguise ?

BAYES. Ay, Sir, for fear the Ufurpers might discover
them that went out but just now.

SMI. Why, what if they had discover'd them ?

BAYES. Why then they had broke this design.

SMI. That's true, indeed. I did not think of that.

1 *King*. Here, take five Guineys for those warlike men.

2 *King*. And here's five more ; that makes the sum
just ten.

1 *Her*. We have not seen so much the Lord knows
when. [*Exeunt Herald*s.]

1 *King*. Speak on, brave *Amarillis*.

Ama. Invincible Sovereigns, blame not my modesty,
If at this grand conjuncture——

[*Drum beats behind the Stage*.]

1 *King*. What dreadful noise is this that comes and
goes ?

Enter a Soldier with his Sword drawn.

2 *Sold*. Hasten hence, great Sirs, your Royal persons save.
For the event of war no mortal knows :

The Army, wrangling for the gold you gave,
First fell to words, and then to handy-blows.

[*Exit*.]

2 *King*. O dangerous estate of Sovereign pow'r !
Obnoxious to the change of every hour.

1 *King*. Let us for shelter in our Cabinet stay :

— Perhaps these threat'ning storms may pass
away. [*Exeunt*.]

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, did not you promise us,
just now, to make *Amarillis* speak very well ?

BAYES. Ay, and so she would have done, but that
they hinder'd her.

SMI. How, Sir? whether you would or no?

BAYES. Ay, Sir; the Plot lay so that, I vow to gad, it was not to be avoided.

SMI. Marry, that was hard.

JOHNS. But, pray, who hinder'd her?

BAYES. Why, the battel, Sir, that's just coming in at door. And I'll tell you now a strange thing: though I don't pretend to do more than other men, I gad, I'll give you both a whole week to ghefs how I'll represent this Battel.

SMI. I had rather be bound to fight your Battel, Sir, I assure you.

BAYES. Why, there's it now: fight a Battel? there's the common error. I knew presently where I should have you. Why, pray, Sir, do but tell me this one thing, Can you think it a decent thing, in a battel before Ladies, to have men run their Swords through one another, and all that?

JOHNS. No, faith, 'tis not civil.

BAYES. On the other side; to have a long relation of Squadrons here, and Squadrons there: what is that but a dull prolixity?

JOHNS. Excellently reason'd, by my troth!

BAYES. Wherefore, Sir, to avoid both those Indecorums, I sum up my whole battel in the representation of two persons only, no more: and yet so lively, that, I vow to gad, you would swear ten thousand men were at it, really engag'd. Do you mark me?

SMI. Yes, Sir; but I think I should hardly swear, though, for all that.

BAYES. By my troth, Sir, but you would, though, when you see it: for I make 'em both come out in Armor, *Cap-a-pea*, with their Swords drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at their wrists, (which, you know, represents fighting enough) each of 'em holding a Lute in his hand.

SMI. How, Sir, instead of a Buckler?

BAYES. O Lord, O Lord! instead of a Buckler? Pray, Sir, do you ask no more questions. I make 'em,

¹ (a) Arm, Arm, *Villerius*, Arm !

Sir W. D'AVENANT. *Siege of Rhodes*. 'The first Entry.' p. 3.
Ed. 1656.

(b) 'The Third Entry' thus begins.

Enter *Solyman*, *Pirrhus*, *Mustapha*.

Solym. Pirrhus. Draw up our Army wide !

Then, from the Grofs two strong Reserves divide ;

And spread the wings ;

As if we were to fight

In the loft *Rhodians* fight

With all the Western Kings !

Each Wing with *Fanizaries* line ;

The Right and Left to *Hally's* Sons affigne ;

The *Grofs* to *Zangiban*.

The Main Artillery

With *Mustapha* shall be :

Bring thou the *Rear*, We lead the *Van*.

Idem, p. 14.

(c) At the beginning of 'The fifth Entry' is,

Musta. Point well the Cannon, and play fast !

Their fury is too hot to last.

That Rampire shakes ! they fly into the Town !

Pirrh. March up with those Reserves to that Redout,

Faint Slaves ! the *Fanizaries* reel !

They bend, they bend ! and seem to feel

The terrors of a Rout.

Musta. Old *Zanger* halts, and reinforcement lacks !

Pirrh. March on.

Musta. Advance those Pikes, and charge their Backs.

Idem, p. 30.

Sir, play the battel in *Recitativo*. And here's the conceipt. Just at the very same instant that one sings, the other, Sir, recovers you his Sword, and puts himself in a warlike posture : so that you have at once your ear entertain'd with Musick, and good Language, and your eye fatisfi'd with the garb, and accoutrements of war. Is not that well?

JOHNS. I, what would you have more? he were a Devil that would not be fatisfi'd with that.

SMI. I confes, Sir, you stupifie me.

BAYES. You shall see.

JOHNS. But, Mr. *Bayes*, might not we have a little fighting for I love those Plays, where they cut and slash one another, upon the Stage, for a whole hour together.

BAYES. Why, then, to tell you true, I have contriv'd it both ways. But you shall have my *Recitativo* first.

Enter, at severall doors, the General, and Lieutenant General, arm'd Cap-a-pea, with each of them a Lute in his hand, and his sword drawn, and hung, with a scarlet Ribbon at his wrist.

Lieut. Gen. Villain, thou lye'st.

'Gen. Arm, arm, *Gonsalvo*, arm ; what ho?
The lye no flesh can brook, I trow.

Lieut. Gen. Advance, from *Acton*, with the Musquetiers.

Gen. Draw down the *Chelsey* Curiafiers,

Lieut. Gen. The Band you boast of, *Chelsey* Curiafiers,
Shall, in my *Putney* Pikes, now meet their Peers.

Gen. *Chiswickians*, aged, and renown'd in fight,
Joyn with the *Hammerfmith* Brigade.

Lieut. Gen. You'l find my *Mortlake* Boys will do
them right,

Unless by *Fulham* numbers over-laid.

Gen. Let the left-wing of *Twicknam* foot advance
And line that Eastern hedge.

Lieut. Gen. The Horfe I rais'd in *Petty-France*
Shall try their chance.

And scowr the Medows, over-grown with Sedge.

Gen. Stand : give the word.

Lieut. Gen. Bright Sword.

Gen. That may be thine.

But 'tis not mine.

Lieut. Gen. Give fire, give fire, at once give fire,
And let those recreant Troops perceive mine ire.

Gen. Pursue, pursue ; they fly
That first did give the lye. [*Exeunt.*

BAYES. This, now, is not improper, I think, because the Spectators know all these Towns, and may easily conceive them to be within the Dominions of the two Kings of *Brentford*.

JOHNS. Most exceeding well design'd !

BAYES. How do you think I have contriv'd to give a stop to this battel ?

SMI. How ?

BAYES. By an Eclipse : Which, let me tell you, is a kind of fancie that was yet never so much as thought of, but by my self, and one person more, that shall be nameless. Come, come in, Mr.—a—

Enter Lieutenant General.

Lieut. Gen. What mid-night darkness does invade
the day,

And snatch the Victor from his conquer'd prey ?

Is the Sun weary of his bloody fight,

And winks upon us with his eye of light ?

'Tis an Eclipse. This was unkind, O Moon,

To clap between me, and the Sun so soon.

Foolish Eclipse ! thou this in vain hast done ;

My brighter honour had Eclips'd the Sun.

But now behold Eclipses two in one. [*Exit.*

JOHNS. This is an admirable representation of a Battel, as ever I saw.

¹ Enter Aurora in a black Veil below.
Song in Dialogue.

Aur. Phœbus?

Phœb. Who calls the World's great Light?

Aur. Aurora, that abhors the Night.

Phœb. Why does Aurora from her Clowd
To drowfie Phœbus cry fo loud?

Aur. Put on thy Beams; rise, (no regard
To a young Goddeſs, that lies hard
In th' old Man's boſome?) riſe for ſhame,
And ſhine my Clowd into a Flame.

Phœb. Oblige me not beyond my pow'r,
I muſt not riſe before my hour.

Aur. Before thy hour? look down, and ſee,
In vain the *Persian* kneels to thee,
And I (mock'd by the glim'ring Shade)
A ſad miſtake in *Naples* made;
Like *Pliny*, I had loſt my life,
If I had been a Mortal Wife.

Phœb. Thou cam'ſt too near the Burning Mount
Vefuvio?

Aur. Upon thy account,
For I took Clowds of Smoke and Fire,
(which here from *Vulcan's* Court expire)
For Morning-ftreaks, Blew, White, and Red,
That Rouſe me from cold *Tithon's* Bed.

[Phœbus enters with his Beams on.

Phœb. Charge not upon me for a Crime,
That I ſtaid th' utmoſt point of time,
Before I would put off my Bays,
And on *Naples* ſhed my Rays,
where ſuch a miſchief they have done,
As will make *Venus* hate the Sun,
Diſcovering to *Vulcan's* eye
Where She and *Mars* embracing lie.

Aur. I'm ſorry *Mars* and *Venus* had
Such privacy: but I am glad
that Phœbus does at laſt appear
To ſhine away Aurora's Fear.

Phœb. What frightened thee?

Aur. I know not what:
But thou know'ſt all; what noiſe is that?

[Within *Vulcan* roars out, No work, Rogues?

Phœb. 'Tis *Vulcan*, in a greater Heat
Than th' Irons by his *Cyclops* beat:
He makes the horreur of that noiſe,
Teaching and Knocking his great Boys,
(From hamm'ring out *Jove's* Thunder) ſet

BAYES. I, Sir. But how would you fancie now to represent an Eclipse?

SMI. Why, that's to be suppos'd.

BAYES. Suppos'd! Ay, you are ever at your supposse: ha, ha, ha. Why, you may as well suppose the whole Play. No it must come in upon the Stage, that's certain; but in some odd way, that may delight, amuse, and all that. I have a conceit for't, that I am sure is new, and, I believe, to the purpose.

JOHNS. How's that?

BAYES. Why, the truth is, I took the first hint of this out of a Dialogue, between *Phæbus* and *Aurora*, in the *Slighted Maid*:¹ which, by my troth, was very pretty; though, I think, you'll confess this is a little better.

JOHNS. No doubt on't, Mr. Bayes.

BAYES. But, Sir, you have heard, I suppose, that your Eclipse of the Moon, is nothing else, but an interposition of the Earth, between the Sun and Moon: as likewise your Eclipse of the Sun is caus'd by an interlocation of the Moon, betwixt the Earth and Sun?

SMI. I have heard so, indeed.

BAYES. Well, Sir; what do me I, but make the Earth, Sun, and Moon, come out upon the Stage, and dance the Hey: hum? And, of necessity, by the very nature of this Dance, the Earth must be sometimes between the Sun and the Moon, and the Moon between the Earth and Sun; and there you have both your Eclipses. That is new, I gad, ha?

JOHNS. That must needs be very fine, truly.

BAYES. Yes, there is some fancie in't. And then, Sir, that there may be something in it of a Jogue, I make the Moon sell the Earth a Bargain. Come, come out Eclipse, to the tune of *Tom Tyler*.

Enter Luna.

Luna. Orbis, O Orbis,

Come to me thou little rogue Orbis.

Enter the Earth.

Orb. What calls *Terra firma*, pray?

To File and Polish *Vulcan's* Net,
Which he'll catch *Mars* and *Venus* in.

Aur. What now? [Laughing within.]

Phæb. To laugh the Smiths begin:
At furious *Vulcan* (halting off
To measure his wife's Bed) they scoff.

Aur. I'll leave the place; I can no more
Endure the Laughter than the Roar.

Tuning within.

Phæb. Hark, they record, they'll sing anon;
'Tis time for *Phæbus* to be gone;
For when such Lyrick Affes bray,
The God of Musique cannot stay.

[Exeunt *Phœbus* and *Aurora*.]

The Cyclops Song (within).

Cry our Ware, (Sooty Fellows
Of the Forge and the Bellows)
Has *Jove* any Okes to mend?
Has *Ceres* Sickles to mend?
Wants *Neptune* a Water-Fork?
All these are the *Cyclops* work;
But to Wire-draw Iron-rods,
To File Nets to catch the Gods,
What can make our fingers so fine?
Drink, drink, Wine, *Lippari*-wine.

Sir R. STAPYLTON. *The Slighted Maid*, pp. 80-83. Ed. 1663.

Luna. *Luna* that ne'er shines by day.

Orb. What means *Luna* in a veil?

Luna. *Luna* means to shew her tail.

Enter Sol.

Sol. Fie, Sister, fie ; thou mak'st me muse,
Dery, dery down,

To see thee *Orb* abuse.

Luna. I hope his anger 'twill not move ;
Since I did it out of love.

Hey down, dery down.

Orb. Where shall I thy true love know,
Thou pretty, pretty Moon?

Luna. To morrow soon, ere it be noon,
On Mount *Vesuvio*.

[*Bis.*

Sol. Then I will shine.

Orb. And I will be fine.

Luna. And we will drink nothing but *Lipary* wine.

Omnes. And we, &c.

BAYES. So, now, vanish Eclipse, and enter t'other
Battel, and fight. Here now, if I am not mistaken,
you will see fighting enough.

A battel is fought between foot and great Hobby-horses. At last, Drawcanfir comes in, and kills 'em all on both sides. All this while the Battel is fighting, BAYES is telling them when to shout, and shouts with 'em.

Draw. Others may boast a single man to kill ;
But I, the blood of thousands, daily spill.
Let petty Kings the names of Parties know :
Where e'er I come, I slay both friend and foe.
The swiftest Horsemen my swift rage controuls,
And from their Bodies drives their trembling souls.
If they had wings, and to the Gods could flie,
I would pursue, and beat 'em, through the skie :
And make proud *Fove*, with all his Thunder, see.
This single Arm more dreadful is, than he. [*Exit.*

BAYES. There's a brave fellow for you now, Sirs. I
have read of your *Hector*, your *Achilles*, and a hundred

¹ *Valeria*, Daughter to *Maximin*, having kill'd her self for the Love of *Porphyrus*, when she was to be carry'd off by the Bearers, strikes one of them a Box on the Ear, and speaks to him thus—

Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded Dog,
I am to rise, and speak the Epilogue.

Epilogue to the *second* edition of *Tyrannick Love*, 1672.

Key, 1704.

more ; but I defie all your Histories, and your Romances too, I gad, to shew me one such Conqueror, as this *Drawcanfir*.

JOHNS. I swear, I think you may.

SMI. But, Mr. *Bayes*, how shall all these dead men go off? for I see none alive to help 'em.

BAYES. Go off! why, as they came on; upon their legs: how should they go off? Why, do you think the people do not know they are not dead? He is mighty ignorant, poor man; your friend here is very filly, Mr. *Fohnson*, I gad, he is. Come, Sir, I'll show you go off. Rise, Sirs, and go about your businests. There's go off for you. Hark you, Mr. *Ivory*. Gentlemen, I'll be with you presently. [*Exit*.

JOHNS. Will you so? then we'll be gone.

SMI. I, pr'ythee let's go, that we may preserve our hearing. One Battel more would take mine quite away. [*Exeunt*.

Enter BAYES and Players.

BAYES. Where are the Gentlemen?

1 *Play*. They are gone, Sir.

BAYES. Gone! 'Sdeath, this last Act is best of all. I'll go fetch 'em again. [*Exit*.

3 *Play*. Stay, here's a foul piece of papyr of his. Let's see what 'tis.

[*Reads. The Argument of the Fifth Act.*

Cloris, at length, being sensible of Prince *Pretty-man*'s passion, consents to marry him; but, just as they are going to Church, Prince *Pretty-man* meeting, by chance, with old *Foan* the Chandlers widow, and remembring it was she that brought him acquainted with *Cloris*: out of a high point of honour, break off his match with *Cloris*, and marries old *Foan*. Upon which, *Cloris*, in despair, drowns her self: and Prince *Pretty-man*, discontentedly, walks by the River side.

1 *Play*. Pox on't, this will never do: 'tis just like the rest. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt*.

¹ About the time of the Restoration and for some years after the fashionable hour of dining was twelve o'clock, and the play began at three.

Bp. Percy.

At the end of Sir W. D'AVENANT'S "*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*. Express'd by Instrumentall and Vocall Musick, and by Art of Perspective in Scenes, &c. Represented daily at the *Cockpit* in *Drury-Lane*, At Three afternoone punctually" London 1658: is the following notice :

'Notwithstanding the great expence necessary to Scenes, and other ornaments in this Entertainment, there is a good provision made of places for a shilling. And it shall begin certainly at 3 after noon.'

The Rehearsal is therefore supposed to take place in the morning.

Enter BAYES

BAYES. A plague on 'em both for me, they have made me sweat, to run after 'em. A couple of fenceless rascals, that had rather go to dinner, than see this Play out, with a pox to 'em. What comfort has a man to write for such dull rogues? Come Mr.—a— Where are you, Sir? come away quick, quick.

Enter Players again.

Play. Sir, they are gone to dinner.

BAYES. Yes, I know the Gentlemen are gone; but I ask for the Players.

Play. Why, an't please your worship, Sir, the Players are gone to dinner too.

BAYES. How! are the Players gone to Dinner? 'Tis impossible: the Players gone to dinner! I gad, if they are, I'll make 'em know what it is to injure a person that does 'em the honour to write for 'em, and all that. A company of proud, conceited, humorous, cross-grain'd persons, and all that. I gad, I'll make 'em the most contemptible, despicable, inconsiderable persons, and all that, in the whole world, for this trick. I gad, I'll be reveng'd on 'em; I'll sell this Play to the other House.

Play. Nay, good, Sir, don't take away the Book; you'll disappoint the Town, that comes to see it acted here, this afternoon.

BAYES. That's all one. I must reserve this comfort to my self, my Book and I will go together, we will not part, indeed, Sir. The Town! why, what care I for the Town? I gad, the Town has us'd me as scurvily, as the Players have done: but I'll be reveng'd on them too: I will both Lampoon and print 'em too, I gad. Since they will not admit of my Plays, they shall know what a Satyrist I am. And so farewell to this Stage for ever, I gad. [Exit.

1 Play. What shall we do now?

2 *Play*. Come then, let's fet up Bills for another Play : We shall lose nothing by this, I warrant you.

1 *Play*. I am of your opinion. But, before we go, let's see *Haynes*, and *Shirley* practise the last Dance ; for that may serve for another Play.

2 *Play*. I'll call 'em : I think they are in the Tying-room.

The Dance done.

1 *Play*. Come, come ; let's go away to dinner.

[*Excunt omnes.*]

EPILOGUE.



The Play is at an end, but where's the Plot?
 That circumstance our Poet *Bayes* forgot,
 And we can boast, though 'tis a plotting Age,
 No place is freer from it than the Stage.
 The Ancients Plotted, though, and strove to please
 With sence that might be understood with ease;
 They every Scene with so much wit did store
 That who brought any in, went out with more:
 But this new way of wit does so surprize,
 Men lose their wits in wond'ring where it lyes.
 If it be true, that Monstrous births presage
 The following mischiefs that afflicts the Age,
 And sad disasters to the State proclaim;
 Plays, without head or tail, may do the same.
 Wherefore, for ours, and for the Kingdoms peace,
 May this prodigious way of writing cease.
 Let's have, at least, once in our lives, a time
 When we may hear some Reason, not all Rhyme:
 We have these ten years felt its Influence;
 Pray let this prove a year of Prose and Sence.

FINIS.

English Reprints.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire.

1. Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse.

1575.

2. The Steele Glas.

[Commenced April 1575. Finished April 1576.]
April 1576.

3. The Complaynt of Philomene.

[Commenced Apr. 1562. Continued in Apr. 1575. Finished 3 Apr. 1576.]
April 1576.

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE'S

A Remembrance of the well employed Life, and
godly end of George Gascoigne Esquire, &c.

[*Ent. Stat. Hall.* 11 Nov. 1577.]

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

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CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone's *Remembrance*, at pp. 15-30)

of

some of the principal events
in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,

Courtier, Soldier, Poet.

* Probable or approximate dates.

Youth.

* 1535-37.

1509, Apr. 22. Henry VIII. begins to reign.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J. Gascoigne, p. 18. The date or place of his birth is not known. If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died.

Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [see 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I stale in westmerland.' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.

At Cambridge

1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.

He goes to Cambridge. 'Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [see 1576]

Pray for the nources of our noble Realme
I meane the worthy Vniuersities,
(And Cantabridge, shal haue the dignitie,
Whereof I was vnworthy member once) p. 77.

1553. July 6. Mary succeeds to the throne.

Harl. M.S. 1912, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671; together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents. In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society. John in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; fol. 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590; fol. 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters.'

1555.

George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn. 43 admitted in the same year. *Harl. M.S.* 1912, fol. 33.

1557. May 24.

Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoigne,' *Idem*, fol. 204.

A member of Gray's Inn.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.

'The lost time of my youth mispent,' p. 42. 'Disinherited,' p. 17.

1562. Apr.

Gascoigne begins 'to deuise' *The Complaint of Philomene* 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmissford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished.' pp. 86, 119.
In *The introduction to the Psalme of Deprofundis* which

CHRONICLE.

with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines.

The Skies gan scowle, orecast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say :

Why doe not I my wery muses frame
(Although I bee well soused in this showre,)
To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedential orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Hart. M.S.* 1912, is the following.

1555 Mr. Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo. Gascoigne, Tho
1561 Michelborne, and William Clopton being called
1565 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respectiue
1567 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-
1624 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, fol. 238.

1565.

Gascoigne pays the above fines. In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in myddest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes. And being required by fiue sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these fiue sundrie sortes of metre vpon fiue sundrye theames, which they deliuered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarsh who deliuered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna inuat*. . . . The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarsh, who deliuered him this theame, *Satis sufficit*. . . . John Vaughan deliuered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia*. . . . Alexander Neule deliuered him this theame, *Sat cito si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimis cito*: and therwith his *Vix bene*. . . . Richard Courtope (the last of the fiue) gaue him this theame *Durum æneum et miserabile æuum*. . . . And thus an ende of these fiue Theames, admounting to the number of. CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Iourney, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in tarying with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne: and therefore called Gascoigne's memories. *Posies*, 1575.

1575. Apr. 26.

Date of his dedication of '*The Glasse of Government*. A tragicall Comedie,' first printed in 1576. 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet.* iii. 7.

1566.

Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year.

(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English prose acted, either in public or private.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet.* iii. 6.

(2) *Jocasta*—adapted from the *Phenissæ* of Euripides—'the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage.' *Collier, Idem.* p. 8. Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v.; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts i. and iv.; and C., afterwards Sir C., Yelverton, the Epilogue. Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Guilford MS.*

In this year also was published *The French Littleton*.

Newly set forth by C. Holiband [*i.e.* Desainliens], teaching in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece London, 1566." At the beginning is what is apparently Gascoigne's first published verse,

George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke.

The pearle of price, which englishmen haue sought
So farre abroad, and cost them there so dere
Is now founde out, within our contrey here
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
I meane the frenche: that pearle of pleasant speeche
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
With sicknesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in deede)
Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
That here at home, we may this language learne:
And for the price, he craueth no more neede
But thankfull harts, to whome his perles msy please
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

?
?

Marries.

Goes a journey into the West of England.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship Written to the L. Grey of Wilton upon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting (amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his winter deare, and killing the same with his bowe, did furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe *cum Pertinencijs* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said exercise, calling him one of his wodmen. Now master Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as though he had not seene them. Whereat when this noble Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in remembrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse it in verse. [This poem was published in 1572.]

1572.

Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sundrie Floures bound up in one small Poesie*: respecting which he afterwards says. "It is verie neare two yeares past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vvith the vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Printer, or of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes of these Posies. True it is that I vvvas not vvillinge the same shoulde be imprinted:" for which he assigns four reasons. *1st Pref. to 'Posies,' 1575.*

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem entitled *The fruites of Warre*, 'begon at Delfe in Hollande'; Gascoigne says, 'I am of opinion that long before this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke, which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise coniectour that you haue founde therein iust cause to to laugh at my follies forepassed. This first edition was therefore prepared and anonymously published by its author; not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes supposed.

O. G. Gilchrist in *Cens. Lit. i.* 110—112. Ed. 1805, has gleaned from his works, the following account of Gascoigne's trip abroad.

"He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 19th of March, 1572, at Gravesend; the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot, who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge; but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Yorke and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it; the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negociation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp; from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty; but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague: the burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprized soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military bard with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb.

He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire*, Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author,' [1st Dedication dated 'last day of Ianuarie' 1574-5: 2nd Dedication dated Jan. 2.] It consists of 3 prefaces; and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOTES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you

with three sundrie sorts of Posies: *Floures, Herbes* and *Weedes*. . . . I terme some *Floures*, bycause being indeede inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my iudgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed. And therefore (beeing more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them *Floures*. The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore more profitable then pleasant) I haue named *Hearbes*. The third (being *Weedes*, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so you may finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled." He thus concludes the third. *To the Reader*: "I pray thee to smell vnto these Posies, as *Floures* to comfort, *Herbes* to cure, and *Weedes* to be auoyded. So haue I ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them."

1575. April. Gascoigne begins *The Steele Glas*: and continues a little further *The Complaint of Philomene*, pp. 86, 119.

1575. *The Noble Arte of Venerie or Hvnting* is published 'The Translator [George Turberville] to the Reader' is dated 16 June 1575. After which comes a poem of 58 lines *George Gascoigne, in the commendation of the noble Arte of Venerie*. This work is generally attached to Turberville's *The Booke of Faulconrie or Hawking*.

In her summer progress, the Queen makes her famous visit to Kenilworth.

1575. July 9-27. Leicester commissioned Gascoigne to devise masks &c. for her entertainment. These were printed the next year under the title of *The Princelye pleasures, at the Courte at Kenilworth*; and with R. Laneham or Langham's published *Letter* of date of 20 Aug. 1575: constitute the best accounts of that splendid reception.

Sept. 11. The Queen continuing her progress, arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes*.

1576. Jan. 1. He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Maiesty att Woodstocke*. This is now in the British Museum. *MS. Reg. 18. A. xlviiii, p. 27*. The frontispage is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work. Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p: after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye': 8 pp. Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 pp; Latin, 15 pp; Italian 15 pp; French 13 pp; concluding the whole with *Epilogismus*, 1 p.

In his address at fol. 6 of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Italyyan as I haue learned in London, and such lattyn as I forgatt att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stalle in westmerland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,' &c.

1576. Apr. 3. He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene*. p. 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15.

1576. Apr. 12. In an Epistle dated 'From my lodging, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial employes, the 12 of April, 1576 to *A Discourse of a new Passage to Cataia*. Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, *Quid non?*' Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this *Letter* to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566,' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

You must herewith vnderstand (good Reader) that the author haunge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterpryse (aswell for that he hinselc had

none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Authour, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beene commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the common capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolutions, and to disuade him from the same: there-upon he wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and experiences, as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may appeare by the letter next following, the which I haue here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about vii. yeares now past, sithence which time the originall copies of the same haue lien by the authour as one rather dreading to hazarde the Iudgement of curious perusers then greedie of glorie by hasty publication.

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst manie) beholding to the said *S. Humfrey Gilbert* for sundrie curtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed at his house in *Limehouse*, and beeing verie bolde to demaunde of him howe he spente his time in this loytering vacation from martiall stratagemes, he curteously tooke me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie profitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had perfected painefully with his owne penne: And amongst the rest this present *Discourse*. The which as well because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode that *M. Fourboiser* (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to trauaile in the same *Discouerie*, I craued at the said *S. Humfrefreyes* handes for two or three dayes to reade and to peruse. And hee verie friendly granted my request, but stil seming to doubt that therby the same might, contrarie to his former determination be Imprinted.

And to be plaine, when I had at good leasure perused it, and therwithall conferred his allegations by the *Tables of Ortelius*, and by sundrie other *Cosmographicall Mappes* and *Charts*, I seemed in my simple iudgement not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it very meete (as the present occasion serueth) to giue it out in publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my friendes great trauaile, and mine owne greater presumption to be registred in print. [For which act, he offers five excuses.]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedford [b. 1528—d. 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished this trauvayle in weake plight for health as your good L. well knoweth, this second day of *Maye* 1576,' Gascoigne writes,

1576. May 2.

(Not manye monethes since) tossing and retossing in my small Lybarie, amongst some bookes which had not often felte my fyngers endes in. xv yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume scarce comely couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a truth vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Characters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginning perspycuous, nor the end perfect. So that I cannot ceitaynly say who shuld be the Author of the same. And there-vpon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcells of the same The whiche . . . I haue thought meete to entytle *The Droome of Doomes daye*. [The work is divided into three parts, *The view of worldly Vanities*, *The shame of sinne*, *The Needels eye*.] Vnto these three parts thus collected and ordred I haue thought

good to adde an old letter which teacheth *Remedies against the bitterness of Death.*"

[The unknown Latin work thus Englished by Gascoigne, was *De miseria humanae conditionis* of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b. 1160—d. 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the presse, it pleased God to visit the translatur thereof with sicknesse. So that being vnable himselfe to attend the dayly proofes, he apoynted a seruaut of his to ouerseer the same." *Printer to the Reader.*

1576. Aug. 22. He publishes *A delicate Diet for daintie mouthed Droonkaris.*

1577. Jan. 1. He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum *Reg. MS. 18 A. lxi. p. 275.* '*The Grief of Ioy.* Certayne Elegies: wherein the doubtfull delighes of mannes lyfe are displaid.' It is on 38 folios, 4to: each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold. From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

"Towching the *Method* and *Inuention*, euen as Petrark in his woorkes *De remedys vtiusque fortunæ*, dothe recowmpt the vncerteine Ioyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these *Elegies* distributed the same into sundrie songes and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction. And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the woорke, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrinke for no paynes vntill I haue (in suche songes) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleasures.

But without the confirmation of your fauorable acceptans (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will neuer presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also withe the vnspeakeable comfort which I haue conceiued in your Maiesties vnderseed fauor) may sufficientlie witnes without further triall, that doubtful greeues and greuous doubttes, do often accompany oure greatest ioyes.

Howsoeuer it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighnes to accept this Nifle for a new yeares gyfte. . . . Whome God preserue thes first of January, 1577, and euer. Amen."

After this come The Preface; then the *l'enuoie*; then the four Songes. (1) *The greeues or discommodities of lustie youth*; (2) *The vanities of Bewtie*; (3) *The faultes of force and Strength*; (4) *The vanities of Actinities*; which terminates with 'Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen.'

77. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's *Remembraunce.*

O. Gilchrist, in *Cens. Lit. ii.* 238, states, 'In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650.'

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr. Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success. The result is this: Geo. Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles

? In the Queen's service.

Death.

distant from Stamford), which parishes to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains: and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I haue endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found"—*Ath. Oxon. ii.* 437. Ed. 1813.

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author.

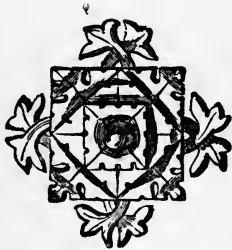
1. WILLIAM WEBBE, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie*, writes.

Master George Gaskoyne a wytty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted not learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appeare in him abundantly. *Ed. 1815, p. 34.*

2. GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, notices 'Gascon for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne.' *Book i. p. 51.*

3. THOMAS NASH in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, writes,

Who euer my priuate opinion condemns as faultie, Master *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure; whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully uid *Græca cum Latini*



THE STEELE GLAS, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

ONE of the principal poets in the first half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earliest dramatists; the first English satirist; and the first English critic in poesy: Gascoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Esquire by birth, but an Esquire in good hap in life, he was also an Esquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been published. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still less are his character and career known. There exist considerable materials in the numerous personal allusions in his works, in his praiseworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers; towards a worthy account of himself and his associates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient stage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and interesting to English students. Meanwhile, to most readers, the name of George Gascoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the present series of works representative of English Literature, we now present three idiosyncratic specimens of Gascoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a satirist, and as an elegist. To these we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetstone's *Remembrance* of his life and death: a book once thought to have perished, and of which but a single copy now exists:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A consideration of these four works in connection with his time, will doubtless create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gascoigne.

The earliest portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horseback from Chelmsford to London : wherein

as I rode by London waye,
Cloakleffe, vnclad.

he was 'ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine,' and well soufed in this showre.

he changed the subject of his thought, and wrote the Psalm *De Profundis*, preserved in his *Flowers*.

The *Notes of instruction &c.*, must have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled 'Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572,' to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he first published them in his *Poesies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, when, having just seen through the press, the corrected edition of his *Poesies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* 'with the Nightingales notes': and makes further progress in the Elegy.

Then comes absence from home during the summer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth devising *The Princely pleasures*: and afterwards at Woodstock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit*. Then in the following winter, he goes on a visit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, 'at his house in *Limehouse*,' and is in consequence led into the study of the North-west passage and 'the *Tables of Ortelius* and fundrie other *Cosmographical Mappes and Charts*.' So the two poems progress together at intervals, and at last are simultaneously finished in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, 'April showers': Both the Satire and the Elegy may be said to be Spring songs. There resounds all through them the singing of birds. This discovers itself as much in the general imagery as in such passages as this.

In sweet April, the Messenger to May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,
When euery byrde, records his louers lay,

And westerne windes, do foster forth our floures,
 Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
 To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
 And as I stoode, I heard hir make great moane,
 Waymenting much p. 87.

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gascoigne has a ferious purpose. As Whetstone reports.

(laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise)

I wrought a Glasse, wherein eche man may see :
 Within his minde ; what canckred vices be. p. 19.

It was a first experiment in English satire ; and though it does not fang like Dryden's *Abfalom and Achitophel* : it is a vigorous effort in favour of truth, right, and justice. Its central thought and fancy are thus expressed :

That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
 Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
 But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
 In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
 The cristal glas, which glimfeth braue and bright,
 And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
 Beguyld with foyles, of fundry subtil fights,
 So that they seeme, and couet not to be. p. 54.

I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
 And came to me, by wil and testament
 Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucylus, this worthy man was namde,
 Who at his death, bequeathd the cristal glasse,
 To such as loue, to feme but not to be,
 And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
 How foule or fayre, foeuer that they are,
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
 Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
 And since myfelfe (now pride of youth is past)
 Do loue to be, and let al seeming passe,
 Since I desire, to see my felfe in deed,
 Not what I would, but what I am or should,
 Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele. pp. 55, 56.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE WHETSTONE.

A REMEMBRANCE OF THE WEL IMPLYED LIFE &c.

(a) Issues in the Author's life time.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1577. London. *Editio princeps*: see title on opposite page. Edmond Malone has inserted the following note in the only extant copy, formerly his but now in the Bodleian. 'This piece is of such rarity, that it was for near a century not supposed to exist. No other copy is known. Bishop Tanner had one; but it has been long lost.' W. C. Hazlitt, in *Handbook*, p. 650, Ed. 1867, states 'The history of this book, of which it seems that only one copy has ever been seen, is rather curious. It had been Bishop Tanner's, and was formerly with his books at Oxford, but had been missed for many years, when it occurred at the sale of Mr. Voigt's [of the Custom House] books in 1806, and was bought by Malone for £42 10s. 6d. With his library it returned to its old resting place.'

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. With other works.

2. 1810. London. *The Works of the English Poets*. Ed. by A. CHALMERS, 21 Vols. 8vo. F.S.A. *A Remembrance &c.*, occupies ii. 457-466.

I. As a separate publication.

3. 1815. Bristol. Whetstone's Metrical Life of Gascoigne. Only 10 copies printed; 5s. each.
4. 1821. London. Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*, &c. With an introductory Memoir and notes. *A Remembrance* occupies pp. xx.-xxxviii.
5. 18 Nov. 1868. London. 1 Vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

CERTAYNE NOTES OF INSTRUCTION &c.

(a) Issues in the Author's life time.

II. With other works.

1. 1575. London. 'The Posies of George Gascoigne Esquire.' The *Notes* form the fourth and last section of the book: the other three being *Flowers*, *Hearbes*, and *Weedes*.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. With other works.

2. 1587. London. 'The whole woorkes of George Gascoigne Esquyre.' 1 Vol. 4to. The *Notes* are at the end, and have no pagination.
3. 1815. London. *Ancient Critical Essays upon English Poets and Poesy*. 2 vols. 4to. Ed. by J. HASLEWOOD. The *Notes* occupy ii. 1-12.
4. 18 Nov. 1868. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

THE STEELE GLAS. and THE COMPLAYNT OF PHILOMENE.

(a) Issues in the Author's life time.

I. As a separate publication.

1. 1576. London. 1 vol. 4to. *Editio princeps*: see the titles at pp. 41, 85.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. With other works.

2. 1587. London. 'The whole workes of George Gascoigne, Esquyre.' 1 vol. 4to. The two poems occupy nominally folios 287-351, but actually folios 189-252.
3. 1808. [Bp. PERCY's selection of] Poems in Blank Verse, (not Dramatique) prior to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. [Never published; the impression all but four copies having been burnt.] See *Collier, Bibl. Cat.* ii. 408.
4. 1810. London. *The Works of the English Poets*. Ed. by A. CHALMERS, 21 vols. 8vo. F.S.A. The two poems occupy ii. 548-568.
5. 18 Nov. 1858. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at p. 1.

12

A REMEMBRAVNCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of
George Gascoigne Esquire, who
deceased at Stalmford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7. of October.

1577.

The reporte of Geor. Whetstons
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formae nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON

don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard and
are there to be solde.

*The wel imployed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esq.*



And is there none, wil help to tel my tale !
 who (ah) in helth, a thousand plaints haue shone?
 feeles all men joy? can no man skil of bale?
 o yes I see, a comfort in my mone.
 Help me good *George*, my life and death to touch
 some man for thee, may one day doo asmuch.

Thou feest my death, and long my life didst knowe,
 my life : nay death, to liue I now begin :
 But some wil say. *Durus est hic sermo*,
 Tis hard indeed, for such as feed on sin.
 Yet trust me frends (though flesh doth hardly bow)
 I am resolu'd, I neuer liu'd til now.

And on what cause, in order shall ensue,
 My worldly life (is first) must play his parte :
 Whose tale attend, for once the fame is true,
 Yea *Whetston* thou, hast knowen my hidden hart
 And therefore I coniure thee to defend :
 (when I am dead) my life and godly end.

First of my life, which some (amis) did knowe,
 I leue mine armes, my acts shall blase the fame
 Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe,
 no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame.
 but (for my birth) my birth right was not great
 my father did, his forward sonne defeat.

He was
 Sir Iohn
 G. sonne
 and Heire
 Disinheri-
 ted.

This froward deed, could scarce my hart difmay,
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra*,
 Befides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
 Thus finding caufe, to foster hye desire:
 I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man dect in my Pecoocks plumes,
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:
 Yea, brainfick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,
 But, *Nemo sine crimine uiuit*.
 For he that findes, himself from vices free
 I giue him leue, to throwe a stone at me.

It helps my praise, that I my fault recite,
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for ioy:
 Euil sets out good, as far as black dooth white.
 The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
 But (that in cheef, which writers should respect)
 trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vncheſt.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
 I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me
 But as a fish, feld bites with out a baight,
 So none vnforst, men needs will hear or see.
 and begging futes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
 the mounting minde, had rather sterue in need.

Wel leaue I hear, of thriftles wil to write,
 wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
 The sweet of war, fung by the carpet knight,
 In poste haste then shipt me in Ventures Barge.
 These lusty lims, *Saunce vse* (quod, I) will rust:
 That pitie were, for I to them must trust.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
 (though rumours lewd, impayred my desert) He scrued
in Hol-
land.
 I boldely vaunt, the blast of Fame is such,
 As prooves I had, a froward fowrs hart.
 My slender gaine a further witnes is :
 For woorthiest men, the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Prisoner
in Hol.
 Cacht by sly hap, in prison vile was popt :
 Yea had not woordes, fought for my liues defence, He had
the Latin,
Italian,
French,
and Dutch
languages.
 For all my hands, my breth had there been flopt
 But I in fine, did so perswade my foe :
 as (scot free) I, was homewards set to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
 Yet awckward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope
 In peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit,
 the windowes of my muse, then straight I ope His
bookes
publ.
 And first I shoue, the trauail of such time :
 as I in youth, imployd in loouing rime.

Some straight way said (their tungs with enuy fret),
 those wanton layes, inductions were to vice :
 Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*) Poyses.
 our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wife.
 And sure these toyes, do shoue for your behoof :
 The woes of looue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
 I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies : Glasse of
gouer-
ment.
 The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouerment,
 And (laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praife)
 I wrought a Glasse, wherin eche man may see : Steele
Glasse
 Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The druncken foule, transformed to a beaft, Diet for
drunkers
 my diet helps, a man, again to make :
 But (that which should, be praifd abouue the rest)
 My Doomes day Drum, from fin dooth you awake
 For honest sport, which dooth refresh the wit : Drum of
doomsday
 I haue for you, a book of hunting writ. Hunting.

These few books, are dayly in your eyes, He hat
books to
publish.
 Parhaps of woorth, my fame aliue to keep :
 Yet other woorks, (I think) of more emprise,
 Coucht close as yet, within my cofers sleep.
 yea til I dy, none shall the fame reuele :
 So men wil say, that *Gaskoign* wrote of *Zeale*.

O *Enuy* vile, foule fall thee wretched fot, Enuy.
 Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde :
 I curse thee wretch, the onely cause godwot,
 That my good wil, no more account did finde.
 And not content, thy self to doo me fear :
 Thou nipst my hart, with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Care*.

And first of *Spight* foule *Enuies* poyfoned pye,
 To *Midas* eares, this As hath *Lyntius*, eyes : Spight.
 With painted shewes, he heaues him self on hie,
 Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
 But as the Drone, the hony hiue, dooth rob :
 with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung.
 When (God he knowes) he knows not what he saies
 And lest the wise should finde his wit but yung,
 He woorks all means, their woorks for to dispraife.
 To smooth his speech, ye beaft this patch doth crop
 He showes the bad, the writers mouthes to stop.

Ye woorse then this, he dealeth in offence,
 (Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead) ;
 A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
 This wretched *Spight* in euery place dooth spread.
 And with his breth, the *Viper* dooth infect :
 The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *Suspect* : the propertie to showe, Suspect.
 He hides his dought, yet stil mistrusteth more :
 The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,
 The cause and cure of this his ranckling fore.
 And so in vain, hee good account dooth seek,
 Who by this *Feende*, is brought into mislike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
 These priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot :
 My true intent, with forged faults did thwart :
 fo that I found, for me it was no boot.
 to work as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,
 When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain words, by fooles misconfired were
 by whose fond tales reward hild his hands back
 To quite my woorth, a cause to fettle care :
 within my brest, who wel deseru'd, did lack.
 for who can brook, to see a painted crowe :
 Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starue among his books, Care.
 and see pied Doultes, vppon a booty feed ?
 What honest minde, can liue by fau'ring looks,
 and see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed ?
 What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile :
 when carpet swads, deuour ye Soldiers spoile ?

I am the wretch, whom Fortune flirted foe,
 These men, were brib'd, ere I had breth to speak :
 Muse then no whit, with this huge ouerthrowe,
 though cruffhing care, my giltles hart doth break
 But you wil say, that in delight doo dwell :
 my outward showe, no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true ; but hark vnto the rest,
 The Swan in songs, dooth knolle ner passing bel :
 The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest
 when she might mourn, her sweetest layes doth yel
 The valiant man, so playes a pleafant parte :
 When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vppon his hart.

For prooffe, my self, with care not so a feard,
 But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)
 When stoutly they doo stand among yat heard.
 So that I saw, but few hark to my mone.
 made choife to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint :
 in fight of men, who nothing feemd to faint.

But as oft vse, dooth weare an iron cote,
 as misling drops, hard flints in time doth pearse
 By peece meales, care so wrought me vnder foot
 but more then straunge is that I now rehearse,
 Three months I liued, and did digest no food :
 when none by arte my sicknes vnderstood.

No Phisi-
 cion could
 find out
 his greefe.

What helpeth then? to death I needs must pine,
 yet as the horse, the vse of warre which knowes :
 If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
 but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.
 Euen so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breth :
 Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what auailles, *Achilles* hart, to haue,
 King *Cressus* welth, the sway of all the world :
 The Prince, the Peere, so to the wretched slaue,
 when death assaults, from earthly holdes are whorld.
 Yea oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye :
 Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight, I wretched now am in,
 I looke much like a threshed ear of corne :
 I holde a forme, within a wrimpled skin,
 but from my bones, the fat and flesh is worne
 See, see the man, late plesures Minion :
 pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone

See gallants see, a picture worth the sight,
 (as you are now, my self was heertofore)
 My body late, stuft ful of manly might,
 As bare as *Iob*, is brought to Death his doore.
 My hand of late, which fought to win me fame :
 Stif clung with colde, wants forse to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flesh,
 Vnable are, to stay my bones vpright :
 My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wish,
 In broken woords, can scarce my minde recite.
 My head late stuft, with wit and learned skil :
 may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What fay you freends, this sudain change to see ?
 You rue my greef, you doo like flesh and blood :
 But mone your sinnes, and neuer morne for me,
 And to be plain, I would you vnderstood.
 My hart dooth swim, in seas of more delight :
 Then your who seems, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to snare the foule,
 A mas of finne, a defart of deceit : -
 A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baight.
 Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care :
 Vnfaire, vniust, in rendring man his share.

A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
 Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the shiftles wretch :
 where bribing mists, the iudges eyes doo blinde,
 Where *Parasites*, the fattest crummes doo catch.
 Where good deserts (which challenge like reward)
 Are ouer blowen, with blafts of light regard.

And what is man? Duft, Slime, a puf of winde,
 Conceiu'd in sin, plaste in the woorld with greef,
 Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then (til death, vouchsafe him some releef)
 Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end :
 To gather goods, for other men to spend.

O foolish man, that art in office plaste,
 Think whence thou cam'st, and whether ye shalt goe :
 The huge hie Okes, small windes have ouer cast,
 when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.
 Euen so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight :
 And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths, that nurish hie desire,
 Abuse your plumes, which makes you look so big :
 The Colliers cut, the Courtiars Steed wil tire,
 Euen so the Clark, the Parfones graue dooth dig.
 Whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win :
 Dooth heap (God wot) but sorowe vnto sinne.

And to be short, all fortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare :
The lightning flash, consumes the house of reed,
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.
Saue only man, who as his earthly liuing is :
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.

More would I fay, if life would lend me space,
but all in vain : death waites of no mans will :
The tired Iade, dooth trip at euery pace,
when pampered horse, will prounce against the hil.
So helthfull men, at long discourfes sporte:
When few words, the sick, would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease :
This short accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
my louing wife and sonne, will hardly please.
But in this case, so please them as I may :
These folowing words, my testament do wray.

My soule I first, bequeath Almighty God,
and though my finnes are greuous in his sight : The
effect of
his wil.
I firmly trust, to scape his firy rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite.
Whose precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
Is sole the cause, that faues me from hel fire.

My Body now which once I decked braue
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue :
I wish no pomp, the fame for to ingraue,
once-buried corn, dooth rot before it liue.
And flesh and blood in this self forte is tryed :
Thus buriall cost, is (with out proffit) pride.

I humbly giue, my gracious foueraign Queene
 (by seruice bound) my true and loyall hart :
 And trueth to say, a fight but rarely seene,
 as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.
 Her highnes so, hath reacht the Grace alone :
 To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whose face I fain would see,
 my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue :
 But fence my goods (God knoweth) but slender bee
 most gracious Queene, for Christ his sake I craue
 (not for any seruice that I haue doon)
 you will vouchsafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my blessing take in parte.
 and therwithall I giue thee this in charge :
 Firſt ſerue thou God, then vse bothe wit and arte,
 thy Fathers det, of ſeruice to diſcharge.
 which (forſte by death) her Maieſtie he owes :
 beyond defarts, who ſtill rewardes beſtowes.

I freely now all fortes of Men forgiue
 Their wrongs to me, and wiſh them to amend :
 And as good men, in charitie ſhould liue,
 I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.
 Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequeſt :
 And this is all, I of the world requeſt.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.
 Farwell O world, the baight of all abuſe :
 Death where is thy ſting? O Deuil where is thy hel?
 I little forſe, the forſes you can vse ;
 Yea to your teeth, I doo you both deſye :
Vt eſſem Chriſto, cupio diſſolui.

In this good mood, an end woorthy the showe,
 Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heau'd :
 And sweetly thus, good *Gaskoigne* went a *Dio*,
 Yea with such ease, as no man there perceiu'd,
 By strugling signe, or striuing for his breth :
 That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death.

Exhortatio.

His *Sean* is playd, you folowe on the act,
 Life is but death, til flesh, and blood be slain: Good men
 God graunt his woords, within your harts be pact
 As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain.
 The good for ther needs, *Vt untur mundo* :
 And vse good deeds, *Vt fruantur Deo*.

Contemme the change, (vse nay abuse) not God,
 Through holy shoves, this wordly muck to scratch :
 To deale with men and Saints is very od. Ipocrites
 Hypocrisie, a man may ouer catch.
 But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth see :
 Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge thee.

Thou iesting foole, which mak'st at sin a face,
 Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not : Careles
liuers.
 For where as he, is coldest in his grace,
 Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
 Tempt not to far, the lothest man to fight :
 When he is forste, the lustiest blowes dooth smight.

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
 you by your losse, do match with them in blame: Courtiers.
 The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not staine,
 The blinde for slouth, may hardly check the lame.
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit: Merchants.
 wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Iudges are, Lawyers.
 you shalbe judg'd, and therefore iudge aright:
 you count *Ignorantia Iuris* no bar,
 Then ignorance, your sinnes wil not acquite.
 Read, read God's law, with which yours should agre:
 That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whose words are perfect good,
 Make shewe in woorks, yat you your words infue:
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood, Prelats.
 but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,
 Euen so Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure:
 Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou haue,
 to whose behoofe, this breef discourse is tolde: Readers
in generall.
 Prepare thy self, eche houre for the graue,
 the market eats afwel yong sheep as olde.
 Euen so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:
 The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life shall leaue,
 thus sure thou art, but know'it not when to dye:
 Then good thou liue, least death doo the deceiue,
 as through good life, thou maist his force defye.
 For trust me man, no better match can make:
 Then leaue vn Timer, for certain things to take.

Viuat post funera Virtus.

*An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the
death, of M. G. Gaskoyne.*

For Gaskoynes death, leaue of to mone, or morne
You are deceiued, aliue the man is stil :
Aliue? O yea, and laugheth death to fcorne,
In that, that he, his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by fuch death, tvvo lyues he gaines for one,
His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endles ioye
His vvoorthy vvoorks, fuch fame in earth haue fovvne,
As fack nor vvrack, his name can there destroy.

But you vvill fay, by death he only gaines.
And hovv his life, vvould many stand in ftead :
O dain not Freend (to counterchange his paynes)
If novv in heauen, he haue his earnest meade.
For once in earth, his toyle vvas paffing great :
And vve deuourd the fveet of all his fveeat.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.





¶ Certayne notes of Instruction.

concerning the making of verse or

ryme in English, vvritten at the request

of Master *Edouardo Donati*.

S *Ignor Edouardo*, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will assaye to discharge the same, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therewithall I pray you consider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiæ*, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neuerthelesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request aduenture to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I haue vsed, referring the same hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you shall haue it in these few poynts followyng.

THe first and most necessarie poynt that euer I founde meete to be considered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleasant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym, Ram, Ruff*, by letter (quoth my master *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnlesse the Inuention haue in it also *aliquid salis*. By this *aliquid salis*, I meane some good and fine deuise, shewing the quicke capacitie of a writer: and where I say some *good and fine inuention*, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are so superfine, that they are *Vix good*. And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame foeuer you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tanquam in oratione*

perpetua, and neuer studie for some depth of deuise in ye Inuention, and some figures also in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuer vnto you generall examples it were almoste vnpossible, sithence the occasions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuerthelesse take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furder meanyng in these few poynts. If I should vndertake to wryte in prayse of a gentlewoman, I would neither praise hir cristal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are *trita et obuia*. But I would either finde some supernaturall cause wherby my penne might walke in the superlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunswere for any imperfection that shee hath, and therevpon rayse the prayse of hir commendation. Likewise if I should disclose my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a strange discourse of some intollerable passion, or finde occasion to pleade by the example of some historie, or discouer my disquiet in shadowes *per Allegoriam*, or vse the couertest meane that I could to anoyde the vncomely customes of common writers. Thus much I aduerture to deliuer vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is most to be marked, and hardest to be prescribed in certayne and infallible rules, neuerthelesse to conclude therein, I would haue you stand most vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and sticke not to studie deeply for some fine deuise. For that beyng founde, pleasant woordes will follow well inough and fast inough.

2. Your Inuention being once deuised, take heede that neither pleasure of rime, nor varietie of deuise, do carie you from it: for as to vse obscure and darke phrafes in a pleasant Sonet, is nothing delectable, so to entermingle merie iests in a serious matter is an *Indecorum*.

3. I will next aduise you that you hold the iust measure wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie but this may seeme a preposterous ordre: but

bycause I couet rather to fatiffie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not fomuch stand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I fay then, remember to holde the same meafure wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verfe of fixe fyl- lables, eight, ten, twelue, etc. and though this precept might feeme ridiculous vnto you, fince euery yong fcholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the fame meafure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I fee and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche begin- ning with the meafure of xij. in the firft line, and xiiij. in the fecond (which is the common kinde of verfe) they wil yet (by that time they haue paffed ouer a few verfes) fal into xiiij. and fourtene, *et fic de fimilibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelefnes.

4. And in your verfes remembre to place euery worde in his natural *Emphasis* or found, that is to fay in fuch wife, and with fuch length or shortneffe, eleua- tion or depression of fillables, as it is commonly pro- nounced or vfed: to exprefse the fame we have three maner of accents, *gravis, lenis, et circumflexa*, the whiche I would english thus, the long accent, the fhort accent, and that whiche is indifferent: the graue / accent is marked by this caracte, / the light ac- cent is noted thus, \ and the circumflexe or in- different is thus fignified ~: the graue accent is drawn out or eleuate, and maketh that fillable long wherevpon it is placed: the light accent is depressed or fnatched vp, and maketh that fillable fhort vpon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is in- different, fometimes fhort, fometimes long, fometimes de- pressed and fometimes eleuate. For example of th' em- phasis ornatural found of words, this word *Treasure*, hath the graue accent vpon the firft fillable, whereas if it fhoulde be written in this forte, *Treasure*, nowe were the fecond fillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the common vfe wherwith it is pronounced. For furder explanation hereof, note you that commonly now a dayes in english rimes (for I dare not cal them English

verfes) we vse none other order but a foote of two fillables, wherof the first is depressed or made short, and the second is eleuate or made long : and that sound or scanning continueth throughout the verse. We have vsed in times past other kindes of Meeters : as for example this following :



No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,

Vnlesse he beleue, that all is but vayne.

Also our father *Chaucer* hath vsed the same libertie in sèete and measures that the Latinists do vse : and who so euer do peruse and well consider his workes, he shall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one selfe same number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderstanding, the longest verse and that which hath most Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correspondent vnto that whiche hath fewest fillables in it : and like wise that whiche hath in it fewest syllables, shalbe founde yet to consist of woordes that haue fuche naturall founde, as may seeme equall in length to a verse which hath many moe fillables of lighter accentes. And surely I can lament that wee are fallen into fuche a playne and simple manner of wryting, that there is none other foote vsed but one : wherby our Poemes may iustly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verse. But since it is so, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me set downe vnto you fuche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two syllables you wreste no worde from his natural and vsuall founde, I do not meane hereby that you may vse none other wordes but of twoo fillables, for therein you may vse discretion according to occasion of matter : but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verse be so placed as the first fillable may found short or be depressed, the second long or eleuate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth shorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this

point marke these two verses :



I vnderstand your meanying by your eye.

Your meaning I vnderstand by your eye.

In these two verses there seemeth no difference at all, since the one hath the very selfe same woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verse is neyther true nor pleasant, and the first verse may passe the musters. The fault of the latter verse is that this worde *vnderstand* is therein so placed as the graue accent falleth upon *der*, and thereby maketh *der*, in this word vnderstand to be eleuated : which is contrarie to the naturall or vsual pronounciation : for we say

vnderstand, and not *vnderstand*.

5. Here by the way I thinke it not amisse to forewarne you that you thrust as few woordes of many fillables into your verse as may be : and herevnto I might alledge many reafons : first the most auncient English woordes are of one fillable, so that the more monasyllables that you vse, the truer Englishman you shall seeme, and the lesse you shall smell of the Inke-horne. Also woordes of many syllables do cloye a verse and make it vnpleasant, whereas woordes of one syllable will more easly fall to be shorte or long as occasion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent founde.

6 I would exhorte you also to beware of rime without reason : my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firste Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawen sometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at least to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the first (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then eyther botche it vp with a worde that will ryme (howe small reason soeuer it carie with it) or els they alter

their first worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your first determined Inuention, and do rather searche the bottome of your braynes for apte words, than chaunge good reason for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers lesson) worke thus, when you haue set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the selfe same founde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, the laste woorde of your firste line is *care*, to ryme therewith you haue *bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and share, mare, snare, rare, flare, and ware, &c.* Of all these take that which best may serue your purpose, carying reason with rime: and if none of them will serue so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vse the same Figures or Tropes in verse which are vsed in prose, and in my iudgement they serue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verse than they haue in prose: but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do know the vse of any other figure than that whiche is expressed in repeticion of fundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly vsed) lendeth good grace to a verse: but they do so hunt a letter to death, that they make it *Crambé*, and *Crambe bis positum mors est*: therefore *Ne quid nimis*.

9 Also asmuche as may be, eschew straunge words, or *obsoleta et inusitata*, vnlesse the Theame do giue iust occasion: marie in some places a straunge worde doth drawe attentiuie reading, but yet I woulde haue you therein to vse discretion.

10 And asmuch as you may, frame your stile to *perspicuity* and to be sensible: for the haughty obscure verse doth not much delight, and the verse that is to easie is like a tale of a rosted horse: but let your Poeme be such as may both delight and draw attentiuie readyng, and therewithal may deliuer such matter as be worth the marking.

11. You shall do very well to vse your verſe after th[e] engliſhe phraſe, and not after the manner of other languages: The Latinifts do commonly ſet the adiectiue after the Subſtantiue: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altæ, &c.* but if we ſhould ſay in Engliſh a woman fayre, a houſe high, etc. it would haue but ſmall grace: for we ſay a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbidde it you, for in ſome places, it may be borne, but not ſo hardly as ſome vse it which wryte thus:

*Now let vs go to Temple ours,
I will go viſit mother myne &c.*

Surely I ſmile at the ſimplicities of ſuch deuifers which might aſwell haue ſayde it in playne Engliſhe phraſe, and yet haue better pleaſed all eares, than they ſatiſſie their owne fancies by ſuche *ſuperfineſſe*. Therefore euen as I haue aduiſed you to place all wordes in their naturall or moſt common and vſuall pronounciation, ſo would I wiſhe you to frame all ſentences in their mother phraſe and proper *Idioma*, and yet ſometimes (as I haue ſayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per *licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwiſe lawfull or commendable.

12. This poetical licence is a ſhrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verſe, it maketh wordes longer, ſhorter, of moſt ſyllables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falſer, and to conclude it turkeneth all things at pleaſure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *adowne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *ouercome*, *tane* for *taken*, *power* for *powre*, *heauen* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a nombre of other whiche were but tedious and needeleſſe to rehearſe, ſince your owne iudgement and readyng will ſoone make you eſpie ſuch aduauntages.

13. There are alſo certayne pauſes or reſtes in a verſe whiche may be called *Cæſures*, whereof I would be lothe to ſtande long, ſince it is at diſcretion of the wryter, and they haue bene firſt deuiferd (as ſhould

seeme) by the Musicians : but yet thus much I will adventure to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verse of eight fillables, the pause will stand best in the midst, in a verse of tenne it will best be placed at the ende of the first foure fillables : in a verse of twelue, in the midst, in verses of twelue in the firste and fouretene in the seconde, wee place the pause commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight fillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycause I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne fillables, and seuen such verses make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acroffe) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut vp the Sentence : this hath bene called Rithme royall, and surely it is a royall kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are fundrie fortes : for a man may write ballade in a staffe of fixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or fixe fillables, whereof the firste and third, second and fourth do rime acroffe, and the fifth and sixth do rime together in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne fillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most commonly vsed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriued of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serue beste for daunces or light matters. Then haue you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self same foote or repeticion, and was thereof (in my iudgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called

Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiue worde deriued of *Sonare*, but yet I can beste allowe to call those Sonnets whiche are of foure tenelynes, euery line conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelue do ryme in staues of foure lines by crosse meetre, and the last two ryming together do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of fixe lines, commonly vsed by the French, which some Engles. writers do also terme by the name of Sonetter. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called Visk layes, deriued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say greene Songes: but I muste tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verse which I saw by aucthoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne fillables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrossse, and the fifth did aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *VVilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*, etc.* There are also certaine Poemes deuised of tenne syllables, whereof the first aunswereth in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche other: these are more vsed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily what name to giue them. And the commonest fort of verse which we vse now adayes (*viz.* the long verse of twelue and fourtene fillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters measure, which giueth. xii. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this suffise (if it be not to much) for the sundrie fortes of verses which we vse now adayes.

15 In all these fortes of verses when soeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tediousnesse, and euer as neare as you can, do finish the sentence and meaning at the end of euery staffe where you

* Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.

wright staues, and at the end of euery two lines where you write by coopes or poulters measure: for I see many writers which draw their sentences in length, and make an ende at latter Lammas: for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduise) eschue prolixitie and knit vp your sentences as compendiously as you may, since breuitie (so that it be not drowned in obscuritie) is most commendable.

16 I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is suche as our Mayster and Father *Chaucer* vsed in his Canterburie tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterprises: but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it shall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte: you may see (by the way) that I holde a preposterous order in my traditions, but as I sayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to shewe my skill. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime serueth most aptly to wryte a merie tale, so Rythme royall is fittest for a grauediscourse. Ballades are beste of matters of loue, and rondlettes moste apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe: Sonets serue aswell in matters of loue as of discourse: Dizaymes and Sixames for shorte Fantazies: Verlayes for an effectual proposition, although by the name you might otherwise iudge of Verlayes, and the long verse of twelue and fouretene fillables, although it be now adayes vsed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would serue best for Pfalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde stande longer in these traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I sayde before. I know that I write to my freende, and affying my selfe therevpon, I make an ende.

FINIS.

THE STEELE GLAS.
A Satyre compiled by George
Gascoigne Esquire.

Together with
The Complaine of *Phylomene.*
An Elegie deuifed by
the same Author.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



Printed for Richard Smith.

To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVilton Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, George Gascoigne Esquire wisheth long life
with encrease of honour, according to
 his great worthineffe.



R ight honorable, noble, and my singular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correspondent too the iust desires of my hart, I should yet thinke al the same vnable to deserue the least parte of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deygned with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabyllitie to heare me, with exceeding curtesy to vse me, with graue aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to protect me. All which when I do remember, yet it stirreth in me an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that zeale begetteth bashefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours reuiued the very same affection, whiche firste moued in mee the desire to honour and esteeme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthynesse, and therewithal do fet before mine eyes the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see afarre of (for my comfort) the high and triumphant vertue called *Mignanimitie*, accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my faynting harte, and the seconde doth

beginne (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (ahlas my goode Lorde) were not the cordial of these two pretious Spiceries, the corrosyue of care woulde quickly confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth, I confesse it : what shall I do then? shall I yelde to mysery as a iust plague apointed for my portion? Magnanimitie faith no, and Industrie seemeth to be of the very same opinion.

I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned : yea more than that, I am rygorously reiected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispayre? shall I yeelde vnto iellosie? or drowne my dayes in idleneffe, bycause their beginning was bathed in wantonneffe? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not suffer me, and the delightfulnesse of dilygence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reproued for that which I haue done in deede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with most vntrue furies? Yea *Themistocles* when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge host of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulsed from his owne, and constrained to seeke fauour in the fight of his late professedemie. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was such, as neither could aduerfytie ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their brestes any least sparke of desire, to seeke any vn honorable reuenge.

I haue loytred (my lorde) I confesse, I haue lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the funne did shine, and now I striue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Maymoone of my youth, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse, when the crows foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what?

Aristotle spent his youth very ryotously, and *Plato* (by your leaue) in twenty of his youthful yeares, was no lesse addicted to delight in amorous verse, than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of

moral Phylofophy. VVhat shoulde I fpeake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greateft Oratours of his time? Thefe examples are fufficient to proue that by indutrie and diligence any perfection may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduerfities are eafye to be endured. And to that ende (my verie good lorde) I do here prefume thus rudely to rehearfe them. For as I can be content to confefse the lightneffe wherewith I haue bene (in times past) worthie to be burdened, fo would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwife bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced ftill to carie on my foulders the crosse of my carelefneffe, but therewithall I am alfo put to the plonge, too prouide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe fufpects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my felfe fo feeble, and fo vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearfed) I fould either caft downe mine armoure and hide myfelfe like a recreant, or elfe (of a malicious flubborneffe) fould bufie my braines with fome Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduerfaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie fuffer me to become vnhoneft, nor yet can Indutrie fee me finke in idleneffe.

For I haue learned in facred fcriptures to heape coles vppon the heade of mineemie, by honeft dealing: and our fauiour himfelfe hath encouraged me, faying that I fhall lacke neither workes nor feruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

Thefe things I fay (my fingular good lorde) do renewe in my troubled minde the fame affection which firft moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauorable eyes will vouchfafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be fo curious as to enquire what I haue bene.

And in ful hope therof, I haue prefumed to present your honour with this Satyre written without rime, but I trust not without reason. And what foeuer it bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable name, beseeching the same too accept it with as gracious regarde, as you haue in times past bene accustomed too beholde my trauailes. And (my good Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time, yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe of roste for their paynes. And when the vertuous shall perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then shall detraction be no lesse ashamed to haue falsely accused me, than light credence shal haue cause to repent his rashe conceypt: and Grauitie the iudge shal not be abashed to cancel the sentence vniustly pronounced in my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongst my bookes here at my poore house in VValkamstowe, where I praye daylie for speedy aduauncement, and continuall prosperitie of your good Lordship. VVritten the fiftenth of April. 1576.

(. .)

*By your honours most bownden and well assured
George Gascoigne.*

N. R. in commendation
of the Author, and his
 workes.

I N rowfing verfes of *Mauors* bloudie raigne,
 The famous *Greke*, and *Miro* did excel.
 Graue *Senec* did, furmounte for Tragike vaine,
 Quicke *Epigrams*, *Catullus* wrote as wel.
Archilochus, did for *Iambickes* paffe,
 For commicke verfe, ftill *Plautus* peereleffe was

In *Elegies*, and wanton loue writ laies,
 Sance peere were *Nafø*, and *Tibullus* deemde :
 In Satyres sharpe (as men of mickle praife)
Lucilius, and *Horace* were efteemde.
 Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,
 But *Gafcoigne* doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,
 I lift not vaunte, his workes for me fhall fay ;
 In praifing him *Timantes* trade I take,
 VVho (when he fhould, the woful cheare difplaie,
 Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile,
 His daughters death with teares of fmal auaile :

Not skild to countershape his morneful grace,
 That men might deeme, what art coulde not fupplie)
 Deuifde with painted vaile, to fhrowde his face.
 Like forte my pen fhall *Gafcoignes* praife difcrie,
 VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearfe,
 Doth fhrowde and cloude them thus in filent verfe.

'Walter Rawely of the middle
Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glasse.

SVVete were the fauce, would please ech kind of tast,
 The life likewise, were pure that neuer swerued,
 For spyteful tonges, in cankred stomackes plaste,
 Deeme worst of things, which best (percase) deserued :
 But what for that ? this medicine may suffyse,
 To scorne the rest, and seke to please the wise.

Though fundry mindes, in fundry forte do deeme,
 Yet worthiest wights, yelde praye for euery payne,
 But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) esteeme,
 Such stately steppes, as they cannot attaine.
 For who so reapes, renoune aboute the rest,
 VVith heapes of hate, shal surely be opprest.

VVherefore to write, my censure of this booke,
 This Glasse of Steele, vnpartially doth shewe,
 Abuses all, to such as in it looke,
 From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe,
 As for the verse, who lifts like trade to trye,
 I feare me much, shal hardly reache so high.

Nicholas Bowyer in commen-
dation of this worke.

FRom layes of Loue, to Satyres sadde and fage,
 Our Poet turnes, the trauaile of his time,
 And as he please, the vaine of youthful age,
 VVith pleasant penne, employde in louing ryme :
 So now he seekes, the grauest to delight,
 VVith workes of worth, much better than they showe.

¹ Mr. J. P. Collier, in *Arch.* xxxiv. 138, states that this is the earliest known verse of Sir W. Raleigh's, and that the above heading shows him to have been at least resident in the Middle Temple in 1570.

This Glasse of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
 Discrifies the faults, as wel of high as lowe.
 And *Philomelaes* fourefolde iust complaynte,
 In sugred founde, doth shrowde a solempne fence,
 Gainst those whome lust, or murder doth attaynte.
 Lo this we see, is *Gascoignes* good pretence,
 To please al forts, with his praiseworthy skill.
 Then yelde him thanks in signe of like good wil.

The Author to the Reader.

TO vaunt, were vaine : and flattrie were a faulte.
 But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
 The which I seeke, by science to assault,
 And so to leaue, remembrance of my name.
 The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyme :

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.
 Then since I see, that rimes can feldome reache,
 Vnto the toppe, of such a stately Towre,
 By reasons force, I meane to make some breache,
 VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,
 That so at last, my Muse might enter in,
 And reason rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,
 In rymelesse verse, which thundreth mighty threates,
 And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,
 Euen there (amaine) with sharpe rebukes it beates.
 The worke (thinke I) deserues an honest name,
 If not? I fayle, to win this forte of fame.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

THE STEELE GLAS.



He Nightingale, (whose happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whose chereful voice, doth comfort saddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little cause to sing.

Whom louers loue, bicause she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeares, haue not disdained hir notes :
(Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To sing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By flaundrous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my selfe should sitte.
O Phylomene, then helpe me now to chaunt :
And if dead beastes, or liuing byrdes haue ghosts,
Which can conceiue the cause of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,

Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
 In barrayne verfe, to tell a frutefull tale,
 A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
 Of learned men, and graue Philosphers.

And you my Lord, (whose happe hath heretofore
 Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
 And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget
 The faults of youth, which past my hasty pen :
 And therewithall, haue graciously vouchsafte,
 To yeld the rest, much more than they deservde)
 Vouchsafe (lo now) to reade and to peruse,
 This rimles verfe, which flowes from troubled mind.
 Synce that the line, of that false caytife king,
 (Which rauished fayre *Phylomene* for lust,
 And then cut out, 'hir trustie tong for hate)
 Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
 They liue, they liue, (alas the worfe my lucke)
 Whose greedy lust, vnbridled from their brest,
 Hath raunged long about the world so wyde,
 To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
 And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
 Whose harmeleffe hart, perceivde not their decept.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,
 The mysteries, of all that I do meane,
 I am not he whom flaunderous tongues haue tolde,
 (False tongues in dede, and craftie subtile braines)
 To be the man, which ment a common spoyle
 Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words
 Or trust the tales deuifed by my pen.
 In' am a man, as some do thinke I am,
 (Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
 Or at the least, a right *Hermaphrodite* :
 And who desires, at large to knowe my name,
 My birth, my line, and euery circumstance,
 Lo reade it here, *Playne dealyng* was my Syre,
 And he begat me by *Simplycitie*,

Not ig-
 norant
 symplicity
 but a
 thought
 free from
 deceite.

A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,
 My sistr' and I, into this world were sent,
 My Systers name, was pleasant *Poefys*,
 And I my selfe had *Satyra* to name,
 Whose happe was such, that in the prime of
 youth,

Satyricall-
 Poetrye
 may right
 ly be cal-
 led the
 daughter
 of such
 simplici-
 tie.

A lusty ladde, a stately man to see,
 Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,
 (I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)
 Beganne to woo my sifter, not for wealth,
 But for hir face was louely to beholde,
 And therewithall, hir speeche was pleasant stil.
 This Nobles name, was called *vayne Delight*,
 And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
 Of guylefull wights: *False semblant* was the
 first,

VWhere
 may be
 commonly
 found a
 meeter
 vvoor for
 plesant
 poetry,
 than *vaine
 Delight*?
 Such men
 do many
 tymes at-
 tend
 vpon
*vaine de-
 light*.

The second man was, *Flearing flattery*,
 (Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
 Then followed them, *Detraction* and *Deceite*.
Sym Swash did beare a buckler for the first,
False witnesse was the seconde stemly page,
 And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
 This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
 And woed my sifter, for she elder was,
 And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)
 Hir pleasant speech surpassed mine fomuch,
 That *vayne Delight*, to hir adrest his sute.
 Short tale to make, she gaue a free consent,
 And forth she goeth, to be his wedded make,
 Entyst percase, with glosse of gorgeous shewe,
 (Or else perhappes, perswaded by his peeres,
 That constant loue had herbord in his brest,
Such errors growe where suche false Prophets preach.

Poetrie
 married
 to *vaine
 Delight*.

How so it were, my Sifter likte him wel,
 And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
 Where when she had some yeeres yfoiorned,
 And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
 A *deepe Desire* hir louing hart enflamde,

To see me fit by hir in seemely wise,
 That companie might comfort hir sometymes,
 And found advice might ease hir wearie thoughts :
 And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)
 Doth *vaine Delight*, his hasty course direct,
 To seeke me out his fayles are fully bent,
 And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
 Whereas she lay, that mourned dayes and nights
 To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceivde,
 And when the wretch, (I cannot terme him bet)
 Had me on seas ful farre from friendly help,
 A sparke of lust, did kindle in his brest,
 And bad him harke, to songs of *Satyra*.
 I felly soule (which thought no body harme)
 Gan cleere my throte, and straue to sing my
 best,

Satyrical
 Poetry is
 somtimes
 rauished
 by vayne
 Delight.

Which pleasde him so, and so enflamde his hart,
 That he forgot my sister *Poesys*,
 And rauisht me, to please his wanton minde.
 Not so content, when this foule fact was done,
 (Yfraught with feare, leaft that I should disclose
 His incest : and his doting darke desire)
 He causde straight wayes, the formost of his
 crew

False sem-
 blant and
 flatterie
 can sel-
 dome be-
 guile sati-
 rical Poe-
 trie.

VVith his compeare, to trie me with their
 tongues :

And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
 My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,
 Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
 Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,
 That I entist *Delyght*, to loue and luste.

Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
 And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
 They clapt me fast, in cage of *Myserie*,
 And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
 Vntil this theefe, this traytor *vaine Delight*,
 Cut out my tong, with *Rayzor of Restraynte*,
 Leaft I should wraye, this bloody deede of his.

The re-
 vvard of
 busy med-
 ling is
 Miseric.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life,
 Not as I feemd, a m̄n sometimes of might,
 But womanlike, whose teares muſt venge hir
 harms.

note novv
 and compare
 this allego-
 ry to the
 ſtory of
 Progne and
 Philomele.

And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine
 For *Philomele*, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
 Yet ſhould ſhe ſing a pleaſant note ſometimes :
 So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
 That with the ſtumps of my reprov'd tong,
 I may ſometimes, *Reprov'ders* deedes reprove,
 And ſing a verſe, to make them ſee themſelues.

Then thus I ſing, this felly ſong by night,
 Like *Phylomene*, ſince that the ſhining Sunne
 Is how eclipſt, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I ſing, in corner cloſely cowcht
 Like *Philomene*, ſince that the ſtately cowrts,
 Are now no place, for ſuch poore byrds as I.

And thus I ſing, with pricke againſt my breſt,
 Like *Philomene*, ſince that the priuy worme,
 Which makes me ſee my reckles youth miſpent,
 May well ſuffiſe, to keepe me waking ſtill.

And thus I ſing, when pleaſant ſpring begins,
 Like *Philomene*, ſince euery ianglyng byrd,
 Which ſqueaketh loude, ſhall neuer triumph ſo,
 As though my muze were mute and durſt not ſing.

And thus I ſing, with harmeleſſe true intent,
 Like *Philomene*, when as percaſe (meane while)
 The Cuckowe ſuckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
 And lickes the ſweet, which might haue fed me firſt.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wiſe to ſing,
 A rare conceit, (God graunt it like my Lorde)
 A truſtie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
 A playne ſong note, which cannot warble well.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world, Here the
substance
of the
theame
beginneth
 Wherein I see, howe euery kind of man
 Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himselfe.
 I seeme to muse, from whence such errour springs,
 Such grosse conceits, such mistes of darke mistake,
 Such *Surcuydry*, such weening ouer well,
 And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.
 And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
 The cause thereof, and whence it should proceede,
 My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly brufde,
 With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)
 Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,
 Which makes me thinke, the world goeth still awry.

I see and sigh, (bycause it makes me sadde)
 That peuishe pryde, doth al the world possesse,
 And euery wight, will haue a looking glasse
 To see himselfe, yet so he seeth him not :
 Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,
 Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,
 Is not enough, the days are past and gon,
 That Berral glasse, with foyles of louely brown,
 Might serue to shew, a seemely fauord face.
 That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
 Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,
 And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
 But shewde al things, euen as they were in dede.
 In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
 The christal glas, which glimsfeth braue and bright,
 And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
 Beguyld with foyles, of fundry subtil fights,
 So that they seeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)
 That Realmes do rewe, from high prosperity,

That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
 That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
 That knights confume, their patrimonie fill,
 That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,
 That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot thriue,
 That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,
 That laymen liue, by mouing mischiefe stil,
 That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,
 That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
 That Souldiours sterue, or prech at Tiborne crosse,
 That lawyers buye, and purchase deadly hate,
 That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,
 That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
 That sicophants, are counted iolly guefts,
 That *Lais* leades a Ladies life alofte,
 And *Lucrece* lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)
 That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought,
 And castels buylt, aboue in lofty skies,
 Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
 And that the fame may seme no feined dreame,
 But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
 I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
 And came to me, by wil and testament
 Of one that was, a Glassemaker in deede.

Lucylius, this worthy man was namde,
 Who at his death, bequeathd the christal glasse,
 To such as loue, to seme but not to be,
 And vnto those, that loue to see themselues,
 How foule or fayre, foeuer that they are,
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
 Bycause it shewes, all things in their degree.
 And since myfelse (now pride of youth is past)

A famous
 old satyri-
 cal Poete.

Do loue to be, and let al feeming passe,
 Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
 Not what I would, but what I am or should,
 Therefore I like this trustie glasse of Steele.

Wherein I see, a frolike fauor frounst With foule abuse, of lawlesse lust in youth :	The auc- thor him- selfe.
Wherein I see, a <i>Sampsons</i> grim regarde Disgraced yet with <i>Alexanders</i> bearde :	Alexander magnus had but a smal beard.
Wherein I see, a corps of comely shape (And such as might befeeme the courte full wel) Is cast at heele, by courting al to soone :	He vvich vvil re- buke mens faults, shal do vvell not to for- get hys ovvne im- perfections.
Wherein I see, a quicke capacitye, Berayde with blots of light Inconstancie :	
An age suspect, bycause of youthes misdeedes. A poets brayne, possfest with layes of loue :	
A <i>Cæsars</i> minde, and yet a <i>Codruses</i> might, A Souldiours hart, supprest with feareful doomes :	
A Philosopher, foolishly fordone. And to be playne, I see my selfe so playne, And yet so much vnlike that most I seemde, As were it not, that Reason ruleth me, I should in rage, this face of mine deface, And cast this corps, downe headlong in dispaire, Bycause it is, so farre vnlike it selfe.	

And therwithal, to comfort me againe, I see a world, of worthy gouernment, A common welth, with policy so rulde, As neither lawes are fold, nor iustice bought, Nor riches fought, vnlesse it be by right. No crueltie, nor tyrannie can raigne, No right reuenge, doth rayse rebellion, No spoyles are tane, although the sword preuaile, No ryot spends, the coyne of common welth, No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp, No man growes riche, by subtilty nor sleight :	Common vveth
--	-----------------

All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
 And al men feare, the scourge of mighty Ioue.
 Lo this (my lord) may wel deserue the name,
 Of such a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
 And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
 Set forth euen so, by *Solon* (worthy wight)
 Who taught king *Cræsus*, what it is to seme,
 And what to be, by prooffe of happie end.
 The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,
 Did set to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
 And left the fame, a mirour to behold,
 To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing christal glasse
 Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych
 VVhere fauor sways, the sentence of the law, Common
 VVhere al is fishe, that cometh to the net, vvoe.
 VVhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
 VVhere iniuries, do foster secret grudge,
 VVhere bloody sword, maks euery booty prize,
 VVhere banquetting, is compted comly cost,
 VVhere officers grow rich by princes pens,
 VVhere purchase commes, by couyn and deceit,
 And no man dreads, but he that cannot shift,
 Nor none serue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,
 But foure estates, to serue eche country Soyle,
 The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.
 The King should care for al the subiectes still,
 The Knight should fight, for to defende the same,
 The Peasant he, should labor for their ease,
 And Priests shuld pray, for them and for themselues.

But out alas, such mists do bleare our eyes,
 And christal glosse, doth glister so therwith,
 That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous Kings.
 great.

When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,
 To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant fights, 1
 To fede their fil, of daintie delicates, 2
 To glad their harts, with sight of pleasant sports, 3
 To fil their eares, with sound of instruments, 4
 To breake with bit, the hot coragious horse, 5
 To deck their haules, with fumpteous cloth of gold, 6
 To cloth themselues, with filkes of straunge deuise, 7
 To search the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones, 8
 To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold : 9
 And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,
 To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
 To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
 To seme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,
 To gard their lands, from sodaine sword and fier,
 To feare the cries of gittles suckling babes,
 Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their bloud,
 And stirre the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I speake not this, by any english king,
 Nor by our Queene, whose high foresight prouids,
 That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
 Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
 But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
 In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
 (Who sawe themselues, in glasse of trusty Steele)
 Contented were, with pompes of little pryce,
 And set their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did florish most,
 That no man might triumph in stately wise,
 But such as had, with blowes of bloody blade
 Fiue thousand foes in foughten field foredone.
 Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,
 May see proud pomps, in high triumphant wife,
 Where neuer blowe, was delt withemie.

Veleri
 max. lib. 2.
 cap. 3.

When *Sergius*, deuised first the meane

To pen vp fishe, within the swelling floud,
 And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
 Then followed fast, excesse on Princes bordes,
 And euery dish, was chargde with new conceits,
 To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.
 But had he seene, the streine of straunge deuise,
 Which *Epicures*, do now adayes inuent,
 To yeld good fmacke, vnto their daintie tongues :
 Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is filde
 With secreet cause, of sickenesse (oft) vnseene,
 Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,
 Then would he say, that al the Romane cost
 Was common trash, compar'd to fundrie Sauce
 Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou settest things to shew,
 Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
 Al eyes behold, with eagre deepe desire, 3
 The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his course,
 The bayted Bul, and Beare at stately stake,
 These Enterluds, these newe Italian sportes,
 And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man :
 But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,
 And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
 The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.
 Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A fwete consent, of Musicks sacred sound, 4
 Doth rayse our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,
 But sweeter foundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
 Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede, 5
 To bridle him, and make him meete to ferue,
 Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.
 But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,
 VVith pampred Iades, ought therewithal to wey,
 VVhat great excesse, vpon them may be spent,
 How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

Might therwith al, in godly wife be fedde, Deut. 18.
And kings ought not, fo many horſe to haue.

The ſumptuous houſe, declares the princes ſtate, 6
But vaine exceſſe, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbaſt hoſe, our treble double ruffes, 7
Our ſutes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
Our knit filke ſtockes, and ſpaniſh lether ſhoes,
(Yea veluet ferues, ofttimes to trample in)
Our plumes, our ſpangs, and al our queint aray,
Are pricking ſpurres, prouoking filthy pride,
And ſnares (vnſeen) which leade a man to hel.

How liue the Mores, which ſpurne at gliſtring perle, 8
And ſcorne the coſts, which we do holde fo deare?
How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
Of peerleſſe truth, amongſt them publiſhed,
(VVhich we enioy, and neuer wey the worth.)
They would not then, the ſame (like vs) deſpiſe,
VVhich (though they lacke) they liue in better wiſe
Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle fo deare.
But glittering gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
Til greedy mindes, gan ſearch the very guts
Of earth and clay, to finde out fundrie moulds
(As redde and white, which are by melting made
Bright gold and ſiluer, mettals of miſchiefe)
Hath now enflamde, the nobleſt Princes harts
With fouleſt fire, of filthy Auarice,
And ſeldome ſeene, that kings can be content
To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:
What cauſeth this, but greedy golde to get?
Euen gold, which is, the very cauſe of warres,
The neaſt of ſtriſe, and nourice of debate,
The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squires
But is this ſtrange? when Lords when Knightes and
(Which ought defende, the ſtate of common welth)
Are not afraid to couet like a King?

O blinde desire : oh high aspiring harts.
 The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, *Knights.*
 The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke,
 The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
 And none content, with that which is his own.
 Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse
 (VVhich glistereth bright, and bleares their gasing eyes)
 How euery life, beares with him his diseafe.
 But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele,
 I can perceiue, how kingdomes breede but care,
 How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,
 (Though cappe and knee, do seeme a reuerence,
 And courtlike life, is thought an other heauen)
 Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
 A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,
 VVith pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
 (Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
 VVil breake vp house, and dwel in market townes,
 A loytring life, and like an *Epicure.*

But who (meane while) defends the common welth ?
 VVho rules the flocke, when sheperds so are fled ?
 VVho stayes the staff, which shuld vphold the state ?
 Forsoth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
 Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
 And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
 You were not borne, al onely for your selues :
 Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines.
 There should you liue, and therein should you toyle,
 To hold vp right, and banish cruel wrong,
 To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
 To punish vice, and vertue to aduance,
 To see God seruede, and *Belzebub* supprest.
 You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,
 And let them sway, the sceptor of your charge,
 VVhiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
 Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callde.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe
 A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
 And leaues the country for a common prey,
 To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit :
 (Al which his presence might haue pacified,
 Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)
 And now the youth which might haue serued him,
 In comely wise, with countrey clothes yclad,
 And yet therby bin able to preferre
 Vnto the prince, and there to feke aduance :
 Is faine to sell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
 Or else sits still, and liueth like a loute,
 (Yet of these two, the last fault is the leffe :)
 And so those imps which might in time haue sprong
 Aloste (good lord) and seruede to shielde the state,
 Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,
 Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the land,
 And these be they, which leaue the land at large.
 Yet here percase, it wilbe thought I roue
 And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
 Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
 (And such as shew, most perfect in my glasse)
 Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
 Whose skil in armes, and long experience
 Should still vphold the pillers of the worlde.
 Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
 May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight,
 Yea gentlemen, and euey gentle borne. (Squire,

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
 What souldiours are, or what they ought to be
 (And I my selfe, of that profesion)
 I see a crew, which glister in my glasse, Souldiours,
 The braueft bande, that euer yet was fene :
 Behold behold, where *Pompey* commes before,
 VVhere *Manlius*, and *Marius* infue,

Æmilius, and *Curius* I see,
Palamedes, and *Fabius maximus*,
 And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
Protefilaus and *Phocyan* are not farre,
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
 Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these fouldiours can I spie
 Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasse.

I see not one therein, which seekes to heape
 A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes, Covetous
Soldiours
 And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
 When muster day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius furnamed)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure, to the common chests,
That fourscore yeres, the slate was (after) free
From greuous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought jacriledge, himselfe for to aduance,
And see his fouldiours, pore or liue in lacke.

I see not one, within this glasse of mine, Soldiours
more
braue then
valiaunt.
 Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
 As though he were, all onely to be markt,
 When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
 Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field :
 And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
 Is daunted downe, with dastard dreadfulnessse.
 And yet in towne, he ietted euery freete,
 As though the god of warres (euen *Mars* himself)
 Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
 Though much more like, the coward *Constantine*.
 I see none such, (my Lorde) I see none such,

*Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, (whose constant hart could bide
The very vaines, of his forwearied legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,
One idie groate, in clothing nor in cates.*

I fee not one, (my Lord) I fee not one
Which stands somuch, vpon his paynted
 sheath
(Bycause he hath, perchance at *Bolleyne* bene
And loytered, since then in idleneffe)
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,
VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.
*Since Palamedes, and Vliffes both,
VVhere much esteemed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamynondas, eke was much esteemde
VVhose Eloquence, was such in all respects,
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
And Fabius, furnamed Maximus,
Could ioyne such learning, with experience,
As made his name, more famous than the rest.*

Soldiours
vwho (for
their ovvn
long con-
tinuance
in seruice)
do seeme
to despise
all other
of latter
time, and
especially
such as are
learned.

These bloody beasts, apeare not in my glasse,
VVhich cannot rule, their sword in furious rage,
Nor haue respecte, to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.
VVhose greedy harts so hungrie are to spoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
VVhich greued is, at cries of giltlesse blood.
*Pericles was, a famous man of warre,
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,
VVherof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce*

Soldiours
ouer cruel
vwithout
any re-
gard.

*In clemencie, than bloody victorie.
 Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
 VWho whispered, and tolde his valiant facts)
 You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got.
 For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)
 VWas neuer sene, a mourning garment worne.
 O noble words, wel worthy golden writ.
 Beleue me (Lord) a souldiour cannot haue
 Too great regarde, whereon his knife should cut.*

Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
 And shewe their scarres to euery commer by,
 Dare once befeene, within my glasse of Steele,
 For so the faults, of *Thraso* and his trayne,
 (Whom *Terence* told, to be but bragging brutes)
 Might sone appeare, to euery skilful eye.
*Bolde Manlius, could clofe and wel conuey
 Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) vpon his head,
 Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.*

Braggers
 and such
 as boast
 of their
 vvounds.

What should I speake, of drunken Soldiours?
 Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?
 Of whom that one, can fit and bybbe his fil,
 Confume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
 To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)
 And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking flocke
 Which might deserue, (by sobre life) great laude.
 That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
 In vaine delight, and foule concupiscence,
 When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
 Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
 Vnder the belt, of such as should him serue,
 And so becoms, example of much euil,
 Which should haue seruede, as lanterne of good life
 And is controlde, whereas he should commaund.
Augustus Cæsar, he which might haue made
 Both feasts and banquets brauely as the best,
 Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
 And seldome dranke his wine vnwatered.

Drunken
 and leche-
 rous sol-
 diours.

Aristomenes, dayned to defende
 His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
 And rather chose, to die in their defence,
 Then filthy men, should foyle their chafitie.
 This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayfe.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
 Behold my glasse, and you shall see therein,
 Proud *Craffus* bagges, confumde by couetife,
 Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkenesse,
Cæfar and *Pompey*, split with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightnesse of beliefe,
Cleômenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vespasian, disdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light set by for his lust,
 Whereby at last, he dyed in prifon pent.

Hereto percase, some one man will alledge,
 That Princes pence, are purfed vp so close,
 And faires do fall so feldome in a yeare,
 That when they come, prouifion must be made
 To fende the frost, in hardest winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glasse of mine,
Iustinian, that proude vngrateful prince,
 Which made to begge, bold *Belifarius*
 His trustie man, which had so stoutly fought
 In his defence, with evry enemy.
 And *Scypio*, condemnes the Romaine rule,
 Which suffred him (that had so truely ferued)
 To leade pore life, at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,
 VVhich did deferue, such worthy recompence.
 Yea herewithal, most Souldiours of our time,
 Beleeue for truth, that proude *Iustinian*
 Did neuer die, without good store of heyres.
 And *Romanes* race, cannot be rooted out,
 Such yffewe springs, of such vnplefant budds,

Vngrateful
 Princes.

But shal I say? this lesson learne of me,

VWhen drums are dumb, and found not dub a dub, VWhat e-
uery sol-
diour
should be
in time of
peace.
Then be thou eke, as newet as a mayde
(I preach this fermon but to fouldiours)
And learne to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the fleue
For futes of filke, when cloth may ferue thy turne,
Let not thy scores, come robbe thy needy purfe,
Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
VWhich wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a feruing man? then ferue againe,
And flint to steale as common fouldiours do.

Art thou a craftman? take thee to thine arte,
And cast off slouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman pressed for a shift?
Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shoes,
And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seene some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,
And so to get, a right renoumed name,
Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,
And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.
Bycause he bare, such compasse in my glasse.
High time were then, to turne my wery pen,
Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
I do not meane, alonely husbandmen,
Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and fowe,
Which swinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and
And ferch the guts of earth, for greedy gain, [Inort

But he that labors any kind of way. Peasant.
 To gather gaines, and to enrich himselfe,
 By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests,
 And al the rest, that liue in common welth,
 (So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
 Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place. Strange
Peasants.
 All officers, all aduocates at lawe,
 Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
 Must be content, to take a Peasants rome.

A strange deuise, and sure my Lord wil laugh,
 To see it so, desgested in degrees.
 But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
 And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
 Most officers, commaund that shuld be cravde) Officers.
 He that can share, from euery pention payde
 A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounce,
 He that can plucke, fir *Bennet* by the sleeue,
 And finde a fee, in his pluralitie,
 He that can winke, at any foule abuse,
 As long as gaines, come trouling in therwith,
 Shal such come see themselues in this my glasse?
 Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do?
 Yea let them come: but shal I tell you one thing?
 How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,
 With organe pipes, of old king *Henries* clampe,
 How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
 How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
 How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
 I compt them worse, than harmeles homely hindes,
 Which toyle in dede, to serue our common vse.

Strange tale to tel: all officers be blynde,
 And yet their one eye, sharpe as *Linceus* fight,
 That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
 That other pries and peekes in euery place.
 Come naked neede? and chance to do amisse?
 He shal be sure, to drinke vpon the whippe.
 But priuie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)

Can finde the meanes, to creepe and cowch fo low,
 As officers, can neuer see him flyde,
 Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
 He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde side stil.

Theſe things (my Lord) my glaſſe now ſets to ſhew,
 Whereas long ſince, all officers were ſeene
 To be men made, out of another mould.

Epamynond, of whome I ſpake before
 (Which was long time, an officer in *Thebes*)
 And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
 VVould neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.
 And thus he ſpake, to ſuch as fought his helpe :

If it be good, (quoth he) that you deſire,
 Then wil I do, it for the vertues ſake :
 If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.
 If ſo it be, for this my common weale,
 Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both

There
 to fevv
 ſuch of-
 ficers.

To ſee it done, withouten furdur words.
 But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
 And might empaire, offende, or yeld anoy
 Vnto the ſtate, which I pretende to ſtay,
 Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth
 Shal neuer tempt, my free conſent thereto.

How many now, wil treade *Zeleucus* ſteps?
 Or who can byde, *Cambyſes* cruel dome?
 Cruel? nay iuſt, (yea ſofte and peace good fir)
 For Iuſtice ſleepes, and Troth is ieſted out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)
 Hold euermore, one finger ſtreight ſtretcht out,
 To thruſt in eyes, of all their maſter theecues.

False
 iudges.

But *Brutus* died, without poſteritie,
 And *Marcus Craſſus* had none iſſue male,
Cicero ſlipt, vnſene out of this world,
 With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas, Aduocats.
 And were content, to vſe their eloquence,

In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in *Athens* vsde his arte,
 (Not for to heape, himselfe great hounds of gold,
 But) stil to stay, the towne from deepe deceite
 Of *Philips* wyles, which had besieged it.
 Where shal we reade, that any of these foure
 Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?
 Or who can say, they builded sumptuously?
 Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
 They were (I trowe) of noble houses borne,
 And yet content, to vse their best deuouire,
 In furduring, eche honest harmelesse cause.
 They did not rowte (like rude vnringed swine,)
 To roote nobilitie from heritage.
 They stode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
 (Bycause they had, respect to equitie)
 To leade a life, like true Philosphers.
 Of all the bristle bearded Aduocates
 That euer lovde their fees aboue the cause,
 I cannot see, (scarce one) that is so bolde
 To shewe his face, and fayned Phisnomie
 In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)
 He shewes himselfe, to be by very kinde
 A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
 To do smal right, but fure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose trauaile ought Merchants.
 Commodiously, to doe his cuntry good,
 And by his toyle, the same for to enriche,
 Can finde the meane, to make *Monopolyes*
 Of euery ware, that is accompted strange.
 And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine desires
 Vntil the court, haue courtiers cast at heele,
Quia non habent vestes Nuptiales.

O painted fooles, whose harebrainde heads must haue
 More clothes attones, than might become a king:
 For whom the rocks, in forain Realms must spin,
 For whom they carde, for whom they weaue their webbes

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
 (I speake not this by english courtiers
 Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)
 For whom al feas, are tossed to and fro,
 For whom these purples come from *Persia*,
 The crimosine, and liuely red from *Inde*:
 For whom soft silks, do fayle from *Sericane*,
 And all queint costs, do come from fardest coasts:
 Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour, August. 9.
 Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
 Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
 His daughters and, his niepes euerychone,
 To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
 And neuer carde, for silks or sumpteous cost,
 For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,
 For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
 He set the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,
 VVith bringing home, oyle, graine, and savrie salt
 And such like wares, as serued common vse.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
 To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,
 (To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*),
 To teach yong men, the trade to sel browne paper,
 Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometimes,
 To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
 To binde such babes, in father Derbies bands,
 To stay their steps, by statute Staples staffe,
 To rule yong roysters, with *Recognifance*,
 To read *Arithmeticke* once euery day,
 In VVoodstreat, Bredstreat, and in Pultery
 (VVhere such schoollmaisters keepe their countinghouse)
 To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,
 To keepe their byrds, ful close in caytiues cage,
 (Who being brought, to libertie at large,
 Might sing perchaunce, abroad, when funne doth shine
 Of their mishaps, and how their fetters fel)
 Vntill the canker may their corpe consume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
 Bycause they shewe not in my glasse of steele.
 But holla : here, I see a wondrous fight,
 I see a swarme, of Saints within my glasse :
 Beholde, behold, I see a swarme in deede
 Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,
 Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
 But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
 And yet they seme, so heauenly for to see,
 As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
 Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
 Their comly beards, and heare, of siluer wiers.
 And to be short, they seeme Angelycall.
 What should they be, (my Lord) what should they be ?

O gracious God, I see now what they be.
 These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
 These be my priests, deuorced from the world, Priest.
 And wedded yet, to heauen and holynesse,
 Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
 Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
 VVhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
 Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
 Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.
 Which neuer sawe, Sir *Simonies* deceits.
 Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
 Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
 Which thunder threts, of gods most greuous wrath,
 And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
 Descended from, *Melchisedec* by line
 Cofens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,
 These be my priests, the seafning of the earth
 VVhich wil not leese, their Saurineffe, I trowe.

Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats)

VVil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of these, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedy vfurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounce.

Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waspe,

Not one of these, can be content to sit
In Tauerns, Innes, or Alehouses all day,
But spends his time, deuoutly at his booke.

Not one of these, will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortion.

Not one of these, will paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of these, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he himselfe, with hauke vpon his fist
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet will sue for tythes.

Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashamde, to do euen as he teacheth.

My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lyplabour.

My priests can fast, and vse al abstinence,
From vice and sinne, and yet refuse no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wise,
And loue also, to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust, not in their owne deserts.

My priestes can place, all penance in the hart,
VVithout regard, of outward ceremonies.

My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests?
Although they were, the last that shewed themfelues,
I faide at first, their office was to pray,
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil prefume, (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himselfe, The poets
Beades.
That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake)
To giue his word, free passage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May soone be fene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
VVhich walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy sinne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all estates, For
Princes.
VVhich sway the sworde, of royal gouernment,
(Of whom our Queene, which liues without compare
Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Else I deferue, to lese both beades, and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith stil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themfelues,
And that they be but slaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleeps
Shal scant suffize, to hold it stil vpright.

Tell some (in *Spaine*) how close they kepe their closets,
How felde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their sunburnt futours sterue
And pine before, their processe be preferre.
Then pray (my priests) that god wil giue his grace,
To such a prince, his fault in time to mende.

Tel some (in *France*) how much they loue to dance,

VVhile futours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.

Tel some (in *Portugale*,) how colde they be,
In setting forth, of right religion :
Which more esteeme, the present pleasures here,
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) least god such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel some (*Italian*) princes, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forsooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste :
When as (in dede they be the sinkes of sinne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, vnto such princes charge,
When he himselfe, commaundeth euey man
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
By kings commaundes, as their lieutenants here,
Al magistrates, al counsellours, and all
That fit in office or Authoritie.
Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede
Do sway their minds, from furduring of right,
That they be not, too faintish nor too fowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That stil they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused, absent as he is :
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpasse (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor enuy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds mainteine, their auncestors degree.

For al no-
bilitie and
counselors.

Eke pray (my Priests) for them and for yourselues, ^{For the}
 For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeanes, deanes, and Priests ^{clergie.}
 And al that preach, or otherwise professe
 Gods holy word, and take the cure of foules.
 Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
 Make walke vpright, in your vocation.
 And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
 'To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therwithal, that some, (I see them I
 VVheras they fling, in *Flaunders* all afarre,
 For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
 Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
 So libertie, may launch about at large.

And some again (I see them wel enough
 And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke)
 Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
 Would plucke adowne, al princely *Dyademe*.
 Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainelike)
 Efteme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
 And therefore pray (my priests) lest pride preuaile.

Pray that the foules, of fundrie damned gofts,
 Do not come in, and bring good euidence
 Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
 Of some whose welth, made them neglect their charge
 Til secreet finnes (vntoucht) infecte their flocks
 And bredde a scab, which brought the shep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy wolfe,
 And left the folde, vnfended from the fox
 Which durst not barke, nor bawle for both theyr eares.
 Then pray (my priests) that such no more do so.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
 I meane the worthy Vniuerfities,

(And *Cantabridge*, thal haue the dignitie,
 Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
 That they bring vp their babes in decent wise :
 That *Philosophy*, smel no secret smoke, For all
learned.
 Which *Magike* makes, in wicked mysteries :
 That *Logike* leape, not ouer euery stile,
 Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
 With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
 That *Sophistrie*, do not deceiue it selfe,
 That *Cosmography* keepe his compasse wel,
 And such as be, *Historiographers*,
 Trust not to much, in euery tatlying tong,
 Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
 That *Phisicke*, thriue not ouer fast by murder :
 That *Numbring* men, in all their euens and odds
 Do not forget, that only *Vnitie*
 Vnmeasurable, infinite, and one.
 That *Geometrie*, measure not so long,
 Til all their measures out of measure be :
 That *Musike* with, his heauenly harmonie,
 Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
 Nor set mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
 Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot :
 That *Rhetorick*, learne not to ouerreache :
 That *Poetrie*, presume not for to preache,
 And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* corosiuues,
 Yet pamper vp hir owne with pulteffes :
 Or that she dote not vppon *Erato*,
 Which should inuoke the good *Caliope* :
 That *Astrologie*, looke not ouer high,
 And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit :
 That *Grammer* grudge not at our english tong,
 Bycause it stands by *Monosyllaba*,
 And cannot be declined as others are.
 Pray thus (my priests for vniuersities.
 And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
 Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
 Pray you to god, the good be not abusde,
 With glorious shewe, of ouerloding skill.

Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you pray
 For common people, eche in his degree, ^{For the}
 That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace. ^{Cominaltie}
 Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades?
 Or who shal first be put in common place?
 My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
 I cannot see who best deserues the roome,
 Stand forth good *Peerce*, thou plowman by thy name,
 Yet so the Sayler faith I do him wrong:
 That one contends, his paines are without peare,
 That other faith, that none be like to his,
 In dede they labour both exceedingly.
 But since I see no shipman that can liue
 Without the plough, and yet I many see
 (Which liue by lande) that neuer sawe the seas:
 Therefore I say, stand forth *Peerce* plowman first,
 Thou winst the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of sweat
 Disdaine him not: for shal I tel you what? ^{The}
 Such clime to heauen, before the shauen crownes. ^{plowman.}
 But how? forfooth, with true humilytie.
 Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
 Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
 Nor that they fet, debate betwene their lords,
 By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds:
 Nor for because, they can both crowche and creep
 (The guilefulst men, that euer God yet made)
 VVhen as they meane, most mischiefe and deceite,
 Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
 And say they racke, their rents an ace to high,
 VVhen they themselues, do fel their landlords lambe
 For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.
 I see you *Peerce*, my glasse was lately scowrde.
 But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
 Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster pent:
 Therefore I say, that sooner some of them
 Shal scale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
 Than cornfed beasts, whose bellie is their God,

Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for *Peerce*,
 As *Peerce* can pinch, it out for him and you.
 And if you haue a *Pateroster* spare
 Then shal you pray, for Saylers (God them fend
 More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
 For towarde shipwracke, many men can pray)
 That they once learne, to speake without a lye,
 And meane good faith, without blaspheming othes :
 That they forget, to steale from euery freight,
 And for to forge, false cockets, free to passe,
 That manners make, them giue their betters place,
 And vse good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frowne,
 And say, that thus they shal be ouerchargde,
 To pray for al, which seme to do amisse :
 And one I heare, more saucie than the rest,
 VVhich asketh me, when shal our prayers end ?
 I tel thee (priest) when shoemakers make shoes,
 That are wel sowed, with neuer a stich amisse,
 Aud vse no crafte, in vttring of the same :
 VVhen Taylours steale, no stuffe from gentlemen,
 VVhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreede,
 And both so dresse their hydes, that we go dry.
 when Cutlers leaue, to sel olde rustie blades,
 And hide no crackes, with soder nor deceit :
 when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
 when thatchers thinke, their wages worth their worke,
 when colliers put, no dust into their sacks,
 when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
 when Dauie Diker diggs, and dallies not,
 when smithes shoo horses, as they would be shod,
 when millers, toll not with a golden thumb,
 when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
 when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
 when butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleshe,
 when horsecorfers, beguile no friends with Iades,

when weauers weight, is found in hufwiues web.
 (But why dwel I, fo long among thefe lowts?)

VWhen mercers make, more bones to fwere and lye,
 VWhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,
 VWhen printers paffe, none errours in their bookes,
 VWhen hatters vse, to bye none olde cast robes,
 VWhen goldsmithes get, no gains by sodred crownes,
 When vpholsters, fel fethers without dust,
 When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,
 When drapers draw, no gaines by giuing day,
 When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,
 When Surgeons heale, al wounds without delay.
 (Tush thefe are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themfelues,
 VWhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vse no brags,
 When customers, conceale no covine vfde,
 VWhen Seachers fee, al corners in a shippe,
 (And spie no pens by any fight they fee)
 VWhen shriues do ferue, al proceffe as they ought,
 VWhen baylifes strain, none other thing but strays,
 VWhen auditours, their counters cannot change,
 VWhen proude surueyours, take no parting pens,
 VWhen Siluer sticks not on the Tellers fingers,
 And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
 When al thefe folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my priests) a little by your leaue)
 VWhen Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
 But are espied, for *Ecchoes*, as they are,
 When roysters ruffle not aboute their rule,
 Nor colour crafte, by fwearing precious coles:
 When Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
 A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
 VWhen *Lays* liues, not like a ladies pearle,
 Nor vseth art, in dying of hir heare.
 When al thefe things, are ordred as they ought,
 Aud see themfelues, within my glasse of steele,
 Euen then (my priests) may you make holyday,

And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may perceiue myselfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthlesse verse,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



EPILOGVS.



Las (my lord) my haft was al to hote,
I fhut my glaffe, before you gafde
your fill,
And at a glimfe, my feely felfe haue
fpied,
A ftranger trowpe, than any yet
were fene :
Beholde (my lorde) what monfters
muster here,

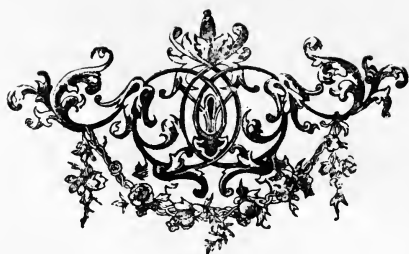
With Angels face, and harmefull helifh harts,
With fmyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and ftony cruel mindes,
With ftealing fteppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer ftande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with fundry fubtill fleights,
But paint and flicke, til fayreft face be foule,
But bumbaft, bolster, frifle, and perfume :
They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,
And dig for death, in delicateft difhes.
The yonger forte, come pyping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they bryded.
The elder forte, go ftately ftalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and Towres, reuenewes and receipts,
Lordfhips, and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What fhould thefe be ? (fpeake you my louely lord)
They be not men : for why ? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare fuch fide long gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant gloffe.
They be no diuels, (I trow) which feme fo faintifh.
What be they ? women ? masking in mens weedes ?

With dutchkin dublets, and with Ierkins iaggde?
 With Spanifh fpangs, and ruffes fet out of France,
 With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
 They be fo fure euen *VVo to Men* in dede.
 Nay then (my lorde) let fhut the glaffe apace,
 High time it were, for my pore Mufe to winke,
 Since al the hands, al paper pen, and inke,
 Which euer yet, this wretched world poffeft,
 Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,
 No no (my Lorde) we gafed haue inough,
 (And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
 Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre :
 And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
 But if my Glaffe, do like my louely lorde,
 VVe wil espie, some funny Sommers day,
 To loke againe, and fee some femely fights.
 Meane while, my Mufe, right humbly doth befech,
 That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verfe,
 Vntil my braines, may better fluffe deuife.

FINIS :

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.





The complaynt
of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by
George Gascoigne
Esquire.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.



IMPRINTED AT

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man for Richarde

Smith.

Anno Domini 1576.

To the right honorable, my
singuler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of
Wilton, Knight of the most noble
order of the Garter.



Yght noble, when I had determind with myself to write the *Satire* before recited (called the *Steele Glasse*) and had in myne *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my case to that of fayre *Phylomene*, abused by the bloudy king hir brother by lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirteene yeares past, I had begonne an *Elegye* or forrowefull song, called the *Complainte of Phylomene*, the which I began too deuise riding by the high way betwene Chelmissford and London, and being ouertaken with a fodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *Deprofundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished: and so it hath continued euer since vntil this present moneth of April. 1575. when I begonne my *Steele Glasse*. And bycause I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glasse*, begonne with the Nightingales notes: therefore I haue not thought amisse now to finish and pece vp the saide *Complaint* of *Phylomene*, obseruing neuerthelesse the same determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as is saide) twelue yeares nowe past. The which I presume with the rest to present vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the same wil accept my good entente therin. And I furder besече that your lordship wil voutsafe in reading therof, to gesse (by change of style) where the renewing of the verse may bee most apparantly thought to begin. I wil no furder trouble your honor with these rude lines, but besech of the almightie long to preferue you to his pleasure. From my pore house in VValkamstowe the sixtenth of April 1575.

Your *L. bounden and most assured*
George Gascoigne.

PHILOMENE.



IN sweet April, the messenger to
May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in
golden showres,
When euery byrde, records hir
louers lay,
And westerne windes, do foster forth
our floures,

Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
And as I floode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.

These thriftles birds (quoth she) which spend the day,
In needlesse notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are costly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.
But I which spend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when those birds take their rest,
Forpine my selfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breste.
I leade a life, to please the Louers minde,
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet feely foule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and seke for feedes at large.
The Throftle she, which makes the wood to ring
With shryching lowde, that lothsome is to heare,
Is costly kept, in cage: (O wondrous thing)
The Mauis eke, whose notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good footh (quoth she) sometimes I wepe
To see Tom Tyttimouse, so much set by.
The Finche, which singeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde aswel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they singe alofte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
The Brandlet faith, for singing sweete and softe,
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.

Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
 And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole :
 The tatling Awbe doth please some fancie wel,
 And some like best, the byrde as Black as cole.
 And yet could I, if so it were my minde,
 For harmony, set al these babes to schole,
 And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde
 Disgrace them quight, and make their corage coole
 But should I so? no no so wil I not.
 Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those.
 (For like to like, the prouerbe saith I wot)
 And should I then, my cunning skil disclose?
 For such vkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
 To sucke mine eggs, whiles I sit in the thicke?
 And rather praise, the chattering of a pye,
 Than hir that sings, with brest against a pricke?
 Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
 The iangling lay, for that becomes them wel.
 And in the silent night then let them walke,
 To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.
 And from henceforth, I wil no more constraine
 My pleasant voice, to founde, at their request.
 But shrowd my selfe, in darkefome night and raine,
 And learne to cowche, ful close vpon my neast.
 Yet if I chaunce, at any time (percase)
 To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,
 It shalbe done, in some such secret place,
 That fewe or none, may thervnto resorte.
 These flatterers, (in loue) which falshood meane,
 Not once aproch, to heare my pleasant song.
 But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,
 Let them come neare, for else they do me wrong.
 And as I geffe, not many miles from hence,
 There stands a squire, with pangs of sorrow prest,
 For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
 He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night :
 And with that word, she gan to cleare hir throate.
 But such a liuely song (now by this light)

Yet neuer hearde I fuch another note.
 It was (thought me) fo pleafant and fo plaine,
Orphæus harpe, was neuer halfe fo sweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus ſhe gan to plaine,
 Moſt piteouſly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir ſecond note, was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy,*
 And that ſhe did, in pleaſant wiſe repeate,
 With ſweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,
 But yet it ſeemd, hir gripes of grieſe were greate.
 For when ſhe had, fo ſoong and taken breath,
 Then ſhould you heare, hir heauy hart fo throbbe,
 As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
 And yet alwayes, in euery ſigh and ſobbe,

She ſhewed great ſkil, for tunes of vnifone,
 Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug,* (in grieſe) had ſuch a grace.
 Then ſtinted ſhe, as if hir ſong were done.
 And ere that paſt, not ful a furlong ſpace,
 She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
 And many a note, ſhe warbled wondrous wel.
 Yet can I not (although my hart ſhould ſwelt)
 Remember al, which hir ſweete tong did tel.

But one ſtrange note, I noted with the reſt
 And that ſaide thus: *Nêmeſis, Nêmeſis,*
 The which me thought, came boldly from hir breſt,
 As though ſhe blamde, (therby) ſome thing amiſſe.

Short tale to make, hir ſinging founded fo,
 And pleaſde mine eares, with ſuch varietie,
 That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
 Which I my ſelfe felt in my fantaſie)
 I ſtoode aſtoynde, and yet therwith content,
 Wiſhing in hart that (ſince I might aduant,
 Of al hir ſpeech to knowe the plaine entent,
 Which grace hirſelfe, or elſe the Gods did graunt)
 I might therwith, one furder fauor craue,
 To vnderſtand, what hir fwete notes might meane.
 And in that thought, (my whole deſire to haue)

I fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.
 And in my flomber, had I such a sight,
 As yet to thinke theron doth glad my minde.
 Me thought I sawe a derling of delight,
 A stately Nimph, a dame of heauenly kinde.
 Whose glittering gite, so glimfed in mine eyes,
 As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
 Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuife,
 To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
 But trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)
 She cast sometimes, a grieuous frowning glance.
 As who would say : by this it may appeare,
 That *Iust reuenge*, is *Prest for euery chance*,
 In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)
 She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,
 And in hir left, a snaffle Bit or brake,
 Beboft with gold, and many a gingling ring :
 She came apace, and stately did she stay,
 And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,
 The courteous dame, these words to me did say :
 Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,
 To vnderstande, the notes of *Phylomene*,
 (For so she hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
 And what the founde, of euery note might meane,
 Giue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the hartly prayers,
 Of such as craue without a craftie wil,
 With fauour eke, they funder such affaires,
 As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
 And since thy words, were grounded on desire,
 Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
 They graunted haue, the thing thou didst require,
 And louingly, haue sent me here bylowe,
 To paraphrase, the piteous pleasant notes,
 Which *Phylomene*, doth darkely spend in spring,
 For he that wel, *Dan Nasoes* verses notes,
 Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
 Giue eare (sir Squire quoth she) and I wil, tel
 Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.

The fable of Philomela.



IN *Athens* reignde somtimes,
A king of worthy fame,
VVho kept in courte a stately
traine,
Pandyon was his name.

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane such fruts as make men thinke
They fit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe.
Ne but himfelfe had none endurede,
The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewicht,
This peerelesse Prince to thinke,
That poyson cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleafant drinke.

And kinde became fo kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie fuch and fo wel giuer,
As made their father gladde.

*See : fee : how highest harmes,
Do lurke in ripeft Ioyes,
How couertly doth sorow shrowde,
In trymmest worldely toyes.*

THE COMPLAINT

These iewels of his ioy,
 Became his cause of care,
 And bewtie was the guileful bayte,
 VVhich caught their liues in Snare.

For *Tereus* Lord of *Thrace*,
 Bycause he came of kings,
 (So weddings made for worldly welth
 Do seme triumphant things)

VVas thought a worthy matche,
Pandyons heire to wedde :
 VVhose eldest daughter chosen was,
 To serue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,
 And she by whom I meane,
 To tell this woful *Tragedie*,
 VVas called *Phylomene*.

¶ The wedding rytes performde,
 The feasting done and past,
 To *Thrace* with his new wedded spouse
 He turneth at the last.

VVhere many dayes in mirth,
 And iolytie they spent,
 Both satiffied with deepe delight,
 And cloyde with al content.

¶ At last the dame desirede
 Hir sister for to see,
 Such coles of kindly loue did seme
 VVithin hir brest to be.

She praies hir Lorde, of grace,
 He graunts to hir request,
 And hoist vp saile, to seke the coaste,
 VVhere *Phylomene* doth rest.

He past the foming seas,
 And findes the pleafant porte,
 Of *Athens* towne, which guided him
 To King *Pandyons* court.

There : (louingly receivde,
 And) welcomde by the king,
 He shewde the caufe, which thither then
 Did his ambaffade bring.

His father him embrast,
 His fister kift his cheeke,
 In al the court his coming was
 Reioyft of euerie Greeke.

*O see the fweete deceit,
 Which blindeth worldly wits,
 How common peoples loue by lumpes,
 And fancie comes by fits.*

*The foe in friendly wife,
 Is many times embraste,
 And he which meanes moft faith and troth
 By grudging is disgrast.*

¶ Faire *Phylomene* came forth
 In comely garments cladde,
 As one whom newes of fisters helth
 Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)
 Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
 To get more grace by crummes of coft,
 And princke it out hir parte.

VVhom he no fooner fawe
 (I meane this *Thracian* prince)
 But streight therwith his fancies fume
 All reason did conuince.

THE COMPLAINT

And as the blazing bronde,
 Might kindle rotten reeds :
 Euen so hir looke a secret flame,
 Within his bosome breeds.

He thinks al leysure long
 Til he (with hir) were gone,
 And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
 VVhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
 And if he cravde too much,
 He then excufde him selfe, and faide
 That *Prognos* words were such.

His teares confirmed all
 Teares : like to sisters teares,
 As who shuld say by these fewe drops
 Thy sisters grieffe appeares.

So finely could he faine,
 That wickednesse seemde wit,
 And by the lawde of his pretence,
 His lewdnesse was acquit.

Yea *Phylomene* set forth
 The force of his request,
 And cravde (with sighes) hir fathers leaue
 To be hir sisters guest.

And hoong about his necke
 And collingly him kist,
 And for hir welth did seke the woe
 VVherof she little wist.

Meane while floode *Tereus*,
 Beholding their affectes
 And made those pricks (for his desire
 A spurre in al respects.

And wisht himselfe hir fire,
 VVhen she hir fire embrast,
 For neither kith nor kin could then
 Haue made his meaning chast.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not
 The powre for to denay,
 His own deare child, and sonne in lawe
 The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
 To thanke him on hir knee,
 Supposing that for good succeffe,
 VVhich hardest hadde must be.

But (least my tale seeme long)
 Their shipping is preparde :
 And to the shore this aged Greeke,
 Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
 He vsde this parting speech :
 Daughter (quoth he) you haue desire
 Your sistes court to seech.

Your sifter seemes likewise,
 Your companie to craue,
 That craue you both, and *Tereus* here
 The selfe same thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withstande
 So many deepe desires,
 But this (quoth he) remember al
 Your father you requires,

And thee (my sonne of *Thrace*,)
 I constantly coniure,
 By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
 And al that seemeth fure,

That father like, thou fende
 My daughter deare from scathe,
 And (since I counte al leafure long)
 Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my *Phylomene*,
 (Quoth he) come foone againe,
 Thy sisters abfence puts thy fyre,
 To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kift hir cheeke,
 And fent a fecond kiffe
 For *Prognos* part, and (bathde with teares)
 His daughter doth he bliffe.

And tooke the *Thracians* hand
 For token of his truth,
 VVho rather laught his teares to fcorn,
 Than wept with him for ruth.

The fayles are fully fpreddē,
 And winds did ferue at will,
 And forth this traitour king conueies
 His praie in prifon fill.

Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud,
 Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: Victorie (quoth he) my fhippe
 Is fraught with my defire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,
 Vppon hir fearefull face,
 And ftill behelde hir gestures all,
 And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a fide,
 But like the cruel catte
 VVhich gloating cafteth many a glance
 Vpon the felly ratte.

¶ VVhy hold I long discourse?
 They now are come on lande,
 And forth of ship the feareful wenche
 He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a felly shrowde,
 A sheepecote closely builte
 Amid the woodds, where many a lamb
 Their guiltlesse bloud had spilte,

There (like a lambe,) she stooode,
 And askte with trimbling voice,
 VVhere *Progne* was, whose only fight
 Might make hir to reioyce.

VVherewith this caytife king
 His lust in lewdnesse lapt,
 And with his filthy fraude ful fast
 This simple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines,
 Vnbridling blinde desire,
 And ment of hir chaste minde to make
 A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
 VVith force he hir supprest,
 And made hir yelde the wicked weede
 VVhose flowre he liked best.

*What could the virgine doe?
 She could not runne away,
 Whose forward feete, his harmfull hands
 With furious force did slay.*

*Ah! what should she fight?
 Fewe women win by fight:
 Hir weapons were but weake (god knows)
 And he was much of might.*

*It booted not to crie,
 Since helpe was not at hande,
 And stil before hir feareful face,
 Hir cruel foe did stande.*

*And yet she (weeping cride)
 Vppon hir sisters name,
 Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)
 Whose faete did foyle hir fame.*

*And on the Gods she calde,
 For helpe in hir distresse,
 But al in vaine he wrought his wil
 Whose lust was not the lesse.*

¶ *The filthie fact once done,
 He gaue hir leaue to greete,
 And there she sat much like a birde
 New scape from falcons feete.*

*VVhose blood embrues hir selfe,
 And fitts in forie plight,
 Ne dare she proine hir plumes again,
 But feares a second flight.*

*At last when hart came home,
 Discheveld as she fate,
 VVith hands vphelde, she tried hir tongue,
 To wreake hir woful state.*

*O Barbrous blood (quoth she)
 By Barbrous deeds disgrast,
 Coulede no kinde coale, nor pitties sparke,
 Within thy brest be plasse?*

*Could not my fathers hests,
 Nor my most ruthful teares,
 My maydenhoode, nor thine own yoke,
 Affright thy minde with feares?*

*Could not my sisters loue
Once quench thy filthy lust?
Thou foilst vs al, and eke thy selfe,
We griev'd, and thou vniust.*

*By thee I haue defilde
My dearest sisters bedde
By thee I compt the life but lost,
Which too too long I ledde.*

*By thee (thou Bigamus)
Our fathers grieffe must growe,
Who daughters twain, (and two too much)
Vppon thee did bestowe.*

*But since my faulte, thy faulte,
My fathers iust offence,
My sisters wrong, with my reproche,
I cannot so dispence.*

*If any Gods be good
If right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou shalt be paide againe.*

*And (wicked) do thy wurst,
Thou canst no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gilte)
Had ouercome my will.*

*Then might my soule beneath,
Haue triumpht yet and saide,
That though I died discontent,
I livde and dide a mayde.*

¶ Herewith hir swelling sobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the *Thracian tyrant* (there)
To heare these words did walke.

And skornefully he cast
 At hir a frowning glaunce,
 VVhich made the mayde to striue for spech,
 And sterling from hir traunce,

¶ *I wil reuenge (quoth she)*
For here I shake off shame,
And wil (my selfe) bewray this facte
Therby to foile thy fame.

Amidde the thickest throngs
(If I haue leaue to go)
I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
And blotte thine honor so.

If I in deserts dwel,
The woods, my words shal heare,
The holts, the hilles, the craggie rocks,
Shall witneffe with me beare.

I will so fil the ayre
With noyse of this thine acte,
That gods and men in heauen and earth
Shal note the naughtie facte.

¶ These words amazde the king,
 Conscience with choller straue,
 But rage so rackte his restles thought,
 That now he gan to raue.

And from his sheath a knife
 Ful despratly he drawes,
 VVherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong
 Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
 The tong that tolde but truthe,
 The tong that movde him to be mad,
 And should haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight
This trustie tongue he cast,
VVhose roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So firres the serpens taile
VVhen it is cut in twaine,
And so it seemes that weakeft willes,
(By words) would ease their paine.

I blush to tell this tale,
But sure best books say this :
That yet the butcher did not blush
Hir bloody mouth to kisse.

And ofte hir bulke embrast,
And ofter quencht the fire,
VVhich kindled had the furnace first,
Within his foule desire.

Not herewithal content,
To *Progne* home he came,
VVho askt him streight of *Philomene* :
He (faying grieffe of game,)

Burst out in bitter teares,
And fayde the dame was dead,
And fallly tolde, what wery life
Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The *Thracian* Queene cast off
Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
And drest in dole, bewailde hir death
VVhom she thought dead in deede.

A sepulchre she builds
(But for a liuing corfe,)
And praide the gods on sisters soule
To take a iust remorse :

THE COMPLAINT

And offred facrifice,
 To all the powers aboue.
 Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,
 This was true force of loue.

¶ The heauens had whirld aboute
 Twelue yeeres in order due
 And twelue times euery flowre and plant,
 Their liueries did renew,

VVhiles *Philomene* full clofe
 In shepcote ftill was clapt,
 Enforst to bide by stonie walles
 VVhich fast (in hold) hir hapt.

And as those walles forbadde
 Hir feete by flight to scape,
 So was hir tong (by knife) restrainde,
 For to reueale this rape

No remedie remaynde
 But onely womans witte,
 VVhich fodainly in queintest chance,
 Can best it selfe acquit.

And Miserie (amongst)
Tenne thousand mischieues moe,
Learnes pollicie in practises,
As prooffe makes men to knowe.

VVith curious needle worke,
 A garment gan she make,
 Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,
 And al for bewties sake.

This garment gan she giue
 To trustie Seruants hande,
 VVho streight conueid it to the queen
 Of *Thracian Tirants* lande.

VWhen *Progne* red the writ,
 (A wondrous tale to tell)
 She kept it clofe : though malice made
 Hir venging hart to swell.

And did deferre the deede,
 Til time and place might ferue,
 But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,
 She fully did referue.

*O filence feldome feene,
 That women counsell keepe,
 The caufe was this, she wakt hir wits
 And lulde hir tong on sleepe.*

I fpeake againft my fex,
 So haue I done before,
 But truth is truth, and muſte be tolde
 Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,
 VWhich *Bacchus* to belong,
 And in that night the queene prepares
 Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)
 VVith fworde hir felfe doth arme,
 VVith wreathes of vines about hir browes
 And many a needles charme.

And forth in furie flings,
 Hir handmaidens following faſt,
 Vntil with haſtie ſteppes ſhe founde
 The ſhepecote at the laſt.

There howling out aloud,
 As *Bacchus* prielts do crie,
 She brake the dores, and found the place
 VWhere *Philomene* did lye.

THE COMPLAINT

And toke hir out by force,
 And dreft hir *Bacchus* like,
 And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
 (For being knowen by like.)

And brought hir to hir houle,
 But when the wretch it knewe,
 That now againe she was fo neere
 To *Tereus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,
 And lookt like ashes pale.
 But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
 Set filence al to fale,

And tooke the garments off,
 Discouering first hir face,
 And sifter like did louingly
 Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There she (by shame abasht)
 Held downe hir weeping eyes,
 As who should say: *Thy right (by me)*
Is reste in wrongful wife.

And down on the ground she falles,
 VVhich ground she kist hir fill,
 As witnesse that the filthie facte
 VVas done against hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,
 In steede of tong to tell,
 VVhat violence the lecher vsde,
 And how hee did hir quell.

VVherewith the Queene brake off
 Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
 And fware with sworde (no teares) to venge
 The crafte of this constrainte.

Or if (quoth she) there bee
 Some other meane more sure,
 More stearne, more stoute, then naked sword
 Some mischiefe to procure,

I sweare by al the Gods,
 I shall the same embrace,
 To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
 Vppon the king of *Thrace*.

Ne will I spare to spende
 My life in sisters cause,
 In sisters? ah what faide I wretch?
 My wrong shall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
 VVith al the princes pelfe,
 And in the midst of flaming fire,
 VVil caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out those eyes,
 That taught him first to lust,
 Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
 Oh that reuenge were iust.

Or let me carue with knife,
 The wicked Instrument,
 VVherewith he, thee, and me abusde
 (I am to mischiefe bent.)

Or sleeping let me seeke
 To sende the foule to hel,
 VVhose barbarous bones for filthy force,
 Did seeme to beare the bel.

¶ These words and more in rage
 Pronounced by this dame,
 Hir little sonne came leaping in
 VVhich *Œtis* had to name.

VVhose prefence, could not please
 For (vewing well his face,)
 Ah wretch (quoth she) how like he groweth
 Vnto his fathers grace.

And therewithal resolvde
 A rare reuenge in deede
 VVheron to thinke (withouten words)
 My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
 And cheerefully did smile,
 And hung about his mothers necke
 VVith easie weight therewhile,

And kist (as children vse)
 His angrie mothers cheeke,
 Her minde was movde to much remorse
 And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,
 But wept against hir will,
 Such tender rewth of innocence,
 Hir cruell moode did kill.

At laft (so furie wrought)
 VVithin hir brest she felt,
 That too much pitie made hir minde
 Too womanlike to melt,

And saw hir sifter fit,
 VVith heauy harte and cheere,
 And now on hir, and then on him,
 Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she bruft
 (Quoth she) why flatters he?
 And why againe (with tong cut out)
 So sadly fitteth shee?

He, mother, mother calles,
 She sifter cannot fay,
 That one in earnest doth lament,
 That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth she)
 Remember stil your race,
 And neuer marke the subtil shewes
 Of any Soule in *Thrace*.

You should degenerate,
 If right reuenge you flake,
 More right reuenge can neuer bee,
 Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
 Al mischief vnder skies,
 VVere pietie compar'd to that
 VVhich *Tereus* did deuife.

¶ She holds no longer hande,
 But (*Tygrelike*) she toke
 The little boy ful boistroufly
 VVho now for terror quooke

And (crauing mothers helpe,)
 She (mother) toke a blade,
 And in hir fonnes smal tender hart
 An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatch,
 Betwene the sisters twaine
 They tore in peces quarterly
 The corps which they had flaine.

Some part, they hoong on hooks,
 The rest they laide to fire,
 And on the table caufed it,
 Be fet before the fire.

THE COMPLAINT

And counterfaite a caufe
 (As *Grecians* order then)
 That at fuch feasts; (but onely one)
 They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
 Sat downe alone to eate,
 And hungerly his owne warme bloud
 Deuoured then for meate.

His ouerfight was fuch,
 That he for *Itis* fent,
 VVofe murdered members in his mawe,
 He priuily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then,
 Hir ioy of grieffe could hide,
 The thing thou feekft (ò wretch quoth ſhe)
 VVithin thee doth abide.

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)
 And fearching for his fonne)
 Came forth at length, faire *Philomene*
 By whom the grieffe begonne,

And (clokt in *Bacchus* copes,
 VVherwith ſhe then was cladde,)
 In fathers bofom caſt the head
 Of *Itis* felly ladde :

Nor euer in hir life
 Had more deſire to ſpeake,
 Than now : wherby hir madding mood
 Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince ſtert vp,
 VVhofe hart did boyle in breſt,
 To feele the foode, and ſee the ſawce,
 VVhich he could not diſgeſt.

And armed (as he was)
He followed both the *Greekes*,
On whom (by smarte of fword, and flame)
A sharpe reuenge he fekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
Thefe bloudie deedes did fee,
And found that bloud flil couits bloud
And fo none ende could be.

They then by their forfight
Thought meete to flinte the strife,
And fo reſtrained the murdring king,
From ſiſter and from wife.

So that by their decree,
The yongſt daughter fledde
Into the thicks, where couertly,
A cloiſter life ſhe ledde.

And yet to eaſe hir woe,
She worthily can ſing,
And as thou hearſt, can pleaſe the eares
Of many men in ſpring.

The eldeſt dame and wife
A *Swallowe* was affignde,
And builds in ſmoky chimney toppes
And flies againſt the winde.

The king him ſelfe condemnde,
A *Lapwing* for to be,
VVho for his yong ones cries alwaiſ,
Yet neuer can them ſee.

The lad a Pheafaunt cocke
For his degree hath gaind,
VVhoſe blouddie plumes declare the bloud
VVherwith his face was ſtaind.

THE COMPLAINT

¶ But there to turne my tale,
 The which I came to tell,
 The yongest dame to forrests fled,
 And there is dampnde to dwell.

An exposition of al such notes as the nightingale dot[h] commonly vse to sing.

And *Nightingale* now namde
 VWhich (*Philomela* hight)
 Delights for (feare of force againe)
 To sing alwayes by night.

But when the funne to west,
 Doth bende his weerie course,
 Then *Phylomene* records the rewth,
 VWhich craueth iust remorse.

I And for hir foremost note,
Tereu Tereu, doth sing,
 Complaining stil vpon the name
 Of that false *Thracian* king.

Much like the childe at schole
 VWith byrchen rodds fore beaten,
 If when he go to bed at night
 His maister chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he starts,
 And (ô good maister) cries,
 Euen so this byrde vpon that name,
 Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrds,
 VVhome prettie *Merlynes* hold,
 Ful fast in foote, by winters night
 To fende themselues from colde :

Though afterwards the hauke,
 For pitie let them scape,
 Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
 And doubte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,
 Ful many times do crie,
 Remembring yet the ruthful plight
 VVherein they late did lye.

Euen so this felly byrde,
 Though now transformde in kinde,
 Yet euermore hir pangs forepast,
 She beareth stil in minde.

And in hir foremost note,
 She notes that cruel name,
 By whom she lost hir pleafant speech
 And foiled was in fame.

2 ¶ Hir second note is *fye*,
 In Greeke and latine *phy*,
 In english *fy*, and euery tong
 That euer yet read I.

VVhich word declares difdaine,
 Or lothfome leying by
 Of any thing we tast, heare, touche,
 Smel, or beholde with eye.

In tast, phy sheweth some fowre,
 In hearing, some discorde,
 In touch, some foule or filthy toye,
 In smel, some sent abhorde.

In fight, some lothfome loke,
 And euery kind of waie,
 This byword phy betokneth bad,
 And things to cast away.

So that it feemes hir well,
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to sing,
 Since *phy* befytteth him so well
 In euery kind of thing.

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
 Phy false vnto thy wife,
 Phy coward phy, (on womankinde)
 To vse thy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,
 Eye fierce, and foule forsworne,
 Phy monster made of murdring mould
 VVhose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
 Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
 Phy mirrour of mischeuoufnesse,
 Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
 Phy forging fyne excuse,
 Phy periury, fy blasphemy,
 Phy bed of al abuse.

These phyces, and many moe,
 Pore *Philomene* may meane,
 And in hir selfe she findes percase,
 Some *phy* that was vnclane.

For though his fowle offence,
 May not defended bee,
 Hir sifter yet, and she trangrest,
 Though not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deferte,
 Their dedes grewe by disdaine,
 But men must leaue reuenge to Gods,
 VVhat wrong foeuer raigne.

Then *Progne* phy for thee,
 VVhich kildst thine only child,
 Phy on the cruel crabbed heart
 VVhich was not moude with milde.

Phy phy, thou clofe conveydft
 A fecret il vnfene,
 Where (good to kepe in counfel clofe)
 Had putrifide thy fplene.

Phy on thy fifters facte,
 And phy hir felfe doth fing,
 VVhose lack of tong nere toucht hir fo
 As when it could not sting.

Phy on vs both faith fhe,
 The father onely faulted,
 And we (the father free therewhile)
 The felly fonne affalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy
 Is *Iug, Iug, Iug*, I geffe,
 That might I leaue to latynifts,
 By learning to exprefle.

Some commentaries make
 About it much adoe:
 If it fould onely *Iugum* meane
 Or *Fugulator* too.

Some thinke that *Iugum* is
 The *Iug*, fhe iugleth fo,
 But *Iugulator* is the word
 That doubleth al hir woe.

For when fhe thinkes thereon,
 She beares them both in minde,
 Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,
 Hir, killer of hir kinde.

As faft as furies force
 Hir thoughts on him to thinke,
 So faft hir confcience choks hir vp:
 And wo to wrong doth linke.

THE COMPLAINT

At laſt (by grieſe conſtrainde)
It boldly breaketh out,
And makes the hollow woods to ring
VVith *Eccho* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next moſt note (to note)
I neede no helpe at al,
For I my ſelfe the partie am
On whom ſhe then doth call.

She calles on *Nèmeſis*
And *Nèmeſis* am I,
The Goddeſſe of al iuſt reuenge,
VWho let no blame go by.

This bridle boſt with gold,
I beare in my left hande,
To holde men backe in raſheſt rage,
Vntil the cauſe be ſcand.

And ſuch as like that bitte
And beare it willingly,
May ſcape this ſcourge in my right hand
Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
And ſcorne to beare my yoke,
Oft times they buy the roſt ful deare,
It ſmelleth of the ſmoke.

This is the cauſe (ſir Squire
Quoth ſhe) that *Phylomene*
Doth cal ſo much vpon my name,
She to my lawes doth leane :

She feeles a iuſt reuenge.
Of that which ſhe hath done,
Conſtrainde to vſe the day for night,
And makes the moone hir funne.

Ne can she now complaine,
(Although she lost hir tong)
For since that time, ne yet before,
No byrde so swetely soong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
To countervaile hir woe,
I sat on bench in heauen my selfe
VVhen it was graunted fo.

And though hir foe be fledde,
But whither knows not she,
And like hir selfe transformed eke
A felly byrde to bee :

On him this sharpe reuenge
The Gods and I did take,
He neither can beholde his brats,
Nor is belovde of make.

As foone as coles of kinde
Haue warmed him to do
The felly shift of dewties dole
VVhich him belongeth to :

His hen straight way him hates,
And flieth farre him fro,
And close conueis hir eggs from him,
As from hir mortal foe.

As fone as she hath hatcht,
Hir little yong ones runne,
For feare their dame should serue them este,
As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
The furious father flies,
To feke his sonne, and filles the ayre
VVith loude lamenting cries.

This lothfome life he leads
 By our almightie dome,
 And thus sings she, where company
 But very feldome come.

Now left my faithful tale
 For fable should be taken,
 And therevpon my curtesie,
 By thee might be forsaken :

Remember al my words,
 And beare them wel in minde,
 And make thereof a metaphore,
 So shalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and pastime,
 In al that I thee tel :
 I knowe thy skil wil ferue therto,
 And so (quoth she) farewell.

Wherewith (me thought) she flong so fast
 away,
 That scarce I could, hir seemely shaddowe see.
 At last : my staffe (which was mine onely stay)
 Did flippe, and I, must needs awaked be,
 Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
 For willingly I could my selfe content,
 Seuen dayes to sleepe for *Philomelâs* sake,
 So that my sleepe in such swete thoughts were spent.
 But you my Lord which reade this ragged verse,
 Forgiue the faults of my so sleepey muse,
 Let me the heast of *Nemesis* rehearse,

The au-
 thor conti-
 nevveth
 his dis-
 course and
 concludeth.

For fure I fee, much fenfe therof enfues.
 I feeme to fee (my Lord) that lechers luft,
 Procures the plague, and vengauce of the higheft,
 I may not fay, but God is good and iuft,
 Although he fcouge the furdeft for the nigheft :
 The fathers fault lights sometime on the fonne,
 Yea foure difcents it beares the burden ftill,
 Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
 That dole steppes in and wieldes the world at wil.
 O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
 The beft is bad that lights on lechery
 And (al wel weyed) he fits in Fortunes lappe,
 Which feeles no sharper fcouge than beggery.
 You princes peeres, you comely courting knights,
 Which vse al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
 Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
 Which bewtie force, to loofe what bountie bindes :
 Thinke on the fcouge that *Nemefis* doth beare,
 Remember this, that God (although he winke)
 Doth fee al finnes that euer fecret were.
 (*Væ vobis*) then which ftill in finne do finke.
 Gods mercy lends you brydles for defire,
 Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
 The flefh may spurre to euerlafting fire,
 But fure, that horfe which tyreth like a roile,
 And lothes the grieve of his forgalded fides,
 Is better, much than is the harbrainde colte
 Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
 But huntet for finne in euery hil and holte.
 He which is fingle, let him spare to fpil
 The flowre of force, which makes a famous man :
 Left when he comes to matrimonies will,
 His fynest graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
 He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
 Be wel content with that which may fuffyfe,
 And (were no God) yet feare of worldly strife
 Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies :
 For though *Pandyons* daughter *Progne* shee,
 Were fo transformde into a fethered foule,

Yet feemes she not withouten heires to be,
 Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,
 And beare in brest a right reuenging mode,
 Til time and place, may serue to worke their will.
 Yea surely some, the best of al the broode
 (If they had might) with furious force would kil.
 But force them not, whose force is not to force.
 And way their words as blasts of bluftring winde,
 VVhich comes ful calme, when stormes are past by
 course :

Yet God about that can both lose and bynde,
 VVil not so soone appeased be therefore,
 He makes the male, of female to be hated,
 He makes the fire go fighting wondrous fore,
 Because the sonne of such is seldome rated.
 I meane the sonnes of such rash finning fires,
 Are seldome sene to runne a ruly race.
 But plagude (be like) by fathers soule desires
 Do gadde a broode, and lacke the guide of grace.
 Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
 And howles and cries to see his children stray,
 Where he him selfe (and no man better) mought
 Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
 Thus men (my Lord) be *Metamorphosed*,
 From seemely shape, to byrds, and ougly beastes :
 Yea brauest dames, (if they amisse once tredde)
 Finde bitter fauce, for al their pleasant feasts.
 They must in fine condemned be to dwell
 In thickest vnseene, in mewes for minyons made,
 Vntil at last, (if they can *bryde it wel*)
 They may *chop chalke*, and take some better trade.
 Beare with me (Lord) my lusting dayes are done,
 Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat
 To like such loue, as is with lust begonne.
 The lawful loue is best, and I like that.
 Then if you see, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
 To leape againe, beyond my lawful reache,
 (I take hard taske) or but to giue a glance,
 At bewties blafe : for such a wilful breache,

Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,
To say (*George*) thinke on *Philomelûes* song.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quàm Mercurio.

AND thus my very good L. may se how coblerlike
I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole,
beginning this complainte of *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562,
continuing it a little furer in Aprill. 1575 and now
thus finished this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.

Al which mine April showers are humbly sent vnto
your good Lordship, for that I hope very shortly to see
the May flowers of your fauour, which I desire, more
than I can deferue. And yet rest

*Your Lordships bownden
and assured.*





J. & W. Rider, Printers. London.

English Reprints.

JOHN EARLE, M.A.

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE.

Editio princeps, 1628.

WITH ADDITIONAL CHARACTERS FROM THE FIFTH
EDITION OF 1629; AND THE SIXTH EDITION OF 1633.

CAREFULLY EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER,

Associate, King's College, London, F.R.G.S., &c.

LARGE PAPER EDITION.

LONDON:

5, QUEEN SQUARE, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

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CHRONICLE

of

some of the principal events

in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES

of

JOHN EARLE, M.A. [created in 1642 D.D.],

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Subsequently, in succession, Rector of Bishopston, Wilts; Chaplain to Charles, Prince of Wales; Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury; an exile on the Continent; Clerk of the Closet to King Charles II.; Dean of Westminster; Bishop of Worcester; and Bishop of Salisbury.

* Probable or approximate dates.

1558. Nov. 17. Elizabeth begins to reign.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|------------------------|--|
| Birth. | { | 1600. | JOHN EARLE received his first being in this vain and transitory world within the city of York. <i>Wood. Ath. Oxon. iii. 716. Ed. 1817.</i> "John Earles, Son of Tho. Earles Gent, sometime Register of the Arch-bishop's Court at York," [see 1660] is born. The date is fixed by his age, <i>Ætatis suæ 65 to</i> , at his death on 17 Nov. 1665, as inscribed on his monument in Merton College Chapel. These two quotations illustrate the uncertain spelling of his name: which was apparently written indifferently, with or without the 's.' |
| | | 1603. Mar. 24. | James I. succeeds to the English throne. |
| At Oxford. | { | 1608. | Bp. Hall's <i>Characters of Vertues and Vices</i> published. |
| | | 1616. Mar. | F. Beaumont the poet dies. Earle writes an English poem of 90 lines, in his memory (which was not printed until 1647. It is in Beaumont and Fletcher's <i>Comedies & Tragedies, &c.</i> , fol. and is headed <i>On Mr. Beaumont</i> , (written thirty yeares since, presently after his death.) |
| | | 1616. | Sir T. Overbury's <i>Wife, now a Widdowe</i> published. |
| Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. | { | 1619. July 8. | 'John Earl of Merton Coll.' takes his B.A. <i>Wood. Fasti æt. 18. Oxon. Ed. 1815.</i> |
| | | 1620. æt. 19. | He "was admitted probationers' fellow of Merton Coll. in 1620, aged 19 years or thereabouts, and proceeded in arts four years after. His younger years were adorned with oratory, poetry, and witty fancies; and his elder with quaint preaching and subtle disputes." <i>Wood. Ath. Oxon. idem.</i> |
| | | 1624. July 10. | He takes his M.A. <i>Dr. Bliss: 'Micro-cosmography,' æt. 23. Ed. 1811, p. 212.</i> |
| | | 1625. Mar. 27. | Charles I ascends the throne. |
| Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. | { | 1627. Aug. æt. 26. | Sir J. Burroughs killed by a bullet at the Isle of Ré. Earle writes <i>Lines on Sir John Burroughs</i> , now in MS. in the Bodleian. <i>Reprinted by Dr. Bliss, idem. p. 227.</i> |
| | | 1628. æt. 27. | Three first editions of <i>Micro-cosmographie</i> are published. Possibly also a fourth edition. |
| | | 1630. Apr. 10. æt. 29. | William Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of the University, dies. Earle writes lines <i>On the death of the Earl of Pembroke</i> , in the same Bodleian MS., <i>Dr. Bliss, idem.</i> |

CHRONICLE.

A clerical disturbance occurs in the University. The King directs the two proctors to resign, and to be replaced by others of the same college. Earle succeeds J. Doughty of Merton. *Wood, Hist. & Ant. of Oxford, ii. 372—380.*

1631. Aug. 26. } 'Mr. John Ear of Merton coll. presented [as Proctor]
1632. Apr 10 } 26 Aug.' *Fasti Oxon. Ed. 1815.* He was 'about that time
Chaplain to Philip, Earl of Pembroke.' *Ath. Oxon. idem.*

1632.

Is incorporated in Cambridge University.
Lord Clarendon, in his *Life*, thus writes ;

DOCTOR *Earles* was at that Time Chaplain in the House to the Earl of *Pembroke*, Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's Houshold, and had a Lodging in the Court under that Relation : He was a Person very notable for his Elegance in the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues ; and being Fellow of *Merton* College in *Oxford*, and having been Proctor of the University, and some very witty, and sharp Discourses being published in Print without his Consent, though known to be his, He grew suddenly into a very general Esteem with all Men ; being a Man of great Piety and Devotion ; a most eloquent and powerful Preacher ; and of a Conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent, and so very facetious, that no Man's Company was more desired, and more loved. No Man was more negligent in his Dress, and Habit, and Mien ; no Man more wary, and cultivated, in his Behaviour, and Discourse ; insomuch as He had the greater Advantage when He was known, by promising so little before He was known. He was an excellent Poet, both in *Latin*, *Greek*, and *English*, as appears by many Pieces yet abroad ; though He suppressed many more himselfe, especially of *English*, incomparably good, out of an Austerity to those Sallies of his Youth. He was very dear to the Lord *Falkland*, with whom He spent as much Time as He could make his own ; and as that Lord would impute the speedy Progress He made in the *Greek* Tongue, to the Information and Assistance He had from Mr. *Earles*, so Mr. *Earles* would frequently profess, that He had got more useful Learning by his Conversation at *Tew* (the Lord *Falkland's* House) than He had at *Oxford*. In the first settling of the Prince his Family, He was made one of his Chaplains ; and attended on him when He was forced to leave the Kingdom. He was amongst the few excellent Men who never had, nor ever could have an Enemy, but such a one, who was an Enemy to all Learning, and Virtue, and therefore would never make himself known. *i. 26. Ed. 1759.*

'The famous Verses made upon *Merton* College Garden in *Oxford*, by Dr. *John Earl*, then a Fellow of that house,' were first printed in J. Aubrey, *Nat. Hist. of Surrey, iv. 166—171. Ed. 1716.* The poem is in Latin, is entitled *Hortus Mertonensis*, and consists of 128 lines.

Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Rising in the Church.

- 1639 æt. 38 Philip, Earl of Pembroke, presents him to the Rectory of Bishopston, in Wiltshire, and in the diocese of Salisbury. He was not finally released from the care of this parish until his elevation, in 1662, to the See of Worcester.
- [*1664 æt. 63.] When, after this, he became bishop of his old diocese, he presented his former parish with its present existing communion plate. *Sir R. C. Hoare, History of Wilts, ii. Ed. 1825.*
1640. Nov. 10. 'John Earle sometimes fellow of Mert. coll. now chaplain to Charles prince of Wales,' is made Doctor of Divinity. *Wood. Fasti. Oxon. Ed. 1820.*

1643. Feb. 10. He succeeds, on the death of the celebrated William æt. 42. Chillingworth, to the Chancellorship of Salisbury. *Wood. Ath. Oxon. iii. 95, 717. Ed. 1817.*
 Elected one of the Assembly of Divines, but refuses to sit among them.

Afterwards he suffered, and was deprived of all he had, for adhering to his majesty King Charles I.

He was an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Morley, afterwards Bp. of Winchester, and lived with him one year at Antwerp, in Sir Charles Cotterell's house, who was master of the ceremonies. *Ath. Oxon. idem.*

[Dr. Smith writes to Hearne on 13 Sept. 1705. "Bp. Earle's Latin translation of Hooker's book of *Ecclesiastical Polity*, which was his entertainment, during part of his exile at Cologne, is utterly destroyed by prodigious heedlessness and carelessness: for it being written in loose papers, only pinned together, and put into a trunk unlocked, after his death, and being looked upon as refuse and waste paper, the servants lighted their fire with them, or else put them under their bread and their pies, as often as they had occasion; as the present earl of Clarendon has more than once told me, who was ordered by my lord his father, about a year after the bishop's death, to attend upon the widow, at her house near Salisbury, and to receive them from her hands, from whom he received this deplorable account of their loss; himself seeing several scattered pieces, not following in order, the number of pages being greatly interrupted, that had not undergone the same fate with the rest." *Orig. letter in Bodleian: see Ath. Oxon. iii. 718. note. Ed. 1817.*]

* 1645-51.

1647. Mar. 16. Lord Clarendon, then Sir E. Hyde, writing to Earle, combats some expressions of his, in a previous letter, 'I know not what you mean by the King's unnecessarily provoking them.' . . . 'Is it possible that you can think (in this horrid alteration) the mere living in England with your friends, could restore you to the old delight and comfort in those friends you have formerly enjoyed, let all unjustifiable circumstances be out of the way?' Towards the end he says 'I would desire you (at your leisure) to send me that discourse of your own which you read to me at Dartmouth in the end of your contemplations upon the Proverbs, in memory of my Lord Falkland.' *Stat. Papers ii. 348-350. Ed. 1773.*

The Commonwealth.

1649. Is published Earle's translation into Latin of εἰκὼν βασιλική.
 1651. 'He suffered in exile with his son king Charles II. whom, after his defeat at Worcester, he saluted at Rouen upon his arrival in Normandy, and thereupon was made his chaplain and clerk of the closet.' *Ath. Oxon. idem.*

1660. The Restoration.

1660. æt. 59. Earle returns to England. Is made Dean of Westminster.
 "He beareth *Ermine*, on a Chief indented *Sablé*, three Eastern Crowns *Or*, by the name of *Earles*. This Coat was granted by Sir *Edward Walker* Garter, the 1660. Aug. 1. 1st of August 1660, to the Reverend Dr *John Earles*, Son of *Tho. Earles* Gent. Sometime Register of the Arch-bishop's Court at *York*. He was Dean of *Westminster*, and Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty King

An exile on the Continent.

Dean of Westminster.

- Charles the Second, and in the Year 1663, made Bishop of Salisbury." J. Guillim. A Display of Heraldry. Ed. 1724, p. 282.*
- Dn. of Westminster.**
1661. Mar. 25. Is one of the commission to review the Prayer-Book. *Bp. Kennel's Reg. p. 398. Ed. 1728.*
 28. (Good Friday.) As one of the Lenten preachers, preaches at Court. *Idem p. 368.*
 Apr. 23. Assists at the King's coronation. *Idem p. 417.*
 1662. June 20-23. Correspondence with Rev. R. Baxter. *Idem p. 714.*
- Bishop.**
1662. Nov. 30. Consecrated at Westminster Abbey, Bp. of Worcester : by the Bps. of London, Winchester, Salisbury, Chichester, Gloucester. *Idem p. 823.*
 1663. æt. 62. Is translated to the see of Salisbury.
- 1665.**
- The plague of London. The Court moves to Oxford and Bp. Earle goes with it. He 'took up his quarters in University college where dying on the 17 Novemb. 1665, æt. 65, was buried near the high altar in Mert. coll. church, on Nov. 25. the 25th day of the said month, being then accompanied to his grave from the public schools by an herald at arms and the principal persons of the court and university. *Ath. Oxon. idem.*
- Death.**
- Bp. Burnet tells us "Doctor Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, died at that time. But, before his death, he declared himself much against this [the Five Mile] Act. He was the man of all the Clergy for whom the King had the greatest esteem. He had been his sub-tutor, and had followed him in all his exile with so clear a Character, that the King could never see or hear of any one thing amiss in him. So he, who had a secret pleasure in finding out any thing that lessened a man esteemed eminent for piety, yet had a value for him beyond all the men of his order." *History of my own times, i. 225. Ed. 1724.*
- Dr. Calamy, a Nonconformist, adds similar testimony. "Dr. Earle, Bishop of Salisbury, was a Man that could do Good against Evil, forgive much out of a charitable Heart. He died to the no great Sorrow of them, who reckoned his death was just, for labouring all his Might against the Oxford five Mile Act." *Abridgement, i.*



MICRO-COSMOGRAPHIE.

INTRODUCTION.



The Literature of Protestant England passed, about the time of James I., from the exuberant delicious fancifulness of youth into the sober deliberativeness of manhood. The age of romantic chivalry, of daring discovery, of surpassing danger, was passing away. A time of wonderful thoughtfulness, of strong research, of national quiet had come. Learning had become common to most educated persons. The most recondite subjects in theology and among the Schoolmen, the highest problems in nature, the subtlest inquiries into the human spirit, the first principles of human society, every theory of national government, daunted not, but fascinated thinkers. Selden owned, 'All Confess there never was a more Learned Clergy, no Man taxes them with Ignorance'*; and the writings of Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Hales, Selden, Hobbes, Prynne and others, represent the attainments of many of the laity.

The thinkers influenced the people. The words *Precisian* and *Puritan*, creations of this epoch, testify to the growing seriousness of the nation. In these earlier years of Puritanism especially; and generally throughout the Seventeenth Century, there was a strong passion for analysis of human character. Men delighted in introspection. Essays and Characters took the place of the Romances of the former century. Of them all, there is no complete list. Dr. Bliss, to an edition of the present work, in 1811, added a list of

* *Table-Talk*, p. 37, Ed. 1868.

fifty-seven characters and books of characters: all—with one exception, in 1567—published between 1605—1700. Forty-four years later, writing in 1855, to *Notes and Queries*,* he stated that this list 'in his own interleaved copy had increased fourfold.'

Of all these *Micro-cosmographie* was one of the most popular. Five editions apparently were published in the first two years of publication, and five more during the author's lifetime.

The authorship of the present work was never authoritatively announced. Universal consent, in his own time, attributed it to John Earle, then a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. The first fifty-four Characters, at least, may therefore be looked upon as the composition 'especially for his private recreation, to pass away the time in the country' of an Oxford man, not twenty-nine years of age, when they appeared in print; and which we are informed had previously circulated in manuscript, 'passing from hand to hand in written Copies.'†

The writing of Characters was not a new thing when Earle penned the following ones. Not to mention minor works of this class, we may refer to Bishop Hall's *Characters of Vertues and Vices* of 1608; and the Characters of Sir Thomas Overbury and his friends, attached to *A Wife, now a Widdowe*, first published in 1614.

The title given to the present work, is not the least apt thing in it. *Micro-cosmographie* means 'a description of the little world' (*i.e.*, man). Sir Walter Raleigh in his *Historie of the World* first published in 1614, had thus referred to the old idea of man being a world within himself;

"The body of man (saith *Zanchius*) is the image of the world, and called therefore Microcosmus; Bk I, Chap 2. § 1. p 20. . . .

* No. 299, 21st July, 1855.

† p. 18.

. . . Therefore (saith GREGORY NAZIANZENE,) *Homo est utriusque naturæ vinculum, Man is the bond and chaine which tyeth together both natures*: and because in the little frame of mans body there is a representation of the Univerfal; and (by allusion) a kinde of participation of all the parts there, therefore was man called *Micro-cosmos*, or the little World. *Deus igitur hominem factum, velut alterum quendam mundum, in brevi magnum, atque exiguo totum, in terris statuit; God therefore placed in the Earth the man he had made, as it were another World; the great and large World in the small and little World.*" Bk. 1, Chap 2, § 5, p. 26.

Another Oxford man, Rev., afterwards Dr., Peter Heylin,—whose Epitaph was long after written by Earle, when Dean of Westminster—had published at Oxford a geographical treatise, in 4to., entitled "*Μικροκόσμος* A little description of the Great World," of which three editions appeared in 1622, 1625, and 1627. Earle reverses this title in this work, and gives us a 'description of the little world' of man.

Essays deal rather with the permanent, internal, essential constituents; Characters with the passing, external, accidental aspects of men. Of both there are examples in the present work. Some of the papers are delineations of human nature, common to all time; others are incisive descriptions of 'characters' and scenes of the writer's age, which have now passed away. Posterity is as equally indebted to John Earle for his keen observations of human kind, as for his literary photographs of manners and life in England between, say the years 1618 and 1628.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

INTRODUCTORY.

Confusion has arisen as to the actual number of essays in the several early editions of *Micro-Cosmographie*, through the somewhat careless editing Blount bestowed on their numbering and indexing. We have therefore constructed the following table of issues in the author's life time; from which it will be seen that the Characters first appeared in three several quantities, viz., fifty-four in 1628, twenty-three more in 1629, and one more in 1633. So that virtually the composition of these observations on English life and manners cannot be placed lower than 1629.

In the table, figures *without* the brackets () are those printed at the head of the several Characters. The absence of any such figure is indicated by —; the omission of a Character altogether by *. These figures coincide with the actual order of the several essays, except when followed by others *within* (), which then represent the true order.

By the help of this table, the priority of the three editions of 1628 may be determined; the criterion being the carelessness of the editor.

Taking the *ostensible* figures *without* the brackets (), as on the pages 12—15,

(1) *a* and *b* have no 8 or 29.

misprint 50 for 51 : 52, 53, 54, 55, which should have followed as 53, 54, 55, 56.

but *a* misprints 37 for 39, 47 for 49, which are corrected in *b*: shewing a partial correction.

∴ *a* is anterior to *b*.

c assigns 8 and 29 to characters.
has no misprints in the *ostensible* figures.
rearranges the numbers generally.

∴ *c* is a correction of *b*.

(2) *The Herald* is omitted in the index of *a*, but is inserted in those of *b* and *c*.

The title-page of *a* is reprinted at page 17, and those of *b* and *c* on the opposite page.

The text of the present edition is, for the first fifty-four essays, that of *a* of 1628, collated with *b* and *c* of that year; for next twenty-three, the fifth edition, 1629; and for the last one, that of 1633; in which editions they first appear.

b

Micro-cosmographie.

OR,

A PEECE OF

THE WORLD

DISCOVERED;

IN ESSAYES AND

CHARACTERS.



LONDON,

Printed by *William Stansby* for
Robert Allot. 1628.

TITLE-PAGES
[reduced]

of

Second and Third Editions

of

1628.

c

Micro-cosmographie.

OR,

A PEECE OF

THE WORLD

DISCOVERED;

IN ESSAYES AND

CHARACTERS.

*Newly Composed for the Northerne
parts of this Kingdome.*



AT LONDON,

Printed by *W. S. for Ed: Blount,*
1628.

(a) Issues in the Author's life time.

	1628.	1629. or 1628.	1629.	1630.	1633.	1638.	1642.	1650.	1664.
	^a William Stansby for Edward Blount. [<i>? Editio princeps.</i>]	^c W. S. Blount.	<i>The Fifth Edition</i>	<i>The Sixth Edition</i>	<i>The Sixth Edition</i>	<i>The Seventh Edition</i>	<i>The Character of the Poet: who abroad. Also, Character of the Poet: who</i>	<i>W. Bentley for William Shears.</i>	<i>The Eighth Edition.</i>
	^b William Stansby for R. Allot.		<i>aug-mented, mented.</i>	<i>aug-mented, mented.</i>	<i>aug-mented, mented.</i>				
Actual order in the first edition.									
1. A child.	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
2. A young raw preacher.	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
3. A grave divine.	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
4. A mere dull physician.	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
5. An alderman.	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
6. A discontented man.	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
7. An antiquary.	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
8. A younger brother.	No eight.								
9. A formal man.	9 (8)	9	10 (11)	11	11	11	8	8	11
10. A church-Papist.	10 (9)	10	11 (12)	12	12	12	9	9	12
11. A self-conceited man.	11 (10)	11	12 (13)	13	13	13	10	10	13
12. A tavern.	12 (11)	12	13 (15)	15	15	15	11	11	15
13. A reserved man.	13 (12)	13	16 (18)	18	18	18	12	12	18
14. A shark.	14 (13)	14	15 (17)	17	17	17	13	13	17
15. A carrier.	15 (14)	15	— (19)	19	19	19	14	14	19
	16 (15)	16	22	22	22	22	15	15	22

any other trace of this edition.

16. An old College butler.	17(16)	17	26	26	16	26
17. An upstart knight.	18(17)	18	28	28	17	28
18. An idle gallant.	19(18)	19	30	30	18	30
19. A constable.	20(19)	20	31	31	19	31
20. A down-right scholar.	21(20)	25	33	33	20	33
21. A player.	22(21)	24	38	38	21	38
22. A detractor.	23(22)	26	39	39	22	39
23. A young gentleman of the University.	24(23)	23	41	41	24(23)	41
24. A pot poet.	25(24)	27	45	45	24	45
25. A cook.	26(25)	22	63	63	25	63
26. A forward man.	27(26)	29	64	64	26	64
27. A baker.	28(27)	21	65	65	27	65
28. A plain country fellow.	No twenty-nine.	28	35	35	28	35
29. A young man.	30(28)	30	25	25	29	25
30. The common finging-men.	31(29)	31	69	69	30	69
31. A pretender to learning.	32(30)	32	66	66	31	66
32. A fhopkeeper.	33(31)	33	70	70	32	70
33. A handfome hoftefs.	34(32)	34	72	72	33	72
34. A blunt man.	35(33)	34	71	71	34	71
35. A critic.	36(34)	35	73	73	35	73
36. A ferjeant.	37(35)	36	74	74	35(36)	74
37. A weak man.	38(36)	37	42	42	37	42
38. A tobacco feller.	39(37)	39	43	43	38	43
39. A plaufible man.	40(38)	38	46	46	39	46
40. The worldlywife man.	41(39)	40	48	48	41(40)	48
	42(40)	40(41)				

No copy known : neither is there

Characters 24 and 25, printed separately in 4to., under the title of *A true*
is the Founder of all the Base and Libellous Pamphlets lately spread

(a) Issues in the Author's life time.

	1628.		1629.	1630.	1633.	1638.	1642.	1650.	1644.
	a		b		c				
	William Stansby for Edward Blount. [<i>Editio princeps.</i>]		William Stansby for R. Allot.		W. S. Blount.				
	CHARACTERS.								
Actual order in the first edition.									
41. A bowling-alley.	43(41)	43(41)	47	47	47	47	47	42(41)	47
42. A burgeon.	44(42)	44(42)	49	49	49	49	49	43(42)	49
43. A she-precife hypocrite.	45(43)	45(43)	52	52	52	52	52	44(43)	52
44. A contemplative man.	46(44)	46(44)	51	51	51	51	51	45(44)	51
45. An attorney.	47(45)	47(45)	54	54	54	54	54	46(45)	54
46. A iceptic in religion.	48(46)	48(46)	53	53	53	53	53	47(46)	53
47. A partial man.	47	49(47)	56	56	56	56	56	49(47)	56
48. A trumpeter.	50(48)	50(48)	57	57	57	57	57	49(48)	57
49. A vulgar-spirited man.	50(49)	50(49)	58	58	58	58	58	50(49)	58
50. A herald.	52(50)	52(50)	68	68	68	68	68	51(50)	59
51. A plodding Student.	52(51)	52(51)	49(59)	49(59)	49(59)	49(59)	49(59)	52(51)	59
52. Paul's walk.	53(52)	53(52)	61	61	61	61	61	52	61
53. An University dun.	54(53)	54(53)	76	76	76	76	76	53	76
54. A ftaid man.	55(54)	55(54)	77	77	77	77	77	54	77

4th Ed. 1628 or 1629.

other trace of this edition.

description of the Poet: abroad. Also, Character of the Swit.

1642. *The Seventh Edition* augmented. mented.
 1644. *The Eighth Edition*.
 1650. *W. Beniley for William Shears.*

Present Order.	Additional Characters in Fifth Edition.	
55.	A modest man.	4
56.	A mere empty wit.	6
57.	A drunkard.	10
58.	A prison.	14
59.	A fervingman.	16
60.	An infoient man.	20
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77.	An ordinary honest fellow.	75
	Additional Character in Sixth Edition (1633).	•
78.	A suspicious orjealous man.	78

No copy known : neither is there any

55	4
57(56)	6
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62(60)	20
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65(63)	24
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*	36
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Characters 24 and 25, printed separately in 4to, under the title of *A true who is the Founder of all the Base and Libelous Pamphlets lately spread* *bole Cook.*

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60	60
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- 14 † 1676. Lond. 'The remaining copies of the ninth 1 vol. 12mo. (1669) edition, with a different title.' *Dr. Bliss, in Notes and Queries*, No. 299.
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17
Micro-coſmographie,

OR,

A PEECE OF
THE WORLD
DISCOVERED ;

IN ESSAYES AND
CHARACTERS.



LONDON,

Printed by *William Stansby* for
Edward Blount, 1628.

TO
THE READER
GENTILE OR
GENTLE.



Haue (for once) aduentur'd to playe the Mid-wifes part, helping to bring forth these Infants into the World, which the Father would haue smoothered: who hauing left them lapt vp in loose Sheets, as soon as his Fancy was deliuered of them; written especially for his priuate Recreation, to passe away the time in the Country, and by the forcible request of Friends drawne from him; Yet passing feuerally from hand to hand in written Copies, grew at length to be a prety number in a little Volume: and among so many fundry disperfed Transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious had like to haue past the Presse, if the Author had not vsed speedy meanes of preuention: When, perceiuing the hazard hee ran to be wrong'd, was vnwillingly willing to let them passe as now they appeare to the World. If any faults haue escap'd the Presse, (as few Bookes can bee printed without) impose them not on the Author I intreat Thee; but rather impute them to mine and the Printers ouersight, who seriously promise on the re impression hereof by greater care and diligence, for this our former default, to make Thee ample satisfaction. In the meanwhile, I remaine

Thine.

ED. BLOVNT.



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* The omission of this character in the table has been the cause of much confusion.



Micro-cosmographie.

OR,

A piece of the World Characteriz'd.

1. *A Childe*



TS a Man in a small Letter, yet the best Copie of *Adam* before hee tasted of *Eue*, or the Apple; and hee is happy whose small practice in the World can only write this Character. Hee is natures fresh picture newly drawn in Oyle, which time and much handling, dimmes and defaces. His Soule is yet a white paper vnscrubbed with obseruations of the world, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-booke. He is purely happy, because he knowes no euill, nor hath made meanes by finne to bee acquainted with misery. Hee arriues not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures euils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loues all, and when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught of Worme wood. He playes yet, like a young Prentise the first day, and is not come to his taske of melancholly. His hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loath to vse so deceitfull an Organ; and hee

is best company with it when hee can but prattle. Wee laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest: and his drummes, rattles and hobby-horses, but the Emblems, and mocking of mans businesse. His father hath writ him as his owne little story, wherein hee reades those dayes of his life that hee cannot remember; and sighes to see what innocence he has out liu'd. The elder he growes, hee is a stayer lower from God; and like his first father much worfe in his breeches. He is the Christians example, and the old mans relapse: The one imitates his purenesse, and the other fals into his simplicitie. Could hee put off his body with his little Coate, he had got eternitie without a burthen, and exchange'd but one Heauen for another.

2. *A young rawe Preacher*



TS a Bird not yet fledg'd, that hath hopt out of his nest to bee Chirping on a hedge, and will bee stragling abroad at what perill foeuer. His backwardnesse in the Vniuersitie hath set him thus forward; for had thee not ruanted there, he had not beene so hastie a Diuine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient onely in boldnesse, out of which and his Table booke he is furnisht for a Preacher. His Collections of Studie are the notes of Sermons, which taken vp at St. *Maries*, hee vtters in the Country. And if he write brachigraphy, his stocke is so much the better. His writing is more then his reading; for hee reades onely what hee gets without booke. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and peace out of the Pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and no man remembers his Colledge more at large. The pace of his Sermon is a full careere, and he runnes wildly ouer hill and dale till the clocke stop him. The labour of it is chiefly in his lungs. And the onely thing hee ha's made of it himselfe, is the faces. He takes on against the Pope

without mercy, and ha's a iest still in lauender for *Bellarmino*. Yet he preaches heresie, if it comes in his way, though with a mind I must needs say very Orthodoxe. His action is all passion, and his speech interiections: He ha's an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and spits with a very good grace. His stile is compounded of some twenty feueral mens, onely his body imitates some one extraordinary. He wil not draw his handkercher out of his place, nor blow his nose without discretion. His commendation is, that he neuer looks vpon booke, and indeed, he was neuer vs'd to it. Hee preaches but once a yeare, though twice on Sund[a]y: for the stufte is still the same, onely the dressing a little alter'd. He has more tricks with a sermon, then a Tailer with an old cloak, to turne it, and piece it, and at last quite disguise it with a new preface. If he haue waded further in his profession, and would shew reading of his own, his Authors are Postils, and his Schoole-diunitie a Catechisme. His fashion and demure Habit gets him in with some Town-precisian and maks him a Guest on Fryday nights. You shall know him by his narrow Veluet cape, and Serge facing, and his ruffe, next his haire, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walke is some zealous tradesman, whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both vnderstand alike. His friends and much painefulnesse may preferre him to thirtie pounds a yeere, and this means, to a chambermaide: with whom wee leaue him now in the bonds of Wedlocke. Next Sunday you shal haue him againe.

3. *A Graue Diuine*



IS one that knowes the burden of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient: for which hee hath not beene hasty to launch forth of his port the Vniuersitie, but expected the ballast of learning, and the winde of opportunitie. Diunitie is not

the beginning but the end of his studies, to which hee takes the ordinary stayre, and makes the Arts his way. Hee counts it not profaneness to bee polisht with humane reading, or to smoothe his way by *Aristotle* to Schoole-diunitie. He ha's founded both Religions and anchored in the best, and is a Protestant out of iudgement, not faction, not because his Country, but his Reason is on this side. The ministry is his choyce, not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his itch, but feare. His discourse there is substance, not all Rhetorique, and he vtters more things then words. His speech is not help't with enforc'd action, but the matter acts it selfe. Hee shoots all his meditations at one Butt: and beats vpon his Text, not the Cushion, making his hearers not the Pulpit groane. In citing of Popish errors, he cuts them with Arguments, not cudgels them with barren inuectiues: and labours more to shew the truth of his cause then the spleene. His Sermon is limited by the method, not the houre-glasse; and his Deuotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He comes not vp thrice a weeke because he would not be idle, nor talkes three houres together, because he would not talke nothing: but his tongue Preaches at fit times, and his conuersation is the euery dayes exercise. In matters of ceremonie hee is not ceremonious, but thinkes hee owes that reuerence to the Church to bow his iudgement to it, and make more conscience of schisme, then a Surpleffe. Hee esteemes the Churches Hirarchie, as the Churches glory, and how-euer wee iarre with Rome, would not haue our confusion distinguish vs. In Symoniacall purchafes he thinks his Soule goes in the bargaine, and is loath to come by promotion so deare. Yet his worth at the length aduances him, and the price of his owne merit buyes him a Liuing. He is no base Grater of his Tythes, and will not wrangle for the odde Egge. The Lawyer is the onely man he hinders, he is spited for taking vp quarrels. He is a maine pillar of our church, though not yet Deane nor Canon, and his life our Religions best Apolo-

gie : His death is his last Sermon, where in the Pulpit of his Bed hee instructs men to dye by his example.

4. *A meere dull Phisitian.*



THIS practice is some businesse at bed-sides, and his speculation an Vrinall. Hee is distinguisht from an Empericke by a round veluet cap, and Doctors gowne, yet no man takes degrees more superfluously, for he is Doctor howsoever. He is sworne to *Galen* and *Hypocrates*, as Vniuersity men to their statues, though they neuer saw them, and his discourse is all Aphorismes, though his reading be onely *Alexis* of Piemont, or the Regiment of Health. The best Cure he ha's done is vpon his own purse, which from a leane sicknesse he hath made lusty, and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning vp the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of Gallypots in his Apothecaries Shoppe, which are rank't in his Shelues, and the Doctors memory. He is indeed only languag'd in diseases, and speakes Greeke many times when he knows not. If he haue bene but a by-flander at some desperate recovery, he is slandered with it, though he be guiltlesse ; and this breeds his reputation, and that his Practice ; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of al odors he likes best the smel of Urine, and holds *Vespatians* rule, that no gaine is vnfaury. If you send this once to him, you must resolute be sicke howsoever, for he will neuer leaue examining your Water till hee haue shakt it into a disease. Then follows a writ to his druggier in a strange tongue, which hee vnderstands though he cannot conster. If he see you himselfe, his presence is the worst visitation : for if he cannot heale your sicknes, he will bee sure to helpe it. Hee translates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very Windowes and benches must take Phisicke. He tels you your Maladie in Greeke, though it be but a cold, or head ach : which

by good endeauour and diligence he may bring to some moment indeed ; his most vnfaithfull act is, that hee leaues a man gasping, and his pretence is, death and he haue a quarrell, and must not meet ; but his feare is, least the Carcasse should bleed. Anatomies and other spectacles of Mortalitie haue hardened him, and hee's no more struck with a Funerall then a Graue-maker. Noblemen vse him for a director of their stomacks, and Ladies for wantonneffe, especially if hee bee a proper man. If he be single, he is in league with his Shee-Apothecary, and because it is the Physitian, the husband is Patient. If he haue leasure to be idle (that is to study) he ha's a smatch at Alcumy, and is sicke of the Philosophers stone, a disease vncurable, but by an abundant Phlebotomy of the purse. His two maine opposites are a Mountebanke and a good Woman, and hee neuer shewes his learning so much as in an inuectiue against them, and their boxes. In conclusion he is a sucking consumption, and a very brother to the wormes, for they are both ingendred out of mans corruption.

5. *An Alderman.*



Hee is Venerable in his Gowne, more in his Beard, wherewith hee sets not forth so much his owne, as the face of a Citie. You must looke on him as one of the Towne-gates, and consider him not as a Body, but a Corporation. His eminencie aboue others hath made him a man of Worship, for hee had neuer beene prefer'd, but that hee was worth thousands. Hee ouer-sees the Common-wealth, as his Shop, and it is an argument of his Policie, that he has thriven by his craft. Hee is a rigorous Magistrate in his Ward: yet his scale of Iustice is suspected, least it bee like the Ballances in his Ware-houise. A ponderous man he is, and substantiall : for his weight is commonly extraordinarie, and in his preferment nothing rises so much

as his Bellie. His head is of no great depth, yet well furnisht, when it is in coniunction with his Brethren, may bring foorth a Citie Apothegme, or some such sage matter. Hee is one that will not hastily runne into error, for hee treds with great deliberation, and his iudgment consistis much in his pace. His discourse is commonly the Annals of his Maioralty, and what good gouernment there was in the dayes of his gold Chaine: though his doore-posts were the onely things that suffered reformation: Hee seemes not sincerely religious, especially on solemne daies; for he comes oft to Church to make a shew. Hee is the highest stayre of his profession, and an example to his Trade, what in time they may come to. Hee makes very much of his authority; but more of his Satin Doublet; which though of good yeares, bears its age very well, and looks fresh euery Sunday; But his Scarlet gowne is a Monument, and lasts from generation to generation.

6. *A discontented Man*



TS one that is false out with the world, and will bee reuenged on himselfe. Fortune ha's deny'd him in something, and hee now takes pet, and will bee miserable in spite. The roote of his disease is a selfe-humouring pride, and an accustom'd tenderesse, not to bee crost in his fancy: and the occasions commonly one of these three, a hard Father, a peeuish Wench, or his ambition thwarted. Hee considered not the nature of the world till he felt it, and all blowes fall on him heauier, because they light not first on his expectation. Hee has now forgone all but his pride, and is yet vain glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His compofure of himself is a studied carelesneffe with his armes a crosse, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloake, and he is as great an enemy to an hat-band, as Fortune. He quarrels at the time, and vpstarts, and sighs at the neglect of men of Parts, that

is, such as himselfe. His life is a perpetuall Satyre, and hee is still girding the ages vanity; when this very anger shewes he too much esteemes it. Hee is much displeas'd to see men merry, and wonders what they can finde to laugh at. He neuer draws his own lips higher then a smile, and frownes wrinckle him before fortie. He at the last falls into that deadly melancholy to bee a bitter hater of men, and is the most apt Companion for any mischief. Hee is the sparke that kindles the Commonwealth, and the bellows himselfe to blow it: and if he turne any thing, it is commonly one of these, either Friar, traitor, or mad-man.

7. *An Antiquary.*



Hee is a man strangely thrifty of Time past, and an enemy indeed to his Maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. Hee is one that hath that vnnaturall disease to bee enamour'd of old age, and wrinckles, and loues all things (as Dutchmen doe Cheefe) the better for being mouldy and worme-eaten. He is of our Religion, because wee say it is most ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almost make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the rust of old Monuments, and reades onely those Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. Hee will goe you forty miles to see a Saints Well, or ruin'd Abbey: and if there be but a Crosse or stone foot-stoole in the way, hee'l be considering it so long, till he forget his iourney. His estate consists much in shekels, and Roman Coynes, and hee hath more Pictures of Cæsar, then *Iames* or *Elizabeth*. Beggers coozen him with musty things which they haue rak't from dunghils, and he preserues their rags for precious Reliques. He loues no Library, but where there are more Spiders volums then Authors, and lookes with great admiration on the Antique worke of Cob-webs. Printed bookes he con-

temnes, as a nouelty of this latter age ; but a Manuscript he pores on euerlastingly, especially if the couer be all Moth-eaten, and the dust make a Parenthesis betweene eury Syllable. He would giue all the Bookes in his Study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Romane binding, or fixe lines of *Tully* in his owne hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange Beasts skins, and is a kind of Charnel-houfe of bones extraordinary and his discourse vpon them, if you will heare him shall last longer. His very atyre is that which is the eldest out of fashon, and you may picke a Criticisim out of his Breeches. He neuer lookes vpon himself till he is gray hair'd, and then he is pleased with his owne Antiquity. His Graue do's not fright him, for he ha's been vs'd to Sepulchers, and hee likes Death the better, because it gathers him to his Fathers.

8. *Younger Brother.*



His elder Brother was the *Efau*, that came out first and left him like *Iacob* at his heeles. His father ha's done with him, as *Pharaoh* to the children of *Israell*, that would haue them make brick, and giue them no straw, so he taskes him to bee a Gentleman, and leaues him nothing to maintaine it. The pride of his houfe has vndone him, which the elder Knighthood must sustaine, and his beggery that Knighthood. His birth and bringing vp will not suffer him to descend to the meanes to get wealth: but hee stands at the mercy of the World, and which is worse of his brother. He is something better then the Seruing-men ; yet they more fauour with him, then hee bold with the master, who beholds him with a countenance of sterne awe, and checks him oftner then his Liueries. His brothers old suites and hee are much alike in request, and cast off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furnisht him with a little more wit vpon

compassion; for it is like to be his best reuenew. If his Annuity stretch so farre he is sent to the Vniuersity, and with great heart burning takes vpon him the Ministry; as a profession hee is condemn'd, to buy his ill fortune. Other take a more crooked path, yet the Kings high way, where at length their vizzard is pluck't off, and they strike faire for Tiburne: but their Brothers pride, not loue, gets them a pardon. His last refuge is the Low-counties, where rags and lice are no scandall, where he liues a poore Gentleman of a Company, and dies without a shirt. The onely thing that may better his fortunes, is an art hee ha's to make a Gentlewoman, wherewith hee baits now and then some rich widow, that is hungry after his blood. Hee is commonly discontented, and desperate, and the forme of his exclamation is, that Churle my brother. Hee loues not his country for this vnnatural custome, and would haue long since reuolted to the Spaniard, but for Kent onely which he holds in admiration.

9. *A meere formall Man*



TS somewhat more then the shape of a man; for he has his length, breadth, and colour. When you haue seene his outside, you haue lookt through him, and need imploy your discouery no farther. His reason is meerly example, and his action is not guided by his vnderstanding, but he sees other men doe thus, and he followes them. He is a Negatiue, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a foole; nor an honest man, but not a knaue; nor a Protestant, but not a Papist. The chiefe burden of his braine is the carriage of his body and the setting of his face in a good frame: which hee performes the better, because hee is not disioynted with other Meditations. His Religion is a good quiet subiect, and he prayes as he sweares, in the Phrase of the Land. He is a faire guest, and a faire inuiter, and can excuse his good cheere in

the accustomed Apologie. Hee ha's some faculty in mangling of a Rabbet, and the distribution of his morfell to a neighbour trencher. Hee apprehends a iest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himselfe, when it comes to his turne. His discourse is the newes that hee hath gathered in his walke, and for other matters his discretion is, that he will onely what he can, that is, fay nothing. His life is like one that runnes to the Minster walke, to take a turne, or two, and so passes. He hath staid in the world to fill a number; and when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end.

10. *A Church-Papist*



TS one that parts his Religion betwixt his conscience and his purse, and comes to Church not to serue God, but the King. The face of the Law makes him weare the maske of the Gospel, which he vses not as a meanes to saue his soule, but charges. He loues Popery well, but is loath to lose by it, and though he be something scar'd with the Bulls of Rome, yet they are farre off, and he is strucke with more terrour at the Apparitor. Once a moneth he presents himselfe at the Church, to keepe off the Church-warden, and brings in his body to saue his bayle. Hee kneels with the Congregation, but prays by himselfe, and asks God forgiueneffe for comming thither. If he be forc'd to stay out a Sermon, he puts his hat ouer his eyes, and frowns out the houre, and when hee comes home, thinks to make amends for this fault by abusing the Preacher. His maine policy is to shift off the Communion, for which he is neuer vnfurnish't of a quarrell, and will bee sure to be out of Charity at Easter; and indeed lies not, for hee ha's a quarrell to the Sacrament. He would make a bad Martyr, and good trauellor, for his conscience is so large, he could neuer wander out of it, and in Constantinople would bee

circumcis'd with a referuation. His wife is more zealous, and therefore more costly, and he bates her in tyres, what she stands him in Religion. But we leaue him hatching plots against the State, and expecting *Spinola*.

II. *A selfe-conceited Man*



ONE that knowes himselfe so well that he does not know himselfe. Two excellent well-dones haue vndone him; and hee is guilty, that first commended him to madnesse. He is now become to his own booke, which he poares on continually, yetlike a truant-reader skips ouer the harsh places and surueyes onely that which is pleasant. In the speculation of his owne good parts, his eyes like a drunkards see all double, and his fancy like an old mans spectacles, make a great letter in a small print. He imagines euery place where hee comes his Theater, and not a looke stirring, but his spectator; and conceiues mens thoughts to bee very idle, that is, busie about him. His walke is still in the fashion of a March, and like his opinion vnaccompanyed, with his eyes most fixt vpon his owne person, or on others with reflection to himselfe. It hee haue done any thing that ha's past with applause, he is alwayes re-acting it alone, and conceits the extasie his hearers were in at euery period. His discourse is all positions, and definitiue decrees, with thus it must be, and thus it is, and he will not humble his authority to proue it. His tenent is alwayes singular, and aloofe from the vulgar as hee can, from which you must not hope to wrest him. He ha's an excellent humor, for an Heretique, and in these days made the first Arminian. He prefers *Ramus* before *Aristotle*, and *Paracelsus* before *Galen*, and whosoeuer with most Paradox is commended and *Lipsius* his hopping stile, before either *Tully* or *Quintilian*. He much pitties the World, that ha's no more insight in his Parts, when he is too well discouered, euen to this very tho[u]ght. A

flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what hee knowes before, and yet he loues him to, because he is like himselfe. Men are mercifull to him, and let him alone, for if he be once driuen from his humor, he is like two inward friends fallen out; His own bitter enemy, and discontent presently makes a murther. In summe, he is a bladder blown vp with wind, which the least flaw crufhes to nothing.

12. *A Tauerne*



IS a degree, or (if you will) a paire of stayres about an Alehouse, where men are drunken with more credit and Apologie. If the Vintners nose be at the doore, it is a signe sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the Iuie bush. The rooms are il breath'd, like the drinkers that haue bin washt well ouer night, and are smelt too fasting next morning; not furnisht with beds apt to be defil'd, but more necessary implements, Stooles, Table, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more newes then hogs-heads, and more iests then newes, which are fuctt vp heere by some spungy braine, and from thence squeaz'd into a Comedy. Men come heere to make merry, but indeed make a noife, and this Musicke aboue is answered with the clinking below. The Drawers are the ciuillest people in it, men of good bringing vp, and howfoeuer wee esteeme of them, none can boast more iustly of their high calling. Tis the best Theater of natures, where they are truely acted, not plaid, and the busines as in the rest of the world vp and downe, to wit, from the bottome of the Seller to the great Chamber. A melancholy Man would finde heere matter to worke vpon, to see Heads as brittle as Glasses, and ofter broken. Men come hither to quarrell, and come hither to be made friends, and if *Plutarch* will lend me his S[i]mile, it is euen *Telephus* his sword that makes wounds, and cures them. It is the common consump-

tion of the Afternoone, and the murderer, or maker away of a rainy day. It is the Torrid Zone that scorches the face, and Tobacco the gun-power that blowes it vp. Much harme would be done, if the charitable Vintener had not Water readie for these flames. A house of sinne you may call it, but not a house of darkeness, for the Candles are neuer out, and it is like those Countries farre in the North, where it is as cleare at mid-night as at mid-day. After a long fitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing showre, where the spouts are flushing aboue, and the Conduits running below, while the Iordans like swelling riuers ouerflow their bankes. To giue you the totall reckoning of it. It is the busie mans recreation, the idle mans businesse, the melancholy mans Sanctuary, the strangers welcome, the Innes a Court mans entertainment, the Scholers kindnesse, and the Citizens curtesie. It is the studie of sparkling wits, and a cup of Canary their booke, where we leaue them.

13. *A too idly reseru'd Man*



TS one that is a foole with discretion: or a strange piece of Politician, that manages the state of himselfe. His Actions are his Priuie Counsell, wherein no man must partake beside. He speakes vnder rule and prescription, and dare not shew his teeth without *Machiauell*. He conuerses with his neighbours as hee would in Spaine, and feares an inquisitiue man as much as the Inquisition. He suspects all questions for examinations, and thinks you would pick some thing out of him, and auoids you: His brest is lik[e] a gentlewomans closet, which locks vp euerie toy and trifle, or some bragging Mounte-banke, that makes euerie flinking thing a secret. He deliuers you common matters with great coniuration of silence, and whispers you in the eare Acts of Parliament. You may as soone wrest a tooth from him as a paper, and

whatsoever he reads is letters. Hee dares not talke of great men for feare of bad Comments, and hee knowes not how his words may bee misapplyed. Aske his opinion and he tels you his doubt: and hee neuer heares any thing more astonishtly then what hee knowes before. His words are like the Cards at Primuiste, where 6. is 18. and 7. 21. for they neuer signifie what they found; but if he tell you he wil do a thing, it is as much as if hee swore hee would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftier then they are, and puts himselfe to a great deale of affliction to hinder their plots, and designs where they meane freely. Hee ha's beene long a riddle himselfe, but at last finds *Oedipusses*; for his ouer-acted dissimulation discouers him, and men doe with him as they would with Hebrew letter, spell him backwards, and read him.

14. *A Sharke.*



TS one whome all other meanes haue fayl'd, and hee now liues of himselfe. He is some needy chashir'd fellow, whom the World has oft flung off, yet still claspes againe, and is like one a drowning, fastens vpon any thing that's next at hand, amongst other of his Shipwrackes hee has happyly lost shame, and this want supplies him. No man puts his Braine to more vse then hee, for his life is a dayly inuention, and each meale a new stratagem. Hee has an excellent memorie for his acquaintance, though there past but how doe you betwixt them seuen yeeres agoe, it shall suffice for an Imbrace, and that for money. He offers you a Pottle of Sacke out of his ioy to see you, and in requitall of this courtesie, you can doe no lesse then pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse-strings, as a Schoole-boy with his points, when hee is going to bee Whipt, till the Master wearie with long Stay, forgiues him. When the reckoning is payd, he sayes it must not bee so, it [yet] is strait pacified, and cryes what remedie.

His borrowings are like Subsidies, each man a shilling or two, as hee can well dispend, which they lend him, not with the hope to be repayed, but that he will come no more. He holds a strange tyranny ouer men, for he is their debtor, and they feare him as a creditor. He is proud of any imployment, though it bee but to carry commendations, which he will be sure to deliuer at eleuen of the clocke. They in curtesie bid him stay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he find but a good looke to assure his welcom, he becomes their halfe boorder, and haunts the threshhold so long, till he forces good naturrs to the necessity of a quarrell. Publique inuitations hee will not wrong with his absence, and is the best witnesse of the Sheriffes Hospitality. Men shun him at length as they would doe an infection, and he is neuer croft in his way, if there be but a lane to escape him. He ha's done with the Age as his clothes to him, hung on as long as hee could, and at last drops off.

15. *A Carryer*



IS his own Hackneyman for hee lets himselfe out to trauell as well as his horses. Hee is the ordinarie Embassadour betweene Friend and Friend, and brings rich Prefents to the one, but neuer returns any backe againe. He is no vnletter'd man, though in shew simple, for questionlesse, hee has much in his Budget, which hee can vtter too in fit time and place; Hee is the Vault in Gloster Church, that conueyes Whispers at a distance; for hee takes the found out of your mouth at Yorke, and makes it bee heard as farre as London. Hee is the young Students ioy and expectation, and the most accepted guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burthen. His first greeting is, Your Friends are well; then in a piece of Gold deliuers their Blessing. You would thinke him a Churlish blunt fellow, but they

find in him many tokens of humanitie. He is a great afflicter of the High-way, and beates them out of meſure, which iniury is ſometimes reuengd by the Purſe taker; and then the Voyage miſcaries. No man domineers more in his Inne, nor calſ his Hoſt vnreuerently with more preſumption, and this arrogance proceeds out of the ſtrength of his Horſes. He forgets not his load where he takes his eaſe, for he is drunke commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the Prodigall Child, ſtill packing away, and ſtill returning againe. But let him paſſe.

16. *An old Colledge Butler.*



IS none of the worſt Students in the houſe, for he keeps the ſet houres at his booke more duly then any. His authority is great ouer mens good names, which hee charges many times with ſhrewd aſperſions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His Boxe and Counters proue him to be a man of reckoning; yet hee is ſtricter in his accounts then a Vſurer, and deliuers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the paine of *Gallobelgicus*, for his bookes goe out once a quarter, and they are much in the ſame nature, briefe notes and ſummes of affaires, and are out of requeſt as ſoone. His commings in are like a Taylors from the ſhreds of bread, the chippings, and remnants of the broken cruſt: excepting his vailes from the barrell, which poore folkes buy for their hogs, but drinke themſelues. He diuides a halfe peny loaſe with more ſubtilty then *Kekerman*, and ſub-diuides the *a primo ortum* ſo nicely, that a ſtomacke of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. Hee is a very ſober man conſidering his manifold temptations of drinke and ſtrangers, and if hee be ouer-ſeene, tis within his owne liberties, and no man ought to take exceptions. He is neuer ſo well pleas'd with his place, as when a Gentleman is beholding to him for ſhewing him the

Buttery, whom hee greets with a cup of single beere and flyst manchet, and tels him tis the fashion of the Colledge. Hee domineers ouer Freshmen when they first come to the Hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of Cues, and Cees, and some broken Latine which he ha's learnt at his Bin. His faculties extraordinary, is the warming of a paire of Cards, and telling out a doozen of Counters for Post and Paire, and no man is more methodicall in these busineses. Thus hee spends his age, till the tappe of it is runne out, and then a fresh one is fet abroad.

17. *An Vp-start Countrey Knight.*



His honour was somewhat preposterous, for hee bare the Kings sword before he had armes to wield it; yet being once laid ore the shoulder with a Knighthood, he finds the Herauld his friend. His father was a man of good stocke, though but a Tanner, or Vfuter; hee purchast the Land, and his son the Title. He ha's doft off the name of a Clowne, but the looke not so easie, and his face beares still a relish of Churne-milke. Hee is garded with more Gold lace then all the Gentlemen o' th Countrie, yet his body makes his clothes stil out of fashion. His housekeeping is seene much in the distinct families of Dogges, and Seruing-men attendant on their kennels, and the deepeness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A Hauke hee esteemes the true burthen of Nobilitie, and is exceeding ambitious to seeme delighted in the sport, and haue his fist Glou'd with his Iesses. A Iustice of peace hee is to domineere in his Parish, and doe his neighbour wrong with more right. And very scandalous hee is in his authoritie, for no sinne almost which hee will not commit. Hee will bee drunke with his hunters for companie, and staine his Gentilitie with droppings of Ale. He is fearefull of being Sheriffe of the Shire by instinct, and dreads the Size-weeke as

much as the Prifoner. In fumme, he is but a clod of his owne earth ; or his Land is the Dunghill, and he the Cocke that crowes ouer it. And commonly his race is quickly runne, and his Childrens Children, though they scape hanging, returne to the place from whence they came.

18. *A Gallant.*



TS one that was born and shapt for his Cloathes: and if *Adam* had not falne, had liu'd to no purpose. Hee gratulates therefore the first sinne, and fig leaues that were an occasion of brauerie. His first care is his dresse, the next his bodie, and in the vniting of these two lies his soule and its faculties. Hee obserues London trulier then the Termers, and his businesse is the street: the Stage the Court, and those places where a proper man is best showne. If hee be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is so much the more gentle and compleate, and hee learns the best [best] oathes for the purpose. These are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newnesse as the fashion. His other talke is Ladies and such pretty things, or some iest at a Play. His Pick-tooth beares a great part in his discourse, so does his body; the vpper parts whereof are as starchit as his linnen, and perchance vse the same Laundresse. Hee has learnt to ruffle his face from his Boote, and takes great delight in his walke to heare his Spurs gingle. Though his life passe somewhat slidingly, yet he seemes very carefull of the time, for hee is still drawing his Watch out of his Poket, and spends part of his houres in numbring them. He is one neuer serious but with his Taylor, when hee is in conspiracie for the next deuce. He is furnisht [with] his Iests, as some wanderer with Sermons, some three for all Congregations, one especially against the Scholler, a man to him much ridiculous, whome hee knowes by no other definition, but a silly fellow in blacke. He is a kind of walking

Mercers Shop, and shewes you one Stuffle to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the roomes he comes in, as the faire bed and Hangings be; and is meerely ratable accordingly, fiftie or an hundred Pound as his fuit is. His maine ambition is to get a Knight hood, and then an olde Ladie, which if he be happy in, he fills the Stage and a Coach so much longer. Otherwise, himselfe and his Cloathes grow stale together, and he is buried commonly ere hee dies in the Gaole, or the Country.

19. *A Constable*



IS a Vice-roy in the street, and no man stands more vpon't that he is the Kings Officer. His Iurisdiction extends to the next flocks, where hee ha's Commission for the heeles only, and sets the rest of the body at libertie. Hee is a scar-crow to that Alehouse, where he drinks not his mornings draught, and apprehends a Drunkard for not standing in the Kings name. Beggers feare him more than the Iustice, and as much as the Whip stocke, whom hee deliues ouer to his subordinate Magistrates, the Bride-wel-man, and the Beadle. Hee is a great stickler in the tumults of double Iugges, and venters his head by his Place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace. He is neuer so much in his Maiesty as in his Night-watch, where hee sits in his Chayre of State, a Shop-stall, and inuiron'd with a guard of Halberts, examines all passengers. Hee is a very carefull man in his Office, but if hee stay vp after Midnight, you shall take him napping.

20. *A downe-right Scholler*



IS one that has much learning in the Ore, vnwrought and vntryde, which time and experience fashions and refines. He is good mettall in the inside, though rough and vnscour'd without, and therefore hated

of the Courtier, that is quite contrarie. The time has got a veine of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition, and no vnluckie absurdity, but is put vpon his profession, and done like a Scholler. But his fault is onely this, that his minde is somewhat much taken vp with his mind, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides. Hee has not put on the quaint Garbe of the Age, which is now become a mans Totall. He has not humbled his Meditations to the industrie of Complement, nor afflicted his braine in an elaborate legge. His body is not set vpon nice Pinnes, to bee turning and flexible for euery motion, but his scrape is homely, and his nod worfe. He cannot kisse his hand and cry Madame, nor talke idly enough to beare her company. His smacking of a Gentle-woman is somewhat too sauory, and he mistakes her nose for her lippe. A very Woodcocke would puzzle him in caruing, and hee wants the logicke of a Capon. He has not the glib faculty of sliding ouer a tale, but his words come squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before the iest. He names this word Colledge too often, and his discourse beats too much on the Vniuersity. The perplexity of mannerlineffe will not let him feed, and he is sharpe set at an argument when hee should cut his meate. He is discarded for a gamester at all games but one and thirty, and at tables he reaches not beyond doublets. His fingers are not long and drawn out to handle a Fiddle, but his fist is cluncht with the habite of disputing. Hee ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side, and they both goe iogging in grieffe together. He is exceedingly censur'd by the Innes a Court men, for that hainous Vice being out of fashion. Hee cannot speake to a Dogge in his owne Dialect, and vnderstands Greeke better then the language of a Falconer. Hee has bene vsed to a darke roome, and darke Clothes, and his eyes dazzle at a Sattin Doublet. The Hermitage of his Study, has made him som what vncouth

in the world, and men make him worfe by staring on him. Thus is hee filly and ridiculous, and it continues with him for some quarter of a yeare, out of the Vniuerfitie. But praëtife him a little in men, and brush him ore with good companie, and hee shall out bal-lance those glisterers as much as a solid substance do's a feather, or Gold Gold-lace.

21. *A Player.*



HE knowes the right vse of the World, wherein hee comes to play a part and so away, His life is not idle for it is all Action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are vpon him. His profession ha's in it a kind of contra-diction, for none is more dislik'd, and yet none more applauded and hee ha's this misfortune of some Schol-ler, too much witte makes him a foole. He is like our painting Gentle-women, seldome in his owne face, seldomer in his cloathes, and hee pleases, the better hee counterfeits, except onely when hee is dis-guis'd with straw for gold lace. Hee do's nct only personate on the Stage, but sometime in the Street, for hee is maskd still in the habite of a Gentleman. His Parts find him oathes and good words, which he keeps for his vse and Discourfe, and makes shew with them of a fashionable Companion. He is tragicall on the Stage, but rampant in the Tyring-house, and sweares oathes there which he neuer con'd. The waiting women Spectators are ouer-eares in loue with him, and Ladies fend for him to aët in their Chambers. Your Innes of Court men were vndone but for him, hee is their chiefe guesst and imployment, and the sole busi-nesse that makes them After-noones men; The Poet only is his Tyrant, and hee is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges. Shroue-tuesday hee feares as much as the Baudes, and Lent is more damage to him then the Butcher. Hee was neuer fo

much discredited as in one Act, and that was of Parliament, which giues Hostlers Priuiledge before him, for which hee abhors it more then a corrupt Iudge. But to giue him his due, one wel-furnisht Actor has enough in him for fiue common Gentlemen, and if he haue a good body for fixe, and for resolution, hee shall Challenge any *Cato*, for it has beene his practise to die brauely.

22. *A Detraктор*



TS one of a more cunning and actiue enuy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himselfe, but throwes it abroad and would haue it blister others. He is commonly some weake parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them downe with his Tongue to his owne pooreness. Hee is indeed like the red Dragon that pursued the woman, for when hee cannot ouerreach another, hee opens his mouth and throwes a flood after to drowne him. You cannot anger him worse then to doe well, and hee hates you more bitterly for this, then if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your owne discredit. He is alwayes flighting the generall opinion, and wondring why such and such men should bee applauded. Commend a good Diuine, hee cryes Postilling; a Philologer, Pedantrie; a Poet, Ryming; a Schoole-man, dull wrangling; a sharpe conceit, Boy-ishness; an honest Man, plausibilitie. Hee comes to publique things not to learne, but to catch, and if there bee but one solocisme, that's all he carries away. Hee lookes on all things with a prepared sowrenesse, and is still furnisht with a Pish before hand, or some musty Prouerbe that dis-relishes all things whatsoever. If feare of the company make him second a commendation, it is like a Law-writ, alwaies with a clause and exception, or to smoothe his way to some greater scandall. Hee will grant you

something, and bate more ; and this bating shal in conclusion take away all hee granted. His speech concludes still with an Oh but, and I could wish one thing amended ; and this one thing shal be enough to deface all his former commendations. Hee will bee very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his slanders hereafter more authenticke, when it is said a friend reported it. Hee will inueigle you to naughtinesse to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to shew you reeling. Hee passeth the more plausibly because all men haue a smatch of his humour, and it is thought freenes which is malice. If hee can say nothing of a man, hee will seeme to speake riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if hee would : and when hee has rackt his inuention to the vttermoſt, hee ends : But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace. Hee is alwayes listning and enquiring after men, and suffers not a cloake to passe by him vnexamin'd. In briefe, hee is one that has lost all good himselfe, and is loth to finde it in another.

23. *A meere young Gentleman
of the Vniuersitie*



TS one that comes there to weare a gowne, and to say hereafter, hee has beene at the Vniuersitie. His Father sent him thither, because hee heard there were the best Fencing and Dancing Schooles, from these he has his Education, from his Tutor the ouersight. The first Element of his knowledge is to be shewne the Colledges, and initiated in a Tauerne by the way, which hereafter hee will learne of himselfe. The two markes of his Senioritie, is the bare Veluet of his gowne, and his proficiencie at Tennis, where when hee can once play a Set, he is a Fresh-man no more. His Studie has commonly handsome Shelues, his Bookes neate Silke strings, which hee shewes to his

Fathers man, and is loth to vntye or take downe for feare of misplacing. Vpon soule dayes for recreation hee retyres thither, and looks ouer the pretty booke his Tutor Reades to him, which is commonly some short Historie, or a piece of *Euphormio*; for which his Tutor giues him Money to spend next day. His maine loytering is at the Library, where hee studies Armes and bookes of Honour, and turnes a Gentleman-Critick in Pedigrees. Of all things hee endures not to be mistaken for a Scholler, and hates a black suit though it bee of Sattin. His companion is ordinarily some stale fellow, that ha's bene notorious for an Ingle to gold hatbands, whom hee admires at first, afterward scornes. If hee haue spirit or wit, hee may light of better company, and may learne some flashes of wit, which may doe him Knights seruice in the Country hereafter. But hee is now gone to the Inns of Court, where hee studies to forget what hee learn'd before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

24. *A Pot-Poet*



LS the dreggs of wit; yet mingled with good drinke may haue some relish. His Inspirations are more reall then others; for they doe but faine a God, but hee has his by him. His Verfes run like the Tap, and his inuention as the Barrell, ebs and flowes at the mercy of the spiggot. In thin drinke hee aspires not aboue a Ballad, but a cup of Sacke inflames him, and sets his Muse and Nose a fire together. The Presse is his Mint, and stamps him now and then a fixe pence or two in reward of the baser coyne his Pamphlet. His workes would scarce sell for three halfe pence, though they are giuen oft for three Shillings, but for the pretty Title that allures the Country Gentleman: and for which the Printer maintaines him in Ale a fortnight. His Verfes are like his clothes, miserable Cento's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether

fo hobling as an Almanacks. The death of a great man or the burning of a house furnish him with an Argument, and the nine Muses are out strait in mourning gowne, and *Melpomine cryes* Fire, Fire, His other Poems are but Briefs in Rime, and like the poore Greekes collections to redeeme from captiuity. He is a man now much imploy'd in commendations of our Nauy, and a bitter inueigher against the Spaniard. His frequent'st Workes goe out in single sheets, and are chanted from market to market, to a vile tune, and a worfe throat: whilst the poore Country wench melts like her butter to heare them. And these are the Stories of some men of Tiburne, or a strange Monster out of Germany: or sitting in a Baudy-houfe, hee writes Gods Iudgements. Hee ends at last in some obscure painted Cloth, to which himfelfe made the Verfes, and his life like a Canne too full spils vpon the bench. He leaues twenty shillings on the score, which my Hostesse looses.

25. *A Cooke.*



He Kitchin is his Hell, and hee the Diuell in it, where his meate and he frye together. His Reuennues are showr'd downe from the fat of the Land, and he enterlards his owne greafe among to helpe the drippings. Colericke hee is, not by nature so much as his Art, and it is a shrewd temptation that the chopping knife is so neare. His weapons ofter offensive, are a messe of hot broth and scalding water, and woe bee to him that comes in his way. In the Kitchin he will domineere, and rule the roste, in spight of his Master, and Curfes is the very Dialect of his Calling. His labour is meere blustering and furie, and his Speech like that of Sailors in a storme, a thousand busineses at once, yet in all this tumult hee do's not loue combustion, but will bee the first man that shall goe and quench it. Hee is neuer good Christian till a hissing

Pot of Ale has flak't him, like Water cast on a fire-brand, and for that time hee is tame and dispossess't. His cunning is not small in Architecture, for hee builds strange Fabricks in Pasts, Towres and Castles, which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and like *Darius* his Pallace, in one Banquet demolisht. Hee is a pittiless murderer of Innocents, and hee mangles poore foules with vnheard of tortures, and it is thought the Martyrs persecutions were deuised from hence, sure we are Saint *Lawrence* his Gridiron came out of his Kitchin. His best facultie is at the Dresser, where hee seemes to haue great skill in the Traçtiques, ranging his Dishes in order, Militarie: and placing with great discretion in the fore-front meates more strong and hardy and the more cold and cowardly in the reare, as quaking Tarts, and quiuering Custards, and such milke sop Dishes which scape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the second Course is gone vp, and hee downe into the Sellar, where hee drinks and sleepees till foure a clocke in the after-noone, and then returnes againe to his Regiment.

26. *A forward bold Man*



IS a lusty fellow in a crowd, that's beholding more to his elbow then his legges, for he do's not go, but thrusts well. Hee is a good shuffler in the world, wherein he is so oft putting forth, that at length he puts on. He can doe something, but dare doe much more, and is like a desperate soldier, who will assault any thing where hee is sure not to enter. He is not so well opinion'd of himselfe, as industrious to make other; and thinke [thinks] no vice so preiudiciall as blushing. Hee is still citing for himselfe, that a candle should not be hid vnder a bushell, and for his part, he will be sure not to hide his, though his candle bee but a snuffe or Rush-candle. These few good parts hee has, hee is no niggard in displaying, and is like some needy

flanting Gold-smith, no thing in the inner roome, but all on the cup-board: If he be a scholler, he ha's commonly stept into the Pulpit before a degree; yet into that too before he deseru'd it. Hee neuer deferes St. *Maries* beyond his regencie, and his next Sermon is at *Pauls* Crosse, and that printed. He loues publike things alife: and for any solemne entertainment he will find a mouth, find a speech who will. Hee is greedy of great acquaintance and many, and thinkes it no small aduancement to rise to bee knowne. His talke at the table is like *Beniamins* messe, five times to his part, and no argument shuts him out for a quarrellour. Of all disgraces he indures not to bee *Non-blust*, and had rather flye for Sanctuary to *Non sense*, which few can descry, then to nothing which all. His boldnesse is beholding to other mens modestie, which rescues him many times from a Baffle, yet his face is good Armour, and hee is dasht out of any thing sooner then Countenance. Groffer conceites are puzzel'd in him for a rare man, and wiser men, though they know him, take him for their pleasure, or as they would doe a Sculler for being next at hand. Thus preferment at last stumbles on him bicause, hee is still in the way. His Companions that flouted him before, now enuie him, when they see him come readie for Scarlet, whilst themselues lye Mustie in their old Clothes and Colledges.

27. *A Baker.*



NO man verifies the Prouerbe more, that it is an Almes-deed to punish him: for his penalty is a Dole, and do's the Beggers as much good as their Dinner. He abhors therefore workes of Charitie, and thinkes his Bread cast away when it is giuen to the poore. He loues not Iustice neither, for the weigh-scales sake, and hates the Clarke of the Market as his Executioner: yet hee findes mercy in his offences,

and his Basket onely is sent to Prifon. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemy, and he neuer heares well after.

28. *A plaine Country Fellow*



TS one that manures his ground well, but lets himfelfe lie fallow and vntil'd. Hee has reason enough to doe his bufineffe, and not enough to bee idle or melancholy. Hee feemes to haue the iudgement of *Nabuchadnezar*: for his conuerfation is among beafts, and his tallons none of the fhorteft, only he eates not graffe, becaufe hee loues not fallets. His hand guides the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-marke is the very mound of his meditations. He expoftulates with his Oxen very vnderftandingly, and fpeaks Gee and Ree better then Englifh. His mind is not much diftracted with obiefts: but if a goode fat Cowe come in his way, he ftands dumbe and aftonifht, and though his hafte bee neuer fo great, will fixe here halfe an houres contemplation. His habitation is fome poore Thatcht roofe, diftinguifht from his Barn, by the loope-holes that let out fmoak, which the raine had long fince wafht thorow, but for the double feeling of Bacon on the infide, which has hung there from his Grandfires time, and is yet to make rafhers for pofterity. His Dinner is his other worke, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible faftner on a piece of Beeffe, and you may hope to ftawe the Guard off fooner. His Religion is a part of his Copy-hold, which hee takes from his Land-lord, and referres it wholly to his difcretion. Yet if hee giue him leaue, he is a good Christian to his power (that is) comes to Church in his beft clothes, and fits there with his Neighbours, where he is capable onely of two Prayers, for raines and faire weather. Hee apprehends Gods bleffings onely in a Good Yeere, or a Fat pafture, and neuer

praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteemes a day to make merry in, and thinkes a Bag-pipe as essentiall to it, as Euening-Prayer, where hee walkes very solemnly after seruice with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dauncing of his parish. His complement with his Neighbour, is a good thumpe on the backe; and his salutation, commonly some blunt Curse. Hee thinks nothing to bee vices but Pride and ill husbandrie, for which hee wil grauely diffwade youth and has some thriftie Hobnayle Prouerbes to Clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the Weeke except onely Market-day, where if his Corne sell well, hee thinkes hee may be drunke with a good Conscience. His feete neuer stincke so vnbecomingly, as when hee trots after a Lawyer in Westminster-hall, and euen cleaues the ground with hard scraping, in beseeching his Worship to take his money. Hee is sensible of no calamitie but the burning of a Stacke of Corne, or the ouer-flowing of a Medow, and thinkes *Noahs* Flood the greatest Plague that euer was, not because it Drowned the World, but spoyl'd the grasse. For Death hee is neuer troubled, and if hee get in but his Haruest before, let it come when it wil he cares not.

29. *A Young-man.*



He is now out of Natures protection, though not yet able to guide himselfe: But left loose to the World, and Fortune, from which the weaknesse of his Childhood preferu'd him: and now his strength exposes him. Hee is indeed iust of age to be miserable, yet in his owne conceit first begins to be happy; and hee is happier in this imagination, and his misery not felt is lesse. He sees yet but the outside of the World and Men, and conceiues them according to their appearing glister, and out of this ignorance beleeueth them. He pursues all vanities for happinesse, and enioyes them best in this fancy. His reason serues

not to curbe, but vnderstand his appetite, and profecute the motions thereof with a more eager earnestnes. Himselfe is his owne temptation, and needs not Satan; and the World will come hereafter. Hee leaues repentance for gray hayres, and performes it in being couetous. Hee is mingled with the vices of the age as the fashion and custome, with which he longs to bee acquainted; and Sinnes to better his vnderstanding. He conceiues his Youth as the season of his Lust, and the Houre wherein hee ought to bee bad: and because he would not lose his time, spends it. He distasts Religion as a sad thing, and is fixe yeeres elder for a thought of Heauen. Hee scornes and feares, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. Hee loues and hates with the same inflammation: and when the heate is ouer, is coole alike to friends and enemies. His friendship is seldome so stedfast, but that lust, drinke, or anger may ouerturne it. He offers you his blood to day in kindnesse, and is readie to take yours to morrow. He do's seldome any thing which hee wishes not to doe againe, and is onely wise after a misfortune. Hee suffers much for his knowledge, and a great deale of folly it makes him a wise man. Hee is free from many Vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is onely more vertuous out of weaknesse. Everie action is his danger, and euery man his ambush. Hee is a Shippe without Pilot or Tackling, and only good fortune may steere him. If hee scape this age, hee ha's scap't a Tempest, and may liue to be a Man.

30. *The common singing-men
in Cathedrall Churches*



Re a bad Society, and yet a Company of good Fellowes, that roare deep in the Quire deeper in the Tauerne. They are the eighth part of speech, which goe to the Syntaxis of Seruice, and are distinguish't by

their noyses much like Bells, for they make not a Confort but a Peale. Their pastime or recreation is prayers, their exercise drinking, yet herein so religiously addicted that they serue God oftest when they are drunke. Their humanity is a legge to the Residencer, their learning a Chapter, for they learne it commonly before they read it, yet the old Hebrew names are little beholding to them, for they mis-call them worse then one another. Though they neuer expound the Scripture, they handle it much, and pollute the Gospell with two things, their Conuersation, and their thumbes. Vpon Worky-dayes they behaue themselues at Prayers as at their Pots, for they swallow them downe in an instant. Their Gownes are lac'd commonly with streamings of Ale, the superfluites of cups or throat about measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their Anthemes abler to sing Catches. Long-liu'd for the most part they are not, especially the base, they ouerflow their banke so oft to drowne the Organs. Briefly, if they escape arresting, they dye constantly in Gods Seruice; and to eake [take] their death with more patience, they haue Wine and Cakes at their Funerall: and now they keepe the Church a great deale better, and helpe to fill it with their bones as before with their noife.

31. *A Pretender to Learning*



IS one that would make others more fooles then himselfe; for though he know nothing, he would not haue the world know so much. He conceits nothing in Learning but the opinion, which he seekes to purchase without it, though hee might with lesse labour cure his ignorance, then hide it. He is indeed a kind of Scholler-Mountebank, and his Art, our delusion. He is trickt out in all the accoutrements of Learning, and at the first encounter none passes

better. Hee is oftner in his study, then at his Booke, and you cannot please him better, then to deprehend him. Yet he heares you not till the third knocke, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You find him in his Slippers, and a Pen in his eare, in which formality he was asleep. His Table is spread wide with some Classicke Folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the same Page this half yeere. His Candle is alwayes a longer sitter vp then himselfe, and the boast of his Window at Midnight. He walkes much alone in the Posture of Meditation, and ha's a Booke still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldome without a Greeke Testament, or Hebrew Bible, which hee opens only in the Church, and that when some stander by lookes ouer. He has his sentences for Company, some scatterings of *Seneca* and *Tacitus*, which are good vpon all occasions. If he read any thing in the morning, it comes vp all at dinner: and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. Hee is a great *Plagiari*e of Tauerne-wit: and comes to Sermons onely that hee may talke of *Austin*. His Parcels are the meere scrapings from Company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seeme a iudgement, and listens with a sower attention, to what hee vnderstands not. Hee talkes much of *Scaliger* and *Causabone*, and the Iesuites, and prefers some vnheard-of Dutch name before them all. He has verses to bring in vpon these and these hints, and it shall goe hard but he will wind in his opportunity. Hee is criticall in a language hee cannot confesse, and speaks seldome vnder *Arminius* in Diuinity. His businesse and retirement and caller away is his Study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. Hee is a great Nomen-clator of Authors, which hee has read in generall in the Catalogue, and in particular in the Title, and goes seldome so farre as the Dedication. Hee neuer talkes of any thing but learning, and learns all from talking. Three in-

counters with the same men pumpe him, and then hee onely puts in, or grauely sayes nothing. He ha's taken paines to be an Ass, though not to be a Scholler, and is at length discouered and laught at.

32. *A Shop-keeper.*



His Shop is his well stuft Booke, and himselfe the Title-page of it, or Index. Hee vtters much to all men, though he fels but to a few, and intreats for his owne necessities by asking others what they lacke. No man speakes more and no more, for his words are like his Wares, twentie of one fort, and he goes ouer them alike to all commers. Hee is an arrogant commender of his owne things; for whatsoever hee shewes you, is the best in the Towne, though the worst in his Shop. His Conscience was a thing, that would haue layde vpon his hands, and he was forc't to put it off: and makes great vse of honestie to professe vpon. Hee tels you lyes by rote, and not minding, as the Phrase to sell in, and the Language hee spent most of his yeeres to learne. He neuer speakes so truely, as when hee sayes hee would vse you as his Brother, for hee would abuse his brother; and in his Shop, thinkes it lawfull. His Religion is much in the nature of his Customers, and indeed the Pander to it: and by a misinterpreted sence of Scripture makes a gaine of his Godlineffe. Hee is your slaue while you pay him ready Money, but if hee once befriend you, your Tyrant, and you had better deserue his hate then his trust.

33. *A handsome Hostesse*



The fairer commendation of an Inne, about the faire Signe or faire Lodgings. She is the Loadstone that attracts men of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleaue sometimes long, and are not easily got off.

Her Lips are your wel-come, and your entertainment her companie, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the dearest parcell in it: No Citizens wife is demurer then shee at the first greeting, nor drawes in her mouth with a chaster simper, but you may be more familiar without distaste, and shee do's not startle at Baudry. She is the confusion of a Pottle of Sacke more then would haue beene spent elf-where, and her litle Tugs are accepted, to haue her Kisse excuse them. Shee may be an honest woman, but is not beleeu'd so in her Parish, and no man is a greater Infidel in it then her Husband.

34. *A Blunt Man*



TS one whose wit is better pointed then his behauiour, and that course, and Impollisht not out of ignorance so much as humour. He is a great enemy to the fine Gentleman, and these things of Complement, and hates ceremonie in conuersation, as the Puritan in Religion. Hee distinguishes not betwixt faire and double-dealing, and suspects all smoothnesse for the dresse of knauerie. Hee starts at the encounter of a Salutation, as an assault, and beseeches you in choller to forbear your courtesie. Hee loues not any thing in Discourse that comes before the purpose, and is alwaies suspitious of a Preface. Himselfe falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except hee vse an old Prouerbe for an Introduction. Hee sweares olde out of date innocent othes, as by the Masse, by our Ladie, and such like, and though there bee Lords present, he cryes, My Masters. Hee is exceedingly in loue with his Humour, which makes him alwayes professe and proclaime it, and you must take what he sayes patiently, because he is a plaine man. His nature is his excuse still, and other mens Tyrant: for hee must speake his mind, and that is his worst, and craues your pardon most iniuriously for not

pardoning you. His Iests best become him, because they come from him rudely and vnaffected: and hee has the lucke commonly to haue them famous. Hee is one that will doe more then he will speake, and yet speake more then hee will heare: for though hee loue to touch others, hee is teachy himselfe, and seldome to his own abuses replies but with his Fists. Hee is as squeazy of his commendations as his courtesie, and his good word is like an Elogie in a Satyre. Hee is generally better fauour'd then hee fauours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitternesse, and no man speakes treason more securely. Hee chides great men with most boldnesse, and is counted for it an honest fellow. Hee is grumbling much in the behalfe of the Commonwealth, and is in Prifon oft for it with credit. Hee is generally honest, but more generally thought so, and his downe rightnesse credits him, as a man not wel bended and crookned to the times. In conclusion, hee is not easily bad, in whom this qualitie is Nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous since hee is disguis'd in a humour, that professes not to disguise.

35. *A Criticke*



LS one that has speld ouer a great many of Bookes, and his obseruation is the Orthographie. Hee is the Surgeon of old Authors, and heales the wounds of dust and ignorance. He conuerfes much in fragments and *Defunt multa's*, and if he piece it vp with two Lines, he is more proud of that Booke then the Authour. Hee runnes ouer all Sciences to peruse their Syntaxis, and thinkes all Learning compris'd in writing Latine. Hee tastes Styles, as some discreeter Palats doe Wine; and tels you which is Genuine, which Sophisticate and bastard. His owne Phraze is a Miscellany of old words, deeces'd long before the *Cæjars*, and entoomb'd by *Varro*, and the modern'st

man hee followes, is *Plautus*. Hee writes *Omneis* at length, and *quicquid*, and his Gerund is most inconformable. Hee is a trouble troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise vp to the Iudgement of his castigations. He is one that makes all Bookes sell dearer, whilst he swels them into Folio's with his Comments.

36. *A Sergeant or Catch-pole*



TS one of Gods Iudgements; and which our Roarers doe onely conceiue terrible. Hee is the properest shape wherein they fancie Satan; for hee is at most but an Arrester, and Hell a Dungeon. Hee is the Creditors Hawke, wherewith they feaze vpon flying Birds, and fetch them againe in his Tallons. He is the Period of young Gentlemen, or their full stop, for when hee meets with them they can go no farther. His Ambush is a Shop Stall, or close Lane, and his Assault is cowardly at your backe. He respites you in no place but a Tauerne, where he fels his Minutes dearer then a Clocke-maker. The common way to runne from him, is through him, which is often attempted and atchieued, and no man is ofter beaten out of Charitie. He is one makes the streete more dangerous then the High-wayes, and men goe better prouided in their walkes then their Iourney. Hee is the first handfell of the young Rapiers of the Templers, and they are as proud of his repulse, as an Hungarian of killing a Turke. He is a moueable Prifon, and his hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off. Hee is an occasioner of disloyall thoughts in the Commonwealth, for he makes men hate the Kings Name worfe then the Deuils.

37. *A weake Man*

Sone whom Nature huddled vp in hafte, and left his beft part vnfinifh't. The reft of him is growne to bee a man, onely his braine ftayes behind. Hee is a man that ha's not improou'd his firft rudiments, nor attain'd any proficiencie by his ftay in the world : but wee may fpeake of him yet, as when hee was in the budde, a goode harmeleffe nature, a well meaning mind, if hee could order his intentions. It is his mifery that hee now moft wants a Tutor, and is too old to haue one. Hee is two fteps aboue a foole, and a great many mo below a wife-man : yet the foole is oft giuen him, and by thofe whom he eftemes moft. Some tokens of him are : Hee loues men better vpon relation then experience : for he is exceedingly enamour'd of Strangers, and none quicklier a weary of his friends. Hee charges you at firft meeting with all his fecrets, and on better acquaintance grows more referu'd. Indeed hee is one that miftakes much his abufers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and hee apprehends your hate in nothing fo much, as in good counfell. One that is flexible with any thing but reason, and then only peruerfe ; and you may better intice then perfwade him. A feruant to euery tale and flatterer, and whom the laft man ftill works ouer. A great affecter of wits and fuch pretineffes ; and his company is costly to him, for he feldom ha's it but inuited. His friendship commonly is begun in a fupper and loft in lending money. The Tauerne is a dangerous place to him, for to drinke and to be drunke, is with him all one, and his braine is fooner quench'd then his thirft. He is drawn into naughtines with company, but fuffers alone, and the Baftard commonly laid to his charge. One that will bee patiently abus'd, and take exceptions a Moneth after when he vnderftands it, and then not [you cannot] endeare him more then by coozening him, and it is a temptation

to those that would not. One discoverable in all fillinesses to all men but himselfe, and you may take any mans knowledge of him better then his owne. Hee will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather then denie one, breake with all. One that ha's no power o're himselfe, o're his businesse, o're his friends: but a prey and pitie to all: and if his fortunes once sinke, men quickly crie, Alas, and forget him.

38. *A Tobacco-seller*



TS the onely man that finds good in it which others brag of, but doe not; for it is meate, drinke, and clothes to him. No man opens his ware with greater ferioufnesse, or challenges your iudgement more in the approbation. His Shop is the Randeuous of spitting, where men dialogue with their noses, and their communication is smoke. It is the place onely where Spaine is commended, and prefer'd before England it selfe. He should be wel experienc'd in the world: for he ha's daily tryall of mens nostrils, and none is better acquainted with humors. Hee is the piecing commonly of some other trade, which is bawd to his Tobacco, and that to his wife, which is the flame that follows this smoke.

39. *A plausible Man*



TS one that would faine run an euen path in the world, and iutt against no man. His endeuour is not to offend, and his ayme the generall opinion. His conuersation is a kind of continued Complement, and his life practice of manners. The relation hee beares to others, a kind of fashionable respect, not friendship, but friendlines, which is equall to all and generall, and his kindnesse feldome exceed courtesies. Hee loues not deeper mutualities, because he would not take sides, nor hazard himselfe on displeasures, which he

principally auoids. At your first acquaintance with him hee is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after but friendly still. He has an excellent command ouer his patience and tongue, especially the last, which hee accommodates alwayes to the times and persons, and speakes feldome what is sincere, but what is ciuill. He is one that vses all companies, drinckes all healths, and is reasonable coole in all Religions. He can listen to a foolish discourse with an applausiue attention, and conceale his Laughter at Non-sense. Silly men much honour and esteeme him, because by his faire reasoning with them as with men of vnderstanding, he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder heereafter to their owne discouerie. Hee is one rather well thought on then belou'd, and that loue he ha's, is more of whole companies together then any one in particular. Men gratifie him notwithstanding with a good report, and what-euer vices he ha's besides, yet hauing no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow.

40. *The Worlds wise Man*

IS an able and sufficient wicked man, it is a prooue of his sufficiency that hee is not called wicked, but wise. A man wholly determin'd in himselfe and his owne ends, and his instrument: herein any thing that will doe it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they serue this worke, vs'd or laid by. Indeed hee knowes not this thing of friend, but if hee giue you the name, it is a signe he ha's a plot on you. Neuer more actiue in his businesse, then when they are mixt with some harme to others: and tis his best play in this Game to strike off and lie in the place. Successfull commonly in these vndertakings, because he passeth smoothly those rubs which others stumble at, as Conscience and the like: and congratulates himselfe much in this aduantage: Oathes and falshood he counts the

neereſt way, and loues not by any meanes to goe about. Hee has many fine quips at this folly of plaine dealing, but his tuſh is greateſt at Religion, yet hee vſes this too, and Vertue, and good Words, but is leſſe dangerouſly a Diuel then a Saint. He aſcribes all honeſtie to an vnpractis'dneſſe in the World: and Conſcience a thing meerely for Children. Hee ſcornes all that are ſo ſilly to truſt him, and onely not ſcornes his enemy; eſpecially if as bad as himſelfe: He feares him as a man well arm'd, and provided, but ſets boldly on good natures, as the moſt vanquiſhable. One that ſeriously admires thoſe worſt Princes, as *Sforza*, *Borgia*, and *Richard* the Third: and calſ matters of deepe villany things of difficultie. To whom murders are but reſolute Acts, and Treason a buſineſſe of great conſequence. One whom two or three Countries make vp to this compleatneſſe, and he ha's traueld for the purpoſe. His deepeſt indearment is a communication of miſchiefe, and then onely you haue him faſt. His concluſion is commonly one of theſe two, either a Great Man, or hang'd.

41. *A Bowle Alley*



TS the place where there are three things throwne away beſide Bowls, to wit, time, money and curſes, and the laſt ten for one. The beſt Sport in it is the Gameſters, and he enioyes it that lookes on and bets not. It is the Schoole of wrangling, and worſe then the Schooles, for men will cauill here for an haires breadth, and make a ſtirre where a ſtraw would end the controuerſie. No Anticke, ſcreswes mens bodies into ſuch ſtrange flexures, and you would think them ſenſleſſe, to ſpeak ſenſe to their Bowle, and put their truſt in intreaties for a good caſt. The Betters are the factious noiſe of the Alley, or the gameſters beadsmen that pray for them. They are ſomewhat like thoſe that are cheated by great Men, for they loſe their

mony and must say nothing. It is the best discovery of humors, especially in the losers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whilst some fret, some raile, some sweare, and others more ridiculouſly comfort themſelves with Philoſophy. To give you the Morall of it ; It is the Embleme of the world, or the worlds ambition : where moſt are ſhort, or ouer, or wide or wrong Byas't, and ſome few iuſtle in to the Miſtris Fortune. And it is here as in the Court, where the neareſt are moſt ſpighted, and all blowes aym'd at the Toucher.

42. *A Surgeon*



S one that has ſome buſineſſe about his Building or little houſe of man, whereof Nature is as it were the Tyler, and hee the Playſterer. It is oſter out of reparations, then an old Parſonage, and then he is ſet on worke to patch it againe. Hee deales moſt with broken Commodities, as a broken Head, or a mangled face, and his gaines are very ill got, for he liues by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Phyſitian as a ſore do's from a diſeaſe, or the ſicke from thoſe that are not whole, the one diſtempers you within, the other bliſters you without. He complains of the decay of Valour in theſe daies, and ſighes for that flaſhing Age of Sword and Buckler ; and thinkes the Law againſt Duels, was made meerly to wound his Vocation. Hee had beene long ſince vndone, if the charitie of the Stewes had not relieued him, from whom he ha's his Tribute as duely as the Pope, or a wind-fall ſometimes from a Tauerne, if a quart Pot hit right. The rareneſſe of his cuſtome mak[e]s him pittileſſe when it comes : and he holds a Patient longer then our Courts a Cauſe. Hee tels you what danger you had beene in if he had ſtaide but a minute longer, and though it bee but a prickt finger, hee makes of it much matter. He is a reaſonable cleanly man, conſidering the Scabs hee ha's to deale

with, and your finest Ladies now and then are beholding to him for their best dressings. Hee curses old Gentlewomen, and their charity that mak[e]s his Trade their Almes: but his enuie is neuer stir'd so much as when Gentlemen goe ouer to fight vpon Calice Sands, whome hee wishes drown'd ere they come there, rather then the French shal get his Custome.

43. *A Shee precise Hypocrite*



Shee is one in whom good Women suffer, and haue their truth mis-interpreted by her folly. Shee is one, she knows not what her selfe if you aske her, but shee is indeed one that ha's taken a toy at the fashion of Religion, and is enamour'd of the New-fangle. Shee is a Nonconformist in a close Stomacher and Ruffle of Geneua Print, and her puritie consists much in her Linen. Shee ha's heard of the Rag of Rome, and thinkes it a very fluttish Religion, and rayles at the Whore of Babylon for a very naughty Woman. Shee ha's left her Virginitie as a Relique of Popery, and marries in her Tribe without a Ring. Her deuotion at the Church is much in the turning vp of her eye, and turning downe the leafe in her Booke when shee heares nam'd Chapter and Verse. When she comes home, shee commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two houres. She loues Preaching better then Praying, and of Preachers Lecturers, and thinkes the Weeke-dayes Exercise farre more edifying then the Sundaies. Her ostent Gossipings are Sabaoth-dayes iourneyes, where (though an enemy to Superstition) shee will goe in Pilgrimage fiew mile to a silenc'd Minister, when there is a better Sermon in her owne Parish. Shee doubts of the Virgin Marie's Saluation, and dare not Saint her, but knowes her owne place in heauen as perfectly, as the Pew shee ha's a key to. Shee is so taken vp with Faith, shee ha's no roome for Charity, and vnderstands no good

Workes, but what are wrought on the Sampler. She accounts nothing Vices but Superstition, and an Oath, and thinks Adultery a lesse sinne, then to sweare by my Truely. Shee rayles at other Women by the names of *Iezabel* and *Dalilah*: and calls her owne daughters *Rebecka* and *Abigail*, and not *Anne* but *Hannah*. Shee suffers them not to learne on the Virginalls, because of their affinity with the Organs, but is reconcil'd to the Bells for the Chymes sake, since they were reform'd to the tune of a Psalme. She ouer flowes so with the Bible, that she spils it vpon euery occasion, and wil not Cudgell her Maides without Scripture. It is a question, whether shee is more troubled with the Diuell or the Diuell with her: shee is alwayes challenging and daring him, and her weapons are Spels no lesse potent then different, as being the sage Sentences of some of her owne Sectaries. No thing angers her so much as that Woemen cannot Preach, and in this point onely thinks the Brownist erroneous: but what shee cannot at the Church, shee do's at the Table, where she prattles more then any against sence, and Antichrist, till a Capon wing silence her. Shee expounds the Priests of *Baal* Reading Ministers, and thinks the Saluation of that Parish as desperate as the Turkes. Shee is a maine derider to her capacitie of those that are not her Preachers, and censures all Sermons but bad ones. If her Husband be a Tradfman, shee helps him to Customers, how soeuer to good cheere, and they are a most faithful couple at these meetings: for they neuer faile. Her Conscience is like others Lust neuer fatisfied, and you might better answere *Scotus* then her Scruples. Shee is one that thinks shee performes all her duty to God in hearing, and shewes the fruites of it in talking. Shee is more fiery against the May-pole then her Husband, and thinks he might doe a Phinehas his act to break the pate of the Fiddler. She is an euerlasting Argument; but I am weary of her.

44. *A Contemplatiue Man*

IS a Scholler in this great Vniuersity the World; and the same his Booke and Study. Hee cloysters not his Meditations in the narrow darknesse of a Roome, but sends them abroad with his Eyes, and his Braine trauels with his Feete. He looks vpon Man from a high Tower, and sees him trulyer at this distance in his Infirmities and poorenesse. He scornes to mixe himselfe in mens actions, as he would to act vpon a Stage; but sits aloft on the Scaffold a censuring Spectator. Nature admits him as a partaker of her Sports, and asks his approbation as it were of her owne Workes, and variety. Hee comes not in Company, because hee would not be solitary, but findes Discourse enough with himselfe, and his owne thoughts are his excellent play-fellowes. He looks not vpon a thing as a yawning Stranger at nouelties: but his search is more mysterious and inward, and hee spels Heauen out of earth. He knits his obseruations together, and makes a Ladder of them all to climbe to God. He is free from vice, because he has no occasion to imploy it, and is about those ends that make men wicked. He ha's learnt all can heere be taught him, and comes now to Heauen to see more.

45. *An Atorney.*

HIS Ancient beginning was a blue coat, since a liuery, and his hatching vnder a Law[y]er; whence though but pen-feather'd, hee hath now nested for himselfe, and with his horded pence purchast an Office. Two Deskes, and a quire of Paper set him vp, where he now fits in state for all commers. We can call him no great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his

libels. Hee ha's some smatch of a Scholler, and yet vses Latine very hardly, and lest it should accuse him, cuts it off in the midst, and will not let it speake out. He is contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is his poore country Clients, that worship him more then their Landlord, and be there neuer such churles, he lookes for their curtesie. He first racks them foundly himselfe, and then deliuers them to the Lawier for execution. His looks are very solicitous importing much hast and dispatch, he is neuer without his hanfull of businesse, that is, of paper. His skin becomes at last as dry as parchment and his face as intricate as the most winding cause. He talks Statutes as fiercely, as if he had mooted seuen yeers in the Inns of Court; when all his skill is stucke in his girdle, or in his office window. Strife and wrangling haue made him rich, and he is thankfull to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he liue in a Country village, he makes all his neighbours good Subiects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His businesse giues him not leaue to thinke of his conscience, and when the time, or terme of his life is going out, for Doomes-day he is secure; for he hopes he has a tricke to reuerse iudgement.

46. *A Scepticke in Religion*



TS one that hangs in the ballance with all sorts of opinions, whereof not one but stirres him and none swayes him. A man guiltier of credulity then he is taken to bee; for it is out of his beleefe of euery thing, that hee fully beleeuues nothing. Each Religion scarres him from it's contrary: none perfwades him to it selfe. Hee would be wholly a Christian, but that he is something of an Atheist, and wholly an Atheist, but that hee is partly a Christian; and a perfect Heretick, but that there are so many to distract him. He

finds reason in all opinions, truth in none : indeed the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfie him. He is at most a confus'd and wild Christian, not specializ'd, by any forme, but capable of all. He vses the Land's Religion, because it is next him, yet hee sees not why hee may not take the other, but he chuses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts and scruples better then resolues them, and is alwayes too hard for himselfe. His Learning is too much for his brayne ; and his iudgment too little for his learning, and his ouer-opinion of both spoys all. Pity it was his mischance of being a Scholler : for it do's only distract and irregulate him and the world by him. He hammers much in generall vpon our opinions vncertainety, and the possibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalnesse of Religion to Countries, that Protestantisme should bee borne so in England and Popery abroad, and that fortune and the Starres should so much share in it. Hee likes not this connexion of the Common-weale, and Diuinity, and feares it may be an Arch-practice of State. In our differences with Rome he is strangely vnfix't, and a new man euery day, as his last discourse-books Meditations transport him. Hee could like the gray haire of Poperie, did not some dotages their stagger him ; hee would come to vs sooner, but our new name affrights him. He is taken with their Miracl[e]s but doubts an impusture ; hee conceiues of our Doctrin better but it seemes too empty and naked. He cannot driue into his fancy the circumscription of Truth to our corner, and is as hardly perfwaded to thinke their old Legends true. He approues wel of our Faith, and more of their workes, and is sometimes much affected at the zeale of Amsterdam. His conscience interposes, it selfe betwixt Duellers, and whillst it would part both, is by both wounded. He will somtimes propend much to vs vpon the reading a good Writer, and at *Bellarmino* recoyles as farre backe

again; and the Fathers iustle him from one side to another. Now *Sofnaas* and *Vorstius* afresh torture him, and he agrees with none worse than himselfe. He puts his foot into Heresies tenderly, as a Cat in the water, and pulls it out againe, and still something vnanswer'd delays him yet he beares away some parcell of each, and you may sooner picke all Religions out of him then one. He cannot thinke so many wise men should be in error, nor so many honest men out of the way and his wounder is doubled, when he sees these oppose one another. He hates authority as the Tyrant of reason, and you cannot anger him worse then with a Fathers *dixit*, and yet that many are not perswaded with reason, shall authorize his doubt. In summe, his whole life is a question, and his saluation a greater, which death onely concludes, and then he is resolu'd.

47. *A Partiall Man*



IS the opposite extreame to a Defamer, for the one speakes ill falsly, and the other well, and both slander the Truth. He is one that is still weighing men in the Scale of Comparisons, and puts his affection in the one ballance and that swayes. His friend alwayes shall doe best, and you shall rarely heare good of his enemy. Hee considers first the man, and then the thing, and restraines all merit to what they deserue of him. Commendations hee esteemes not the debt of Worth, but the requitall of kindnesse: and if you aske his reason, shewes his Interest and tels you how much he is beholding to that Man. Hee is one that ties his iudgement to the Wheele of Fortune, and they determine giddily both alike. He preferres England before other Countries, because he was borne there, and Oxford before other Vniuersities, because hee was brought vp there, and the best Scholler there, is one of his owne Colledge, and the best Scholler there is

one of his friends. Hee is a great fauourer of great perfons, and his argument is still that which should bee Antecedent, as he is in high place, therefore vertuous, he is prefer'd, therefore worthy. Neuer aske his opinion, for you shall heare but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but Conscience. Men esteeme him for this a zealous affectionate, but they mistake him many times, for hee does it but to bee esteemed so. Of all men hee is worst to write an Historie, for hee will praise a *Seianus* or *Tiberius*, and for some pettie respect of his all posteritie shall bee cofen'd.

48. *A Trumpeter*



TS the Elephant with the great Trunke, for hee eats nothing but what comes through this way. His Profession is not so worthy as to occasion insolence, and yet no man so much puffed vp. His face is as Brazen as his Trumpet, and (which his worfe) as a Fidler, from whom hee differeth onely in this, that his impudence is dearer. The Sea of Drinke, and much wind make a Storme perpetually in his Cheeks, and his looke is like his noyse, blustering and tempestuous. Hee wa's whilome the found of Warre, but now of Peace; yet as terrible as euer, for wherefoeuer hee comes they are fure to pay for't. He is the common attendant of glittering folkes, whether in the Court or Stage, where he is alwaies the Prologues Prologue. He is somewhat in the nature of a Hogshed shrillest when he is empty; when his belly is full hee is quiet enough. No man proues life more to bee a blast, or himselfe a bubble, and he is like a counterfeit Bankrupt, thriues best when he is blowne vp.

49. *A vulgar-spirited Man*

IS one of the heard of the World. One that followes meerely the common crye, and makes it louder by one. A man that loues none but who are publikely affected, and he will not be wiser then the rest of the Towne. That neuer ownes a friend after an ill name, or some generall imputation though he knowes it most vnworthy. That opposes to reason, Thus men say, and thus most doe, and thus the world goes, and thinkes this enough to poyse the other. That worships men in place, and those onely, and thinkes all a great man speakes Oracles. Much taken with my Lords Iest, and repeats you it all to a fillable. One that iustifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way. That thinkes certainly all Spaniards and Iesuites very villaines, and is still cursing the Pope and *Spynola*. One that thinkes the grauest Cassocke the best Scholler: and the best Clothes the finest man. That is taken onely with broad and obscœne wit, and hisses any thing too deepe for him. That cries *Chaucer* for his Money about all our English Poets, because the voice ha's gone so, and hee ha's read none. That is much rauisht with such a Noble mans courtesie, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his Hat. One that is formost still to kisse the Kings hand, and cryes *God blesse his Maiestie* loudest. That rayles on all men condemn'd and out of fauour, and the first that faves away with the Traytors: yet struck with much ruth at Executions, and for pittie to see a man die, could kill the Hangman. That comes to London to see it, and the pretty things in it, and the chiefe cause of his iourney the Beares: That measures the happineffe of the Kingdome, by the cheapneffe of corne; and conceiues no

harne of State, but il trading. Within this compasse too, come those that are too much wedg'd into the world, and haue no lifting thoughts about those things that call to thriue, to doe well, and Preferment onely the grace of God. That ayme all Studies at this marke, and shew you poore Schollers as an example to take heed by. That thinke the Prifon and want, a Iudgement for some fin, and neuer like well hereafter of a Iayle-bird. That know no other Content but wealth, brauery, and the Towne-Pleasures; that thinke all else but idle speculation, and the Philosophers, mad-men: In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shews, appearances, the streame, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scornes something.

50. *A Herald*



IS the spawne, or indeed but the reluctance of Nobility, and to the making of him went not a Generation, but a Genealogie. His Trade is Honour, and hee sells it, and giues Armes himselfe, though hee be no Gentleman. His bribes are like those of a corrupt Iudge; for they are the prices of blood. He seemes very rich in discourse, for he tels you of whole fields of gold and siluer, Or and Argent, worth much in French, but in English nothing. He is a great diuer in the streames or issues of Gentry, and not a by-Channell or bastard escapes him, yet he dos with them like some shamelesse Queane, fathers more children on them, then euer they begot. His Trafficks is a kind of Pedlery ware, Scutchions, and Pennons and little Daggers, and Lyons, such as Children esteeme and Gentlemen: but his peni-worths are rampant, for you may buy three whole Brawns cheaper, then three Boars heads of him painted. Hee was somtimes the terrible Coat of *Mars*, but is now for more mercifull Battels in the Tilt-yard, where whosoever

is victorious, the spoiles are his. Hee is an Art in England, but in Wales Nature, where they are borne with Heraldry in their mouthes, and each Name is a Pedegree.

51. *A Plodding Student*



TS a kind of Alchymist or Perfecuter of Nature, that would change the dull lead of his Brain into finer mettle, with successe many times as vnprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own Oyle and Candles. He ha's a strange forc't appetite to Learning, and to atchieue it brings nothing but patience and a body. His Studie is not great but continuall, and consists much in the fitting vp till after Midnight in a rug-gowne, and a Night cap to the vanquishing perhaps of some fixe lines: yet what hee ha's, he ha's perfect, for he reads it so long to vnderstand it till he gets it without Booke. Hee may with much industry make a breach into Logicke, and ariue at some ability in an Argument: but for politer Studies hee dare not skirmish with them, and for Poetry accounts it impregnable. His Inuention is no more then the finding out of his Papers, and his few gleanings there, and his disposition of them is as iust as the Book-binders, a setting or glewing of them together. Hee is a great discomforter of young Students, by telling them what trauell it ha's cost him, and how often his braine turn'd at Philosophy, and makes others feare Studying as a cause of Duncery. Hee is a man much giuen to Apothegms which serue him for wit, and feldome breakes any Iest, but which belong'd to some Lacedemonian or Romane in *Lycosthenes*. He is like a dull Carriers horse, that will go a whole weeke together but neuer out of a foot-pace: and hee that sets forth on the Saturday shall ouertake him.

52. *Pauls Walke*

TS the Lands Epitome, or you may call it the lesser Ile of Great Brittain. It is more then this, the whole worlds Map, which you may here discern in it's perfect motion iustling and turning. It is a heape of stons and men, with a vast confusion of Languages and were the Steeple not sanctified nothing liker Babel. The noyse in it is like that of Bees, a strange humming or buzze-mixt of walking, tongues and feet: It is a kind of still roare or loud whisper. It is the great Exchange of all discourse, and no busines whatsoeuer but is here stirring and afoot. It is the Synod of all pates politicke, ioynted and laid together in most serious posture, and they are not halfe so busie at the Parliament. It is the Anticke of tailes to tailes, and backes to backes, and for vizards you need goe no further then faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers, whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sises. It is the generall Mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legands Popery, first coyn'd and stamp't in the Church. All inuentions are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The best signe of a Temple in it is, that it is the Theeues Sanctuary, which robbe more safely in the Croud, then a wilder nesse, whilst euery searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after Playes, Tauerne, and a Baudy-House, and men haue still some Oathes left to sweare here. It is the eares Brothell, and fatisfies their lust, and ytch. The Visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall Inhabitants and possessors, are stale Knights, and Captaines out of Seruice, men of long Rapiers, and Breeches, which after all turne Merchants here, and trafficke for Newes. Some make it a Preface to their Dinner, and Trauell for a Stomacke: but thriftier men make it their Ordinarie: and Boord here verie cheape. Of all such places it is least haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghost would walke more, hee could not.

53. *A Vniuersitie Dunne*

LS a Gentlemans follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money ha's hyred him. Hee is an inferiour Creditour of some ten shillings or downwards, contracted for Horfe-hire, or perchance for drinke, to weake to bee put in Suite. and he arrests your modestie. Hee is now very expensive of his time, for hee will waite vpon your Staires a whole Afternoone, and dance attendance with more patience then a Gentleman-Vther. Hee is a fore beleaguerer of Chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knockes: yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out. Hee is a great complayner of Schollers loytering, for hee is sure neuer to find them within, and yet hee is the chiefe cause many times that makes them studie. He Grumbles at the ingratitude of men, that shunne him for his kindnesse, but indeed it is his owne fault, for hee is too great an vpbrayder. No man put[s] them more to their braine then hee: and by shifting him off they learne to shift in the world. Some choose their roomes a purpose to auoide his surprizals, and thinke the best commoditie in them his Prospect. Hee is like a reiected acquaintance, hunts those that care not for his company, and hee knowes it well enough; and yet will not keepe away. The sole place to supply him is the Butterie, where hee takes grieuous vse vpon your Name, and hee is one much wrought with good Beere and Rhetoricke. He is a man of most vnfortunate voyages, and no Gallant walkes the street to lesse purpose.

54. *A stayed Man*

IS a man. One that ha's taken order with himselfe, and set a rule to those lawlesnes within him. Whose life is distinct and in Method, and his Actions as it were cast vp before. Not loos'd into the Worlds vanities, but gathered vp and contracted in his station. Not scatter'd into many pieces of businessses, but that one course he takes, goes thorough with. A man firme and standing in his purposes, nor heau'd off with each wind and passion. That squares his expence to his Coffers, and makes the Totall first, and then the Items. One that thinkes what hee does, and does what he sayes, and forsees what he may doe, before he purposes. One whose (if I can) is more then anothers assurance, and his doubtfull tale before some mens protestations. That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his coniectures oft true Prophecies. That makes a pause still betwixt his eare and beleefe, and is not too hasty to say after others: One whose Tongue is strung vp like a Clocke till the time, and then strikes, and sayes much when hee talkes little. That can see the Truth betwixt two wranglers, and sees them agree euen in that they fall out vpon. That speakes no Rebellion in a brauery, or talkes bigge from the spirit of Sacke. A man coole and temperate in his passions, not easily betraid by his choller: That vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat: but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. That can come fairely off from Captaines companies, and neither drink nor quarrell. One whom no ill hunting sends home discontented, and makes him sweare at his dogs and family. One not hastie to pursue the new Fashion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round Breeches. But grauely handsome, and to his place, which suites him better then his Tailor. Actiue in the world without disquiet, and carefull without miserie: yet neither

ingulft in his pleasures, nor a feeker of bufineffe, but ha's his houres for both. A man that feldome laughs violently, but his mirth is a cheerefull looke. Of a compos'd and fetled countenance, not fet, nor much alterable with fadneffe or ioy. He affects nothing fo wholly, that hee muft bee a miserable man when he lofes it: but forethinks what will come hereafter, and ipares Fortune his thanks and curfes. One that louse his Credit, not this word Reputation; yet can faue both without a Duell: whose entertainments to greater men are refpectfull not complementary, and to his friends plaine not rude. A good Husband, Father, Master: that is without doting, pampring, familiarity. A man well poys'd in all humours in whom Nature fhewed moft Geometry, and hee ha's not fpoyl'd the worke. A man of more wifedome then wittineffe, and braine then fancy; and abler to any thing then to make Verfes.

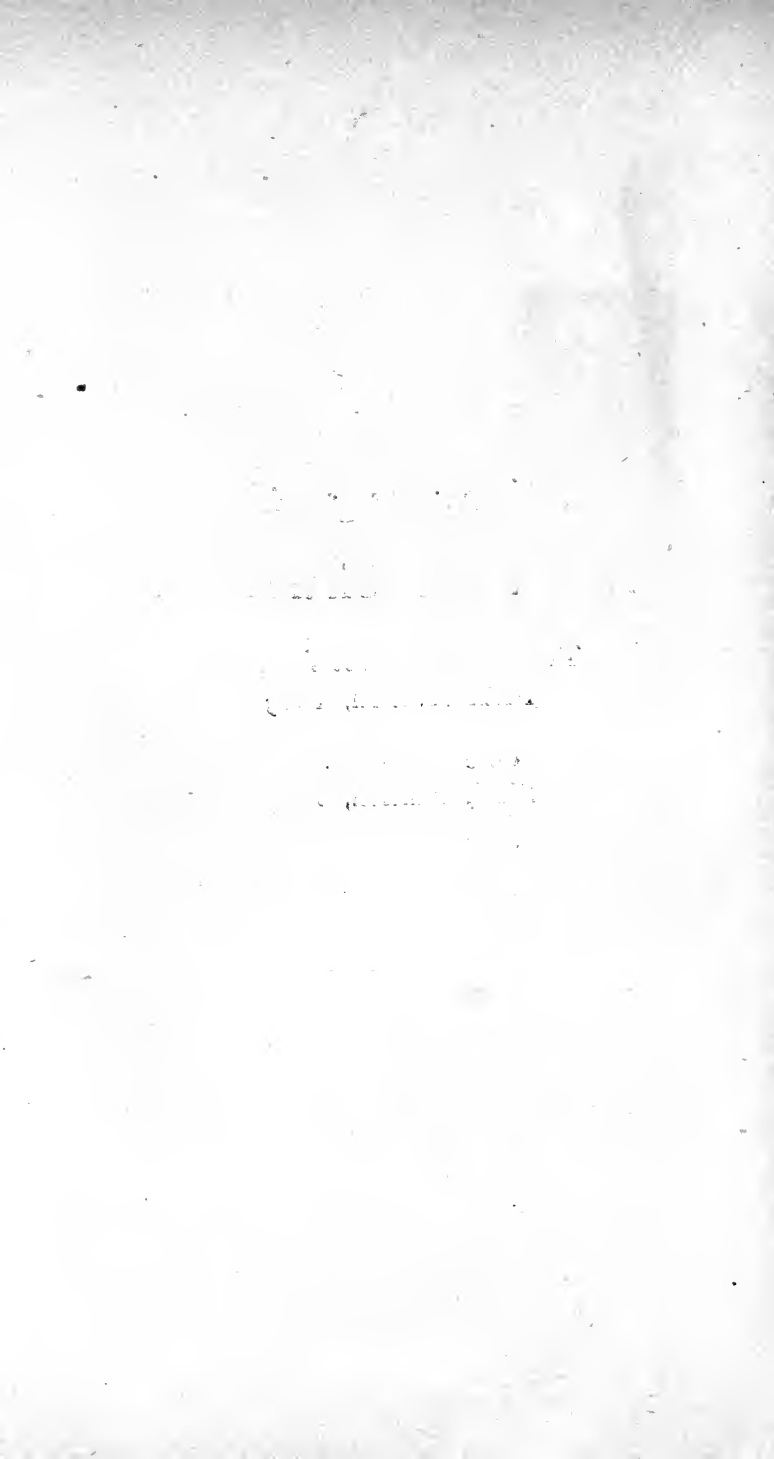
FINIS.

Micro-cosmographie.

Additional Characters.

Twenty-three first found in
Fifth Edition, 1629.

One first found in
Sixth Edition, 1633.



[CHARACTERS FIRST FOUND IN FIFTH EDITION, 1629.]

55. *A modest man*

IS a far finer man then he knowes of, one that shewes better to all men then him selfe, and so much the better to al men, as lesse to himselfe: for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: And he can put vp any iniury sooner then this, (as he tells it) your Ironie. You shall heare him confute his commenders, and giuing reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost, if they do not beleue him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more prejudiciall, then your vnder-opinion, because it is easier to make that false; then this true. He is one that sneaks from a good action, as one that had pilferd, and dare not iustifie it, and is more blushingly deprehended in this, then others in sin. That counts al publike declarings of himselfe, but so many penances before the people, and the more you applaud him, the more you abash him, and he recouers not his face a moneth after. One that is easie to like any thing, of another mans, and thinks all hee knowes not of him better, then that he knowes. He excuses that to you, which another would inpute, and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his owne, but suspects it rather, because it is his owne, and is confuted, and thanks you. Hee sees nothing more willingly then his errors; and it is his error sometimes to be too soone perswaded. He is content to be Auditor, where he only can speake, and content to goe away, and thinke himselfe instructed. No man is so weake that he is ashamed to learne of, and is lesse ashamed to confesse it: and he

finds many times in the dust, what others ouerlooke, and lose. Euery mans prefence is a kinde of bridle to him, to stop the rouing of his tongue and passions: and euen impudent men looke for their reuerence from him, and distaste that in him, which they suffer in themselues, as one in whom vice is ill-fauoured, and shewes more scruily then another. A bawdy iest shall shame him more then a bastard another man, and he that got it, shall censure him among the rest. And hee is coward to nothing more then an ill tongue, and whofoeuer dare lye on him hath power ouer him, and if you take him by his looke, he is guilty. The maine ambition of his life is not to be discredited: and for other things, his desires are more limited then his fortunes, which he thinkes preferment though neuer so meane, and that he is to doe something to deserue this: Hee is too tender to venter on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to helpe himselfe. If he doe, it was the violence of his friends constraind him, and how hardly foeuer hee obtaine it, he was harder perswaded to seeke it.

56. *A meere emptie wit*



IS like one that spends on the stocke without any reuenues comming in, and will shortly be no wit at al: for learning is the fuell to this fire of wit, which if it wants this feeding, eates out it selfe. A good conceit or two bates of such a man, and makes a sensible weakning in him: and his braine recouers it not a yeere after. The rest of him are bubbles and flashes, darted out on the sudder, which if you take them while they are warme, may be laught at; if they coole, are nothing. He speakes best on the present apprehension, for meditation stupifies him, and the more he is in trauell, the lesse he brings forth. His things come off then, as in a nauseating stomacke, where there is nothing to cast vp straines, and conuulsions,

and some astoniſhing bumbaſt which men onely, till they vnderſtand, are ſcar'd with. A verſe or ſome ſuch worke he may ſometimes get vp to, but ſeldome aboue the ſtature of an Epigram, and that with ſome reliefe out of Martial, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reades him as he were inſpir'd. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the world, good to make merry the companie, and whom only men haue to doe withall, when they haue nothing to doe, and none are leſſe their friends, then who are moſt their companie. Here they vent themſelues o're a cup ſomewhat more laſtingly, all their words goe for ieſts, and all their ieſts for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of ſome ridiculous thing, and reaſonable good in the expreſſion. Nothing ſtops a ieſt when it is comming, neither friends, nor danger, but it muſt out howſoeuer, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically raile, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reaſonable familiar to this. Briefely they are ſuch whoſe life is but to laugh, and be laught at: and onely wits in ieſt, and fooles in earneſt.

57. *A Drunkard*

TS one that will be a man to morrow morning: but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend, the better. One that hath let goe himſelfe from the hold and ſtay of reaſon, and lyes open to the mercie of all temptations. No luſt but findes him diſarm[e]d and fenceleſſe, and with the leaſt aſſault enters: if any miſchiefe eſcape him, it was not his fault, for he was laid as faire for it, as he could. Euery man ſees him, as *Cham* ſaw his father the firſt of this ſinne, an *uncouer'd man*, and though his garment bee on, vncover'd: the ſecreteſt parts of his foule lying in the nakedſt manner viſible: all his paſſions come out now, all his vanities, and

those shamefuller humors which discretion clothes. His body becomes at last like a myrie way, where the spirits are to be-clog'd and cannot passe: all his members are out of office, and his heeles doe but trip vp one another. He is a blind man with eyes, and a cripple with legs on. All the vse he has of this vessell himselfe, is to hold thus much: for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filld out into his bodie, and that filld out again into the Roome, which is commonly as drunke as hee. Tobacco serues to aire him after a washing, and is his onely breath, and breathing while. Hee is the greatest enemy to himselfe, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of his kindnesse, for his kindnesse is but trying a mastery, who shall sinke down first: And men come from him as from a battel, wounded, and bound vp. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and businesse, and makes him more retchlesly carelesse, what becomes of all. Indeed hee dares not enter on a serious thought, or if hee doe, it is such melancholie, that it sends him to be drunke againe.

58. *A Prison*



TS the graue of the liuing, where they are shut vp from the world, and their friends: and the wormes that gnaw vpon them, their owne thoughts, and the Iaylor. A house of meager lookes, and ill smells: for lice, drink, Tobacco are the compound; Pluto's Court was exprest from this fancy. And the persons are much about the same parity that is there. You may aske as *Menippus* in *Lucian*, which is *Nireus*, which *Thersites*, which the begger, which the Knight: for they [are] all suited in the same forme of a kinde of nastie pouerty. Onely to be out at elbowes is in fashion here, and a great Indecorum, not to be thred-bare. Euery man shoues here like so many wracks vpon

the Sea, here the ribs of a thousand pound, here the relicke of so many Mannours, a doublet without buttons. And tis a spectacle of more pittie then executions are. The company one with other, is but a vying of complaints, and the causes they haue, to rayle on fortune, and foole themselues, and there is a great deale of good fellowship in this. They are commonly, next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyers, as men that haue had a great stroke in assisting them hither. Mirth here is stupidity or hardhartednes, yet they faine it sometimes to slip Melancholy and keep off themselues from themselues, and the torment of thinking what they haue beene. Men huddle vp their life here as a thing of no vse, and weare it out like an old suite, the faster the better ; and hee that deceiues the time best, best spends it. It is the place where new commers are most welcom'd, and next them ill newes, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaues fewer to insult: And they breathe their discontents more securely here, and haue their tongues at more liberty then abroad. Men see here much sin, and much calamity : and where the last does not mortifie, the other hardens, and those that are worse here, are desperately worse, as those from whom the horror of sinne is taken off, and the punishment familiar. And commonly a hard thought passses on all, that come from this Schoole: which though it teach much wisedome, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better bee a foole, then come here to learne it.

59. *A Seruingman*

ONE of the makings vp of a Gentleman, as well as his clothes : and somewhat in the same nature, for hee is cast behind his master as fashionably as his sword and cloake are, and he is but *in querpo* without him. His properneffe qualifies him, and of that a good legge ; for his head hee ha's little vse but to keep

it bare. A good dull wit best suits with him, to comprehend common fence, and a trencher: for any greater store of braine it makes him but tumultuous, and seldome thriues with him. He followes his masters steps, as well in conditions as the street: if he wench or drink, he comes after in an vnderkind, and thinkes it a part of his dutie to be like him. He is indeed wholly his masters; of his faction, of his cut, of his pleasures; hee is handsome for his credit, and drunke for his credit; and if hee haue power in the feller, commands the parish. He is one that keeps the best companie and is none of it; for he knowes all the Gentlemen his master knowes, and pick[e]s from them some Hawking, and horse-race termes, which he swaggers with in the Ale-house, where he is onely called master. His mirth is baudie iests with the wenches, and behind the doore, bawdie earnest. The best worke he does is his marrying, for it makes an honest woman, and if he follow in it his masters direction, it is commonly the best seruice he does him.

60. *An Insolent man*



TS a fellow newly great, and newly proud: one that ha's put himselfe into another face vpon his preferment, for his owne was not bred to it. One whom fortune hath shot vp to some Office or Authority, and he shootes vp his necke to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you vnderstand him not, hee tels you, and concludes euery Period with his place, which you must and shall know. He is one that lookes on all men as if he were very angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance, whom hee beates off with a furlier distance, as men apt to mistake him, because they haue knowne him. And for this cause *he knowes not you, till you haue told him your name, which he thinkes hee has heard, but forgot,*

and with much adoe seemes to recouer. If you haue any thing to vse him in, you are his vassal for that time, and must giue him the patience of an iniury, which hee does only to shew what he may doe. He snaps you vp bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you you are sawcy and troublesom, and sometimes takes your money in this language. His very courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such arrogance and imputation, and he is the onely man you may hate after a good turne, and not bee vngratefull, and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholding vnto him. No vice draws with it a more generall hostility, and makes men readier to searh into his faults, and of them, his beginning: and no tale so vnlikely but is willingly heard of him, and beleeu'd. And commonly such men are of no merit at all: but make out in pride what they want in worth, and fence themselues with a stately kinde of behaiour from that contempt would pursue them. They are men whose preferment does vs a great deale of wrong, and when they are downe, wee may laugh at them, without breach of good Nature.

61. *Acquaintance*



IS the first draught of a friend, whom we must lay downe oft thus, as the foule copy, before we can write him perfit, and true; for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our respect, till at last they wholly possesse vs. For acquaintance is the heard, and friendship the paire chosen out of it; by which at last we begin to impropriate, and enclose to our selues, what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it growes not vp to this, it falls as low as may be: and no poorer relation then old acquaintance, of whom we aske onely how they doe for fashion sake and care not. The ordinarie vse of acquaintance is but somewhat a more boldnesse

of society, a sharing of talke, newes, drinke, mirth together: but sorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing neerer our heart, and to be deliuer'd with it. Nothing easier then to create Acquaintance: the meere being in company once, doe's it; whereas friendship like children is ingendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together: when we are acquainted not with their vertues onely, but their faults to, their passions, their feares, their shame, and are bold on both sides to make their discouery. And as it is in the loue of the body, which is then at the height and full, when it has power and admittance into the hidden and worst parts of it: So it is in friendship with the mind, when those *verenda* of the soule, and those things which wee dare not shew the world, are bare and detected one to another. Some men are familiar with all, and those commonly friends to none: for friendship is a fullener thing, as a contracter and taker vp of our affections to some few, and suffers them not loosly to be scatter'd on all men. The poorest tye of acquaintance is that of place and cuntry; which are shifted as the place, and mist but while the fancy of that continues. These are onely then gladdest of other, when they meet in some forren region, where the encompassing of strangers vnites them closer, till at last they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminencie as their acquaintance is more sought for, so they are generally more staunch of it, not out of pride onely, but feare to let too many in too neer them: for it is with men as with pictures, the best shew better a far off and at distance; and the closer you come to them, the courser they are. The best iudgement of a man, is taken from his Acquaintance; for friends and enemies are both partiall; whereas these see him truest, because calmeliest, and are no way so engag'd to lye for him. And men that grow strange after acquaintance, seldome peece together againe, as those that haue tasted meat and dislike it, out of a mutuall experience direllishing one another.

62. *A meere Complementall Man*

IS one to be held off still at the same distance you are now ; for you shal haue him but thus, and if you enter on him further, you lose him. Methinkes Virgil well expressees him in those well-behau'd ghosts that Æneas mette with, [that were] friends to talke with, and men to looke on, but if hee graspt them, but ayre. He is one that lyes kindly to you, and for good fashion sake, and tis discourtesie in you to beleue him. His words are but so many fine phrases set together, which serue equally for all men, and are equally to no purpose. Each fresh encounter with a man, puts him to the same part againe, and he goes ouer to you ; what hee said to him was last with him. *Hee kisses your hands as hee kist his before, and is your seruant to bee commanded, but you shall entreat of him nothing.* His proffers are vniuerfall and generall with exceptions against all particulars ; hee will doe any thing for you : but if you vrge him to this, hee cannot, or to that, he is engag'd : but hee will doe any thing. Promises he accounts but a kinde of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners, not to exact them, if you doe, hee wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot distinguish betwixt what is spoken and what is meant : No man giues better satisfaction at the first, and comes off more with the Elogie of a kind Gentleman, till you know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most raile at him, that haue before most commended him. The best is, hee coozens you in a faire manner, and abuses you with great respect.

63. *A poore Fidler*

IS a man and a fiddle out of case : and he in worfe case then his fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together, (as the Indians strike fire) and rubs a poore liuing out of it : Partly from this, and partly from your

charity, which is more in the hearing, then giuing him, for he feels nothing dearer then to be gone: He is iust so many strings aboue a begger, though he haue but two: and yet hee begs too, onely not in the downe-right for Gods sake, but with a shrugging God blesse you, and his face is more pyn'd than the blind mans. Hunger is the greatest paine he takes, except a broken head sometemes, and the labouring *John Dorry*. Otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him fiew miles by the nose, and you shall track him againe by the sent. His other Pilgrimages are Faires, and good Houfes, where his deuotion is great to the Christmas: and no man loues good times better. Hee is in league with the Tapsters for the worshipfull of the Inne, whom he torments next morning with his art, and ha's their names more perfit then their men. A new song is better to him then a new Iacket: especially if bawdie, which hee calls merry, and hates naturally the Puritan, as an enemy to this mirth. A cuntry wedding, and Whitson ale are the two maine places he dominiers in, where he goes for a Musician, and over-look[es] the Bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunke, and in the stocks.

64. *A medling man*



IS one that has nothing to do with his businesse, and yet no man busier then hee, and his businesse is most in his face. He is one thrusts himfelse violently into all employments, vn-sent for, vn-fee'd, and many times vn-thank't, and his part in it is onely an eager busling, that rather keepes adoe, then do's any thing. He will take you aside, and question you of your affaire, and listen with both eares, and looke earnestly: and then it is nothing so much yours as his. Hee snatches what you are doing out of your hands, and cryes *Giue it me*, and does it worfe, and layes an en-

gagement vpon you too, and you must thanke him for this paines. Hee layes you downe a hundred wild plots, all impossible things, which you must be ruled by perforce, and hee deliuers them with a serious and counselling forehead, and there is a great deale more wisedome in this forehead, then his head: Hee will woo for you, sollicite for you, and woo you to suffer him: and scarce any thing done, wherein his letter, or his iourney, or at least himselfe is not seen: if he haue no taske in it else, he will raile yet on some side, and is often beaten when he neede not. Such men neuer thorowly weigh any businesse, but are forward onely to shew their zeale, when many times this forwardnesse spoiles it, and then they crie they haue done what they can, that is as much hurt. Wise men still deprecate these mens kindneses, and are beholding to them rather to let them alone; as being one trouble more in all businesse, and which a man shall be hardest rid of.

65. *A good old Man*



TS the best Antiquitie, and which we may with least vanitie admire. One whom Time hath beene thus long a working, and like winterfruit ripen'd when others are shaken downe. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world, as dayes, and learn't the best thing in it, the vanitie of it. Hee lookes o're his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himselfe to begin againe. His lust was long broken before his bodie, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that hee is fortified from it by this weakenesse. The next doore of death fads him not, but hee expects it calmely as his turne in Nature: and feares more his recoyling backe to childishnes then dust. All men looke on him as a common father, and on old age for his sake, as a reuerent thing. His very presence, and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an indecorum in a vicious man. Hee practises his ex-

perience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel is good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale againe, but remembers with them, how oft he has told them. His old sayings and moralls seeme proper to his beard: and the poetrie of *Cato* do's well out of his mouth, and hee speaks it as if he were the Author. Hee is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the foole on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a fowre looke, and the lesse testie he is, the more regarded. You must pardon him if he like his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then: yet he makes vs of that opinion too, when we see him, and coniecture those times by so good a Relicke. He is a man capable of a deareness with the yo[u]ngest men; yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at least [last] too soone whensoever, with all mens sorrow but his owne, and his memory is fresh, when it is twice as old.

66. *A Flatterer*



TS the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatter manie times, so hee oft shewes fairer then the true substance: His looke, conversation, company, and all the outwardness of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take the liberty to bee sometimes offensive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the least hold goe, for feare of losing you. Your meere fowre looke affrights him, and makes him doubt his casheering. And this is one sure marke of him, that he is neuer first angry, but ready, though vpon his owne wrong, to make satisfaction. Therefore hee is never yok't with a poore man or any

that stands on the lower ground, but whose fortunes may tempt his pain[er]s to deceiue him. Him hee learns first, and learns well, and growes perfitter in his humours, then himselfe, and by this doore enters vpon his Soule : of which hee is able at last to take the very print and marke, and fashion his own by it like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections iumpe euen with yours : hee is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them vnto you. He will commend to you first, what hee knowes you like, and has alwayes some absurd story or other of your enemie, and then wonders how your two opinions should iumpe in that man. Hee will aske your counsell sometimes as a man of deepe iudgement, and has a secret of purpose to disclose you, and whatsoeuer you say, is perswaded. Hee listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object that you may confute him, and then protests hee neuer heard so much before. A piece of witte bursts him with an ouerflowing laughter, and hee remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs againe in the telling. He is one neuer chides you but for your vertues, as, *You are too good, too honest, too religious* ; when his chiding may seeme but the earnestest commendation, and yet would faine chide you out of them too : for your vice is the thing he has vse of, and wherein you may best vse him, and hee is neuer more actiue then in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from your selfe, and then expects but his hyre to betray you. And it is a happinesse not to discouer him ; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

67. *A high spirited man*



ONE that looks like a proud man, but is not : you may forgiue him his looks for his worth sake, for they are only too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his

freedome, and makes him digest an vnworthy thought an houre. Hee cannot crouch to a great man to possesse him, nor fall low to the earth, to rebound neuer so high againe. Hee stands taller on his owne bottome, then others on the aduantage ground of fortune, as hauing solidly that honour, of which Title is but the pompe. Hee does homage to no man for his Great styles sake, but is strictly iust in the exaction of respect againe, and will not bate you a Compliment. He is more sensible of a neglect then an vn-doing, and scornes no man so much as his surly threatner. A man quickly fired, and quickly laid downe with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner then words. Onely to himselfe he is irreconcilable, whom hee neuer forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himselfe with the thought of it, and no disease that he dyes of sooner. Hee is one had rather pinch [perish], then bee beholding for his life, and striues more to bee quitte with his friend then his enemy. Fortune may kill him, but not deiect him, nor make him fall into a[n] humbler key then before, but he is now loftier then euer in his owne defence, you shall heare him talke still after thousands; and he becomes it better, then those that haue it. One that is aboue the world and its drudgery, and cannot pull downe his thoughts to the pelting busineses of it [life]. He would sooner accept the Gallowes then a meane trade, or any thing that might disparage the height of man in him, and yet thinkes no death comparably base to hanging neither. One that will doe nothing vpon commaund, though hee would doe it otherwise: and if euer hee doe euill, it is when hee is dar'd to it. Hee is one that if fortune equal his worth, puts a luster in all preferment, but if otherwise hee be too much crost, turnes desperately melancholy, and scornes mankind.

68. *A Meere Gull Citizen*

IS one much about the same modell, and pitch of braine that the Clowne is, onely of fomewhat a more polite, and fynicall Ignorance, and as fillily scornes him, as he is fillily admir'd by him. The quality of the Citty hath affoorded him some better dresse of clothes and language, which he vses to the best aduantage, and is so much the more ridiculous. His chiefe education is the visits of his Shop, where if Courtiers, and fine Ladies resort, hee is infected with so much more eloquence, and if hee catch one word extraordinary, weares it for euer. You shal heare him mince a complement sometimes that was neuer made for him: and no man payes dearer for good words, for he is oft payed with them. He is suted rather fine, then in the fashion, and has still something to distinguish him from a Gentleman, though his doublet cost more: especially on Sundaies, Bride-groome-like, where he carries the slate of a verie solemne man, and keeps his pew as his Shop: and it is a great part of his deuotion, to feast the Minister. But his chieftest guest is a customer, which is the greatest relation hee acknowledges; especially if you be an honest Gentleman, that is, trust him to coozen you enough. His friendships are a kinde of Gossiping friendships, and those commonly within the circle of his Trade, wherein he is carefull principally to auoid two things, that is, poore men, and surety-ships. [He is] A man that will spend his sixe pence with a great deale of imputation, and no man makes more of a pinte of wine then he. He is one beares a pretty kind of foolish loue to Schollers, and to Cambridge especially for Sturbridges Faires sake: and of these all are trewants to him that are not preachers, and of these the lowdest the best: and he is *much rauisht with the noyse of a rolling tongue*. He loues to heare discourses

out of his Element, and the lesse he vnderstands, the better pleas'd, which he expresse in a smile, and some fond Protestation. One that do's nothing without his chuck, that is, his wife, with whom hee is billing still in conspiracy, and the wantoner she is, the more power she has ouer him: And shee neuer stoopes so low after him, but is the onely woman goes better of a widdow then a maid. In the education of his child no man fearefuller, and the danger he feares, is a harsh scholemaster, to whom he is alleaging still the weakenes of the boy, and payes a fine extraordinary for his mercy. The first whipping rids him to the Vniuersity, and from thence rids him againe for feare of staruing, and the best he makes of him is some Gull in plush. He is one loues to heare the famous acts of Citizens, whereof the gilding of the Crosse hee counts the glory of this age: and the foure Prentises of London aboue all the Nine Worthies. Hee intitles himselfe to all the merits of his Company, whether schooles, Hospitall or exhibitions, in which he is ioynt benefactor, though foure hundred yeere agoe, and vpbraides them farre more then those that gaue them; yet with all this folly he has wit enough to get wealth, and in that a sufficienter man, then he that is wifer.

69. *A lasciuious man*



LS the seruant he sayes of many Mistresses, but all are but his lust: to which onely hee is faithfull, and none besides, and spends his best blood, and spirits in the seruice. His soule is the Bawde to his body, and those that assist him in this nature, the nearest to it. No man abuses more the name of loue, or those whom hee applies this name to: for his loue is like his stomack to feede on what he loues, and the end of it to surfet and loath: till a fresh appetite rekindle him: and it kindles on any sooner, then who

deferue best of him. There is a great deale of malignity in this vice, for it loues still to spoile the best things, and a virgin sometimes rather than beauty, because the vndoing here is greater and consequently his glorie. No man laughs more at his sinne then he, or is so extremely tickled with the remembrance of it: and he is more violence to a modest eare, then to her he deflowrd. A bawdy iest enters deepe into him, and whatfoeuer you speak, he will draw to bawdry, and his witte is neuer so good as here. His vnchastest part is his tongue, for that commits alwayes, what hee must act seldomer: and that commits with al, which he acts with few: for he is his own worst reporter, and men beleeeue as bad of him, and yet doe not beleeeue him. Nothing harder to his perswasion, then a chaste man, no Eunuch, and makes a scoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a maid. And from this mistrust it is that such men feare marriage, or at least marry such as are of bodies to be trusted, to whom onely they sell that lust which they buy of others, and make their wife a reuennue to their Mistris. They are men not easily reformed, because they are so little ill-perswaded of their illnesse, and haue such pleas from Man and Nature. Besides it is a iearing, and flouting vice, and apt to put iests on the reproouer. The pox onely conuertes them, and that onely when it kills them.

70. *A rash man*



TS a man too quicke for himselfe: one whose actions put a leg still before his iudgement and out-run it. Euery hot fancy or passion is the signall that sets him forward: and his reason comes still in the reare. One that has braine enough, but not patience to digest a businesse, and stay the leasure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth, and freezing of action, and it shall burne him

rather than take cold. Hee is alwaies resolu'd at first [thinking], and the ground hee goes vpon is *hap what may*. Thus hee enters not, but throwes himselfe violently vpon all things, and for the most part is as violently throwne [vpon all] off againe: and as an obstinate *I will* was the preface to his vndertaking: so his conclusion is commonly *I would I had not*, for such men feldome do any thing, that they are not forc'd to take in pieces againe, and are so much furder off from doing it, as they haue done already. His friends are with him as his Physicians: fought to onely in his sicknesse, and extremity, and to helpe him out of that mire hee has plungd himselfe into, for in the suddennesse of his passions hee would heare nothing, and now his ill successe has allayd him, hee heares too late. He is a man still swayd with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pickthank then he. He is one will fight first, and then expostulate; condemne first, and then examine. He loses his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindnesse vndoes himselfe: and then curses the occasion drew this mischief vpon him, *and cryes God mercy for it*, and curses againe. His repentance is meerly a rage against himselfe, and hee does something in it still to be repented againe. Hee is a man whom fortune must goe against much to make him happy, for had hee beene sufferd his owne way, hee had beene vndone.

71. *An affected man*



TS an extraordinary man, in ordinary things. One that would goe a straine beyond himselfe, and is taken in it. A man that ouer-does all things with great solemnity of circumstance; and whereas with more negligence he might passe better, makes himselfe, with a great deale of endeour, ridiculous. The fancy of some odde quaintnesses haue put him cleane beside his Nature, hee cannot bee that hee would, and

hath lost what he was. He is one must be point-blank in euery trifle, as if his credit, and opinion hung vpon it: the very space of his armes in an embrace studied before, and premeditated: and the figure of his countenance, of a fortnights contriuing. Hee will not curse you without booke, and *extempore*, but in some choise way, and perhaps as some Great man curses. Euery action of his, *cryes, doe yee marke mee?* and men doe marke him, how absurd he is. For affectation is the most betraying humour: and nothing that puzzles a man lesse to find out then this. All the actions of his life are like so many things bodg'd in without any naturall cadence, or connexion at all. You shall track him all thorow like a schoole-boyes Theame, one piece from one author, and this from another, and ioyne all in this generall, that they are none of his owne: You shall obserue his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that simper: And it is his lucke that his finest things most mis-become him. If hee affect the Gentleman, as the humour most commonly lyes that way: not the least *puntilio* of a fine man, but hee is strict in to a haire, euen to their very negligences which he cons as rules: He will not carry a knife with him to wound reputation, and pay double a reckoning rather then ignobly question it. And he is full of this *Ignobly* and *Nobly* and *Gentilely*, and this meer[e] feare to trespasse against the *Gentill* way, puts him out most of al. It is a humour runs thorow many things besides, but is an il-fauour'd ostentation in all, and thriues not. And the best vse of such men is, that they are good parts in a play.

72. *A prophane man*



ONE that denies God as farre as the Law giues him leaue, that is, onely does not say so in downeright Termes, for so farre he may goe. A man that does the greatest finnes calmelly, and as the ordinary

actions of life, and as calmly discourses of it againe. Hee will tell you his businesse is to breake such a Commandement, and the breaking of the Commandement shall tempt him to it. His words are but so many vomitings cast vp to the lothfomnesse of the hearers, onely those of his company loath it not. He will take vpon him with oathes to pelt some tenderer man out of his company, and makes good sport at his conquest o're the Puritan foole. The Scripture supplies him for iests, and hee reades it of purpose to be thus merry. He will prooue you his sin out of the Bible, and then aske if you will not take that Authority. He neuer sees the Church but of purpose to sleepe in it: or when some silly man preaches with whom he means to make sport, and is most iocund in the Church. One that nick-names Clergymen with all the termes of reproch, as *Rat*, *Black-coate*, and the like which he will be sure to keepe vp, and neuer calls them by other. That sing[s] Psalmes when he is drunke, and cryes God mercy in mockerie; for hee must doe it. Hee is one seemes to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of him, which would else turne him desperate: for Atheisme is the refuge of such finners, whose repentance would bee onely to hang themselues.


73. *A Coward*



LS the man that is commonly most fierce against the Coward, and labouring to take off this suspition from himselfe: for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not vse it. No man is valianter then he in ciuill company, and where he thinkes no danger may come on it, and is the readiest man to fall vpon a drawer, and those that must not strike againe. Wonderfull exceptious and cholerick where he sees men are loth to giue him occasion, and you cannot pacify him better then by

quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is hee, he protests hee alwaies honour'd you, and the more you raile vpon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at last into a very honest quiet man. The sight of a sword wounds him more sensibly then the stroke, for before that come hee is dead already. Euery man is his master that dare beate him, and euery man dares that knowes him. And he that dare doe this, is the onely man can doe much with him : for his friend hee cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause onely is more potent with him of the two. And men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be brib'd againe to a reconcilment. A man in whom no secret can be bound vp, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the roome and it. Hee is a Christian meerely for feare of hell fire, and if any Religion could fright him more, would bee of that.

74. *A sordid rich man*

S a begger of a faire estate : of whose wealth wee may say as of other mens vnthriftinesse, that it has brought him to this : when hee had nothing, hee liu'd in another kind of fashion. He is a man whom men hate in his owne behalfe, for vsing himselfe thus, and yet being vpon himselfe, it is but iustice ; for he deserues it. Euery accession of a fresh heape bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree neerer staruing. His body had beene long since desperate, but for the reparation of other mens tables, where he hoords meate in his belly for a month, to maintaine him in hunger so long. His clothes were neuer young in our memory : you might make long Epochas from them, and put them into the Almanack with the deare yeere, and the great frost, and he is

knowne by them longer then his face. He is one neuer gaue almes in his life, and yet is as charitable to his Neighbour as himselfe. Hee will redeeme a penny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boote: and his reason, is he will not be vndone. He neuer payes anything, but with strictnesse of law, for feare of which onely hee steales not. Hee loues to pay short a shilling or two in a great sum, and is glad to gain that, when he can no more. He neuer sees friend but in a iourney, to faue the charges of an Inne, and then onely is not sicke: and his friends neuer see him, but to abuse him. He is a fellow indeed of a kind of frantick thrift, and one of the strangest things that wealth can worke.

75. *A meere great man*



LS so much Heraldrie without honour: himselfe lesse reall than his Title. His vertue is that hee was his Fathers son, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that liues meerely to preserve anothers memorie, and let vs know who died so many yeeres agoe. One of iust as much vse as his Images: onely he differs in this that hee can speake himselfe, and save the fellow of Westminster a labour: and hee remembers nothing better then what was out of his life: His Grandfather and their acts are his discourse, and he tells them with more glory then they did them, and it is well they did enough, or els he had wanted matter. His other studies are his sports, and those vices that are fit for Great men. Every vanity of his ha's his officer, and is a serious employment for his seruants. Hee talkes loud and bauldly, and scurvily, as a part of state, and they heare him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and especially learning except some parcels of the Chronicle, and the writing of his name, which hee learns to write, not to be read. Hee is meerely of his seruants faction and

their instrument for their friends and enemies, and is alwaies least thank't for his owne courtesies. They that foole him most, doe most with him, and hee little thinks how many laugh at him, barehead. No man is kept in ignorance more of himselfe and men, for he heares nought but flatterie, and what is fit to bee spoken: truth with so much preface, that it loses it selfe. Thus hee lives till his Tombe bee made ready, and is then a graue Statue to posterity.

76. *A poore man*



TS the most impotent man: though neither blind nor lame, as wanting the more necessary limmes of life, without which limmes are a burden. A man vnscenc't and vnshelterd from the gusts of the world, which blow all in vpon him, like an vn-roof't house: and the bitterest thing hee suffers, is his neighbours. All men put on to him a kind of churlisher fashion, and euen more plausible natures churlish to him: who are as nothing aduantg'd by his opinion. Whom men fall out with beforehand to preuent friendship, and his friends too, to preuent ingagements, or if they owne him, 'tis in priuate, and a by-roome, and on condition not to know them before company. All vice put together, is not halfe so scandalous, nor sets off our acquaintance further, and euen those that are not friends for ends, doe not loue any dearenesse with such men: The least courtesies are vpbraided to him, and himselfe thank't for none: but his best seruices suspected, as handsome sharking, and tricks to get money. And wee shall obserue it in knaues themselues, that your beggerliest knaues are the greatest, or thought so at least, for those that haue witte to thriue by it, haue art not to seeme so. Now a poore man has not vizard enough to maske his vices, nor ornament enough to fet forth his vertues: but both are naked and vnhandsome: and though no man is necessitated to more

ill, yet no mans ill is leffe excus'd, but it is thought a kind of impudence in him to be vitious, and a presumption about his fortune. His good parts lye dead vpon his hands, for want of matter to employ them, and at the best are not commended, but pittied, as vertues ill plac't: and we say of him, *'Tis an honest man, but 'tis pittie*: and yet those that call him so, will trust a knaue before him. Hee is a man that has the truest speculation of the world, because all men shew to him in their plainest, and worst, as a man they haue no plot on, by appearing good to: whereas rich men are entertaind with a more holly-day behauiour, and see onely the best we can dissemble. Hee is the onely hee that tries the true strength of wisdome, what it can doe of it selfe without the helpe of fortune: that with a great deale of vertue Conquers extremities, and with a great deale more his owne impatience, and obtaines of himself not to hate men.

77 *An ordinairie honest fellow*



TS one whom it concerns to be call'd honest, for if he were not this, he were nothing; and yet he is not this neither: But a good dull vicious fellow, that complies well with the deboshments of the time, and is fit for it: One that ha's no good part in him to offend his company, or make him to bee suspected a proud fellow: but is sociably a dunce, and sociably a drinker. That do it's faire and about boord without legerdemaine, and neither shrikes for a cup nor a reckoning. That is kinde o're his beere, and protests he loues you, and begins to you againe, and loues you againe. One that quarrells with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all absurdities, and commits as many, and is no tell-tale next morning though hee remember it. One that will fight for his friend if hee heare him abused, and his friend commonly is he that is most likely, and hee lifts vp many a Iug in his

defence. Hee railes againſt none but cenſurers, againſt whom he thinkes he railes lawfully, and cenſurers are all thoſe that are better then himſelfe. Theſe good properties qualifie him for honeſty enough, and raiſe him high in the Ale-houſe commendation, who, if he had any other good quality, would bee named by that. But now for refuge he is an honeſt man, and hereafter a fot: Onely thoſe that commend him, thinke not ſo, and thoſe that commend him, are honeſt fellowes.

[CHARACTER FIRST FOUND IN SIXTH EDITION, 1633.]

78. *A Suſpicious, or Iealous Man*



LS one that watches himſelfe a miſchiefe, and keeps a leare eye ſtill, for feare it ſhould eſcape him. A man that ſees a great deale more in every thing then is to be ſeene, and yet he thinkes he ſees nothing: His owne eye ſtands in his light. He is a fellow commonly guilty of ſome weakneſſes, which he might conceale if hee were careleſſe: Now his over-diligence to hide them, makes men pry the more. Howſoever hee imagines you have found him, and it ſhall goe hard but you muſt abuſe him whether you wil or no. Not a word can bee ſpoke, but nips him ſomewhere: not a jeſt throwne out, but he will make it hitt him; You ſhall have him goe fretting out of company, with ſome twenty quarrels to every man, ſtung and gall'd, and no man knowes leſſe the occaſion then they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at any thing, but at him, and

to whisper in his company plaine conspiracy. *Hee bids you speake out, and hee will answere you,* when you thought not of him: Hee expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason, at last, to laugh at him hereafter. He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himselfe, when hee is not accused: and no man is undone more with Apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive, that none will beleeve him, and he is never thought worse of, then when he ha's given satisfaction: Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so farre: and this humour hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them suspitious: In conclusion, they are men alwayes in offence and vexation with themselves and their neighbours, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all, in thinking they deserve it.







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